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TRAVELS IN CANADA,

AND

THROUGH THE STATES

OF

NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA.

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BY

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TRAVELS IN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

LAKE ONTARIO.

We got into Kingston in the evening, a warm, bright, richly-coloured autumn evening, and the stately town, with its numerous churches, City Hall, and other buildings, made a most imposing appearance as it lay in the light of the setting sun before us. It is the largest and most populous place on the eastern side of the Ontario, as Toronto and Hamilton are on the west. All these three coast-towns of Lake Ontario are British or Canadian; the United States have two, Oswego and Rochester, but Great Britain has run its frontier line round

the larger portion of the lake, so that more of it lies in its territory than in the American, and the British flag is consequently predominant on its waters. This is not the case with any other of the lakes of the St Lawrence, and on the next in succession, Lake Erie, the relative proportions are reversed. The principal ports, Erie, Buffalo, Cleveland, Fort Clinton, Toledo, Sandusky, Detroit, all belong to the Americans, and though England has nearly the half of the coast oval, it has few or no important towns: here the American flag is most common, and the lake may almost be called an American water. An extraordinarily animated one it is; the Ontario and other St Lawrence lakes seem half dead beside it. There is certainly not another lake in the world so covered with vessels. The town of Buffalo alone, which twenty years ago had but one small steamer, has now a hundred large ones, and if they go on increasing at the same rate the ships will be as thick here as herrings in the Bay of Fundy.

We passed a few hours at Kingston very agreeably, before the departure of the steamer that was to take us on, and I got such a fine view from a height, of the whole situation of the town and its environs, that I shall not readily forget it. It is certainly the most picturesque site on the whole

Ontario, for neither Toronto nor Hamilton are to be compared with it in this respect. The principal mass of the buildings lies on a peninsula between the St Lawrence and the Rideau Canal; the peninsula is a gentle slope on which the town rises from the shore. On the other side of the Rideau Canal lies Fort Henry, which is a very strong and well-armed fortress, the next after that of Quebec, and consequently the second in all Canada. On other tongues of land between the town and the fortress lie other buildings, connected with the town by long bridges, and islands show themselves lying far and near before the harbour. On the one side you see the Bay of Quinté, a long, very picturesque, and, I am told, interesting arm of the lake, that winds about in a zig-zag course for eighty miles at the back of the peninsula of Prince Edward. To the south you see between other islands the open water, the great expanse of the Ontario.

Kingston is the oldest of the Ontario towns, for the French had a fort and a village here, Fort Frontenac, that in the Iroquois wars, and in the transactions with the fur traders and voyageurs, has played a great part. When the English took the place in 1759, its renowned old name, Frontenac, was exchanged for Kingston. The town has now more than 20,000 inhabitants, but I was not able

to learn anything of the few French families that were probably living here. In Detroit, formerly a French fur-trading fort, and now a great town, you still find descendants of the original French settlers. Most of the houses in Kingston are built of the bluish grey stone which seems so abundant in the St Lawrence territory, and has therefore, like other Canadian towns, a certain air of melancholy solidity and antiquity, but I must premise that I mean when looked at by American eyes; the steamers of the British-Canadians are also less gay and brilliant than those of the American States. An American river or even sea-going steamer, looks as if it were built for mere pleasure, perhaps for Queen Cleopatra's trips up the Nile. The English vessels were formerly mostly painted black outside, and, at least according to the Americans, were old-fashioned, dusty, and melancholy within; but now they have begun to lay aside this mourning costume, and appear in gay white, green, and gold holiday garments, and have, in other respects, considerably Americanised themselves. An American indeed often looks scornfully at what would make a German open both eyes wide with admiration, and a Yankee is always critical.

"Why, the British sea-steamers are not near as fast as ours," said one with whom I had begun a

conversation. "They have most likely a lot of old-fashioned instructions, according to which they are to take a certain time, and would be liable to penalty if they went faster, or came in sooner, than is ordered; but in our country the steamers may go as fast as their steam will permit, and race each other too if they like. This does, to be sure, cost a good many ships and a good many lives. Just look here in the newspaper,—only yesterday a boiler burst on Lake Erie and set the ship on fire, and it burnt down to the water's edge; seven and twenty people lost their lives, and two or three whole families; a father was drowned with his daughter, and there were two or three other melancholy cases. It's horrible, it makes one sick to read it."

My Yankee really seemed to be growing quite sentimental, and giving himself up to serious reflections, and a countryman of his who had also read the "horrible" report, seemed for a moment inclined to throw some blame on the reckless American captain, but they very soon recovered their spirits. "Yes, it is grievous, that's true!" said one —throwing aside the paper, "but I dislike a slow ship; if I travel, I like her to jump in the water."

"So do I," was the response, "I don't care how quick she goes."

We had this time a most exquisitely beautiful passage; the last beams of the sun glowed and glistened on the islands, and shed a glory over the apparently boundless water, for these great American lakes have quite the look of the sea when you get fairly out upon them; but by the time we had passed Wolf's Island, and the Dove or Duck Islands, it had become completely dark, so that we perceived these last only by the lights upon them. The night was lovely bright and starlight, and so warm that we could remain almost the whole time upon deck and enjoy the scene. Among the islands, and afterwards along the whole coast of the Great Prince Edward's peninsula, there seemed to be the greatest bustle and animation the whole night long, for it was the time of the salmon-trout fishery, of which fish Lake Ontario has great abundance. It is caught in the night, by the light of pine torches, fastened, as they are in other places, in iron baskets attached to the prow of the boat. We saw hundreds of these torches moving about like glowworms over the water, or like the carriage lights that you see glistening for miles along the line of the Broadway in New York. Our captain had an excellent glass, and by means of it we were able to bring the lights and the boats so near, that we could clearly distinguish the illuminated figures

of the fishermen and the positions they assumed, and so make landscape pictures like Van der Neer's for ourselves out of the darkness.

There are salmon too in Ontario, but it is the first and last of the great Canadian lakes that receives this delicate marine product in its basin. The impassable Niagara Falls, between Ontario and Erie, put an end to the journey of the salmon, and a circumstance was here mentioned to me respecting them that I afterwards heard confirmed in Niagara. The salmon, it was said, is spread through the whole basin of the Ontario, and is found in all the bays and rivers that open into the lake, and which it enters to spawn, but the largest of them, the Niagara, it never enters at all, though it might swim ten or twelve miles very comfortably, before the whirl and rush of the water begins to be felt. One would think a salmon would regard this as a very inviting trip, until he began to feel the downward rush of water upon his head, which would suggest the propriety of returning. Every salmon, it might be supposed, would have to acquire this experience for himself, but apparently this is not the case. They do not go making fruitless efforts to pass the Great Falls with a leap, as they do small ones; their procession passes by the mouth of the Niagara without looking in, as if they knew all about it, and were

well aware it was no thoroughfare. Their ancestors must certainly have tried the passage, and having broken their heads in the enterprise, recorded their experience for the benefit of posterity. Something of the same kind is observable of the birds in their journeys through mountain-passes, for instance, those of the Alps. The migrating birds from the north have their old regular routes as men and mules have their paths, and know how to choose those mountain gorges that will lead to Italy, and distinguish them from such as terminate in a *cul de sac*. Lake Ontario may be said to have in its nature something of the oceanic character, and other marine animals, besides the salmon, for instance, the seal, make their way into it, though I do not remember to have seen this fact noticed in any work on Canada, and even the captain of our steamer, though a very well-informed and observant man, was not aware of it. It was first mentioned when we were together in the evening in the cabin, by an inhabitant of the coast of the lake, and at first he met with little credit, but a second coast-dweller confirmed his account, and said that once in the winter several seals had been killed on the ice. He admitted, however, that such an occurrence was by no means common, and that on the first alarm the whole village had turned out, not knowing

what kind of animal it was. The rumour ran that the great Sea Serpent had reared up its head out of the ice, and grand preparations were made for his destruction, but after the men had turned out in force, armed to the teeth, the enemy appeared to be nothing more than a few seals.

So many stories were, however, told, establishing this as a fact, that the captain and I had to give up our doubts, and admit that the seal does perform the journey along the whole St Lawrence, and past all the cataracts and rapids of the Cataragui, to the fresh-water basin of the Ontario, as well as that of Lake Champlain; and it seems very likely that this may have been the case in the pre-steam-boat ages more often than it is now, and that Champlain and the first discoverers of the Ontario were aware of it; this very circumstance favouring the old idea, that Lake Ontario was not an inland lake, but a bay of the Great Western Ocean, and the St Lawrence not a river, but a strait between it and the Atlantic.

The night (which we passed almost entirely in conversation on this and other topics) was further beautified by the appearance of an Aurora Borealis, that about midnight illuminated our dark watery path with its gleaming and dazzling arch, but its splendours were far exceeded in beauty by the tender tints

of the Aurora Orientalis that afterwards showed themselves on the eastern horizon, and then filled the whole atmosphere with its light. A delicate mist had arisen towards sun-rise, and the sun had made use of this gauzy veil to paint it with the loveliest pale tints. I do not wonder that the taste for colouring should develope itself in such a land of mist, where the palette of Nature is provided with such a variety of finely graduated hues. The eye is sharpened to their differences, while in tropical regions, where the chief colours appear most strikingly, the senses are dazzled.

As the sun rose, I remarked, to my surprise, that the redness of the morning dawn had not passed from the horizon, as it commonly does, but remained hanging as a very decided red segment of a circle, and the higher the sun rose the further it stretched, till towards 11 o'clock it occupied one half of the horizon, while the opposite side, which was of a light greyish tint, lost ground more and more; and at length the sun appeared as a radiant focus in the centre of an atmosphere of light, which, with few variations, passed into red all round the horizon. I saw this remarkable phenomenon here for the first time, but afterwards frequently, and learned that it especially belonged to

the "Indian summer," and was known under the name of "the pink mist."

Many writers have spoken of Lake Ontario and the other lakes of the St Lawrence as "Wonders of Nature," and a Canadian or American seldom mentions them without adding some laudatory epithet. They are "beautiful," or "admirable sheets of water," and I was certainly not inclined to say anything to detract from their æsthetic merits, as I gazed upon the spectacle the one before me now presented, with its broad, flashing, diamond surface, bordered with delicate pink and varied by richly-wooded shores and mountains, and sprinkled by vessels of all sizes, sailers and steamers, which often, when you could not see the water, appeared to be floating in the air. Nevertheless, when you hear traders and shippers and political economists speak of these lakes as the most wonderful inventions of Nature, as quite inestimable presents and master-works of the creation, and seeming as if they could not find words large enough to describe them, I cannot but say that their praise appear to me a little exaggerated.

If any one could fill up nine-tenths of these lakes with earth, he would, I think, make the country a more valuable present. *Faute de mieux,*

I admit these lakes may be considered as useful institutions, but in an economical point of view a lake is a wide wilderness, a quite superfluously broad road, in fact a very extravagant arrangement. A well-connected system of rivers, made on wisely saving principles, is really a much more admirable production of Nature than a great cyclopic, rather clumsy, series of lakes, like that of the St Lawrence.

If one could keep the Erie and the Ontario at their present depth, and stretch out their apparently boundless expanse into good canals of moderate breadth, turn the land on each side into corn-fields, and keep every twenty miles or so a broad square piece to form a basin attached to the chief canal,—had Nature adopted such a plan as this in the distribution of the waters, or anything approaching such a grand ideal, I should consider it much more worthy of admiration than these great awkward basins, that we ought to try and get rid of, or remodel as soon as we can.

In Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and other countries, they have begun this highly rational proceeding with all their lakes, but it may be perhaps impossible to bring these great St Lawrence watery depôts into such good order, and reduce them to a neat economical and reasonable system of rivers, —at least by any means within human control.

CHAPTER II.

TORONTO.

We reached at last the Queen of the Lake—the boasted capital of West Canada. You see first a long narrow peninsula, stretching out for some miles from the mainland into the lake. It is occupied by trees, by a few houses and a light-house, and looks like an avenue pushed out into the water. This is what in the Baltic is called a *Nehrung*, a word that signifies a low ground running into the sea; and it encloses a small harbour—Toronto harbour,—in whose innermost corner lies the town, and into which you pass by a not very spacious or convenient entrance. The canoes of the Indians used to slip in and out here, and one of their principal villages lay on the site of what is now the great town. They called either the bay or the village upon it Toronto—a word signifying place

where uprooted trunks of trees drift about in the water; and the French had a small fort here, where a few boatmen and the soldiers of the little garrison lived among the Indians. The latter were numerous when the English founded here the town of York; and there are still people in Toronto who remember the fleets of bark-canoes and little skiffs, in which the Indians used to bring fish and other things to sell to the inhabitants—mostly encamping on that long sandy peninsula.

But the Indians have now vanished like a morning mist, and nothing remains to recall even their memory, but the well-sounding name they invented for the locality,—the sonorous Toronto.

The rapidly-growing American towns seem sometimes to be ashamed of their first European names which were given them while they were still mere embryos, and which are often associated with remembrances of which the city, when it has grown rich and grand, begins to be ashamed. The town of York, for example, being at first small in its dimensions, and not remarkably clean, was generally known as "Little York," or even "Dirty Little York," and when, about the year 1837, the town had acquired 10,000 inhabitants, and good orderly streets, it began to desire to get rid of that not very flattering appellation, and, accordingly, by a special Act

of the Canadian Parliament, the more honourable and agreeably-sounding "Toronto" was substituted for it. The Act is preserved, I am told, in Toronto, though I have not been able to get a look at it, but I cannot see why the help of Parliament should be needed in such a case. Many of these baptisms or re-baptisms of places are made with no other aid or counsel than that of the postmaster-general, whose consent is always required, and who may offer objections, since he can best judge whether a new name will adapt itself to the general geographical nomenclature of the country. In 1832 Mr Bouchette said in his excellent work on Canada, "The town of York remained for a long time small, but within these five or six years it has been developing rapidly, and now contains 4000 people." In 1843 Mr Buckingham in his work on Canada wrote, "The town remained for a long time small, and had ten years ago only 4000 inhabitants, but within these six years it has begun rapidly to increase both in extent and population, and now counts 13,000 inhabitants and two hundred brick-built houses." In 1854 another writer might have repeated the same formula with a little alteration of the figures, and given, instead of 13,000, 50,000 as the amount of its population.

Toronto is large and populous, but like all Ame-

rican towns, is built on a much larger scale than is required for a city of 50,000 persons. You often have to drive for miles to pay a visit in it, and many of the public institutions appear to be quite far out in the fields. The inhabitants are scattered over a vast space, and their dwellings are often separated by great town deserts; and since this is excessively inconvenient and of course often expensive, and since the very idea of a town involves that of the proximity of the inhabitants, and of the members of the community being mutually within reach, one cannot see why these American towns should not be allowed to grow naturally, the second house being built near to the first, the third to the second, and so on, instead of running off into endless streets that will not be paved perhaps for fifty years, and where the school is to be found in the far west and the schoolmaster in the remote east, and you have to go a mile to your shoemaker's, and two miles to your tailor's, and it takes an hour's drive or run to get to a little *soirée*. There must be some cause, one would suppose, for a phenomenon so continually repeated, and it appears to be that whenever a town is founded it is with the idea that it is certain to grow rapidly, that open spaces must be left for churches and other public buildings, and the streets be broader than is desirable for the re-

quirements of a little infant settlement. It is probable also that, when a nucleus of social life and traffic is once formed, the owners of land near this centre begin at once to ask very high prices for it, and schools, colleges, and other institutions that require a considerable space, can find what they want on much lower terms in more distant districts. The poor and those whose occupations do not necessitate their nearness to the centre of the town, naturally choose remoter and therefore cheaper situations, thinking probably that the inconvenience attending them will be only temporary, and that the gaps will speedily be filled up. In America, too, the moment a town has shot up out of the ground, omnibuses and other helps to rapid locomotion are sure to make their appearance to shorten the distances.

All this does not, however, fully explain to me why, in comparison with our cities, where the centripetal force is so powerful as to draw all the buildings so closely together that they are almost one upon another, the centrifugal should here so greatly predominate as to scatter them so widely that they are almost entirely dispersed.

Although all the houses in Toronto look quite new, and you see young ones springing up like mushrooms on all sides, you may have, nevertheless,

considerable difficulty in finding an abode, and, I was told that the house-rent is extraordinarily high, and that it is often not possible, for any money, to obtain a comfortable residence for a family. A great part of what is called the town consists of wooden sheds or huts inhabited by mechanics, labourers, and the poor. In this quarter you see also little wooden dwellings, which, though with only one or two windows and built of boards, do not look unpleasing even from the outside, and in the interiors, are fitted up very nicely, and filled in a surprisingly short time with good furniture and all that is required to meet Anglo-Saxon ideas of comfort.

That they should be soon tenanted is very easily explained from the rapid growth of the population, but it seems surprising, since labour is so difficult to obtain, and wages are so very high, that they should be so comfortably fitted up. You pay a labourer usually a dollar and a half a day, and very often cannot get even a wood-cutter for two dollars.

People complain, too, of the dearness of wood, though immediately behind the town begins the endless forest of the North, and a single conflagration will often consume in one night more wood than would be needed for the entire city during the whole long winter. The dearness of fuel must be

occasioned, therefore, merely by the high wages of labour. Wood is in boundless abundance indeed, but not so axes, saws, and hands. Were the woodmen here as reasonable in their demands, and as willing to work, as our patient German root-grubbers in the *Erzgebirge*, Toronto might cook its dinners with nothing more than the stumps and roots of trees that lie about its streets.

CHAPTER III.

LIBRARIES AND SCHOOLS IN TORONTO.

Of all the public institutions that my friends in Toronto had the kindness to show me over, none pleased me better, or made a more lasting impression, than the "Normal School" and its buildings, which are as handsome as they are thoroughly adapted to their purpose, and likely to be beneficial in their results. It is a new establishment, having been only completed in 1852, and the main idea at its foundation was to obtain a central point and heart for the entire system of education and popular instruction in Upper Canada. The whole large building, with its dependencies, for which the Provincial Parliament voted no less a sum than £25,000, makes the impression of a great wealthy convent, but it is a convent that from one end to the other is devoted to enlighten-

ment and energetic activity. In the first place, the chief Superintendent of Schools (or Minister of Public Institutions for Canada) has his seat here, and with him his various officers and official persons. At present this post is filled by a gentleman who deserves to be known in other regions of the world, namely, Dr Egerton Ryerson; and this enlightened and highly cultivated man is, in fact, the founder of the institution and the soul of all popular education in Canada. He was appointed to this post when he was forty years of age, but he considered it necessary, before entering on it, to make a journey through the most cultivated countries of Europe, to study their school and educational systems, and form from them the one which might appear the most useful and effectual for Canada. After his return he published a masterly report, in which he passed in review all the various systems and arrangements adopted in Germany, France, Sweden, Switzerland, and England, and then explained the one that he had planned for Canada, which was to be an Eclectic one, and transplant to the shores of Lake Ontario what appeared best and most suitable from all.

I had not the good fortune to find Dr Ryerson himself on the spot, but his works all round me, and whatever I saw and read, sufficiently proclaimed

his praises, in which indeed the two Governors-General, Lords Metcalfe and Elgin, who energetically promoted the work, and the Canadian Parliament, which was liberal in its grants, are entitled to share. The various halls and apartments of the building are adorned in such rich abundance with attractive objects connected with education, that I thought they even excelled the London Educational Exhibition that I had seen a short time before, and everything appeared then to be collected that lithographers, map-makers, and teachers of drawing and calligraphy in Canada and the United States, had invented or performed for schools in their respective departments. Geographical and geological representations, pictorial works, and school-books of all kinds, had flowed in in such abundance, that a "Public School Depository" had been formed with them. It is one of the best-assorted collections of the kind I have ever seen. Popular schools throughout Upper Canada can provide for their wants in this Depository, but as the chief want of the schools is of teachers, this Central Institution makes the obtaining and training of them a special object of its care. The institution includes a Normal School and a Model School, and as the former is regarded as its main element, the whole is known as the "Normal School of Toronto," though a more com-

prehensive name might be found for an establishment on so grand a scale. The Normal School is a kind of seminary, in which teachers of both sexes are trained for their calling; and in the Model School they begin to put in practice what they have been taught. I found among the teachers both Canadians and Americans, and, to my surprise, also mulattoes, and some dark-complexioned maidens, amongst whom I was told were some Indians.

Other smaller institutions, which are very properly connected with the principal one, such as a Provincial Museum and a Provincial Library, I can here only name, although I believe that every cultivated reader would find interest in a more circumstantial report concerning them; but there is one branch of popular instruction which appears so peculiar and so essential to the whole institution, that I must devote a few words to it. I allude to the remarkable arrangements for the diffusion of useful books and the establishment of public libraries. For this central book-distributing and library-forming department, a great central library, or, as it is called, a "Public Library book depository," has been formed, which contains, in various divisions, about 100,000 volumes. They are all works of acknowledged merit, and of a popular character, on

astronomy, geography, history, natural history, and ancient and modern literature, in which the *utile cum dulce* has been mingled in the most judicious manner. Of many, especially favourite works, there are ten or more copies kept, in order to meet, without delay, demands from various quarters.

If in any town or village of Canada a wish arises for the possession of a public or town library, this institution, with its richly-furnished depository, comes forward, as a most moderate and generous bookseller, to meet the wish, and the matter is thus brought about. A clergyman, a teacher, a farmer, or some one of the persons interested in the cause, get up a subscription among his friends; or it may happen that there already exist some clubs or young men's associations for mutual improvement which desire to obtain a library. They then make a subscription, perhaps of two or three hundred pounds, and prepare a list of the books they think desirable, which they forward to the Normal School at Toronto, with a statement of the amount of their subscriptions. By means of its rich endowment the institution is now enabled to assist them in this manner. It first brings together from the depository as many of the required books as the subscription will purchase, the price of the books being always made 25 per cent. lower than they

could be obtained for anywhere else. Then the institution advances from its own funds an amount equal to that raised by the subscriptions, and makes the infant library a present of as many books as can be obtained for that sum, reserving to itself the right of choosing the books, so as to retain such an influence on the intellectual culture of the place, the improvement of its taste, and the diffusion of knowledge, as may seem most desirable. Both collections are then packed in chests and forwarded to the village in question. This remarkable library-founding institution was itself only established in 1853, but has made, as may be supposed from the liberality of its principles, extremely rapid progress. In nine months preceding the August of 1854 it had distributed no fewer than 62,000 volumes; and for about every day during this period, formed and sent out a new village library. From the printed statistical report on these operations I obtain a few data that may not be without interest, as giving some indication of the prevailing tastes in Canada. Of the sum total of required and distributed books, 11,030 treat of history, 7096 of biography, 3798 of travels, and if all these may in fact be comprehended under the head of history, we find that 22,000 volumes, or more than one-third of the whole, are of his-

torical character. Zoology was represented by 5232, botany 882, geology 629, chemistry 518, and various physical sciences by 1412, &c., so that all the natural sciences taken together took up 11,000 volumes, or about one-sixth of the whole. There were also 2600 volumes on manufactures, and 3000 on agriculture, constituting about a twelfth. Poetry, the arts, and general literature, occupy 22,000 volumes, rather more than a third, and include 16,200 volumes of tales and sketches, 5900 "modern," and 603 of ancient literature.

These figures may, as I have said, afford some data for inferences concerning the tastes prevailing on Lake Ontario, but to make a true estimate it would be necessary to inquire in what department of literature the books suffered most from the fingers and thumbs of eager readers, or which were exposed to no other damage than the quiet deposit of library dust.

From the reports concerning the schools, I shall only mention some facts calculated to throw light on the rapid progress of school-education. In the year 1844 Canada contained a population of 183,000 children between five and sixteen years of age, of whom only 46,700 enjoyed any instruction, so that nearly three-fourths remained untaught; but in the year 1853 we find out of 282,000 children 194,000 at-

tending schools, more than two-thirds of the whole number; but it appears that there is still room for improvement, as nearly one-third still receive no school-education. The manifold variety of nationalities stands somewhat in its way, as well as still more the variety of religions. There are districts in Upper Canada in which the majority of the population do not speak a word of English, and in some others there are so many Highlanders and Welsh that you hear more of the Celtic idiom than of any other. In some places so many French-Canadians have been carried by the great British flood of emigration to the West, that what we may call the Canadian language prevails; and again we find in that large remarkable peninsula, between the three lakes, Ontario, Erie, and Huron, some entirely German districts, which may be recognised on the map by such names as Berlin, Strasburg, Petersburgh, &c., and in these proportionably small districts there exists, more or less, aversion to the ruling educational system, in which one language, and that of course English, must be adopted. Still more obstructive however to the progress of education are, as I said, the prevailing religious differences and disputes, in which the contending parties are nearly balanced.

Roman Catholicism is not so numerously repre-

sented in Upper as in Lower Canada, but it is very powerful, since, besides the French, the numerous Irish immigrants belong to that Church; and it is also remarkable that the adherents of no other Church in Upper Canada have increased so fast as those of the Roman. From 1842 to 1851 it had advanced its numbers by 114 per cent.; while no one of the Protestant denominations had gained more than 73 per cent. Besides their differences with the Catholic Church, the Protestants have to contend against the numerous divisions amongst themselves, and the consequent variety of systems and views, which give rise to as many discords as their relations with the Catholics, and there are therefore great difficulties in the way of what are called "Mixed Schools," which are intended to embrace all Christian denominations.

For many years an extremely moderate and judicious prelate, Bishop Power, a Briton, was at the head of the Romish Church of Canada, and as long as this excellent and venerated man lived, these difficulties were not felt as so formidable. Catholic and Protestant children went together to the schools, and used the same school-books, and the teachers were some of one faith, some of the other. The religious instruction in the schools was, of course, kept separate from

the secular, and for this teachers and books were chosen that could give no offence to any sect. The complaints and suggestions of parents with respect to books or hours of lessons that might interfere with their religious views were always listened to, and permission given in such cases for them to withdraw their children from the obnoxious teaching. At last, the Catholics were allowed in places where they had the majority to establish separate schools. As long as Bishop Power lived all went on very well, and the system of mixed schools appeared to prosper. Complaints were seldom made, and the separate Catholic schools daily decreased, and more and more joined the general school system, by which they shared in the benefits of the liberal help afforded by Parliament for their support. In 1847 there had been 41 separate Catholic schools, but that number gradually decreased, till in 1851 there were but 16.

Bishop Power died however, and there came in his place a very zealous prelate, a Frenchman, Dr de Charbonnel, to be the head of the Catholic Church of Upper Canada, and his entrance on his office occurred at a time when there was great excitement among the Catholic communities of Canada, an excitement that was kindled or fanned by a Papal Nun-

cio, then travelling in North America. In the mean time the number of Catholics in Upper Canada had been, as has been said, constantly on the increase, and the new bishop, after making the round of his diocese, sent in a statement, in which he complained of several grievances. He denounced a book, "Goldsmith's History of England," that had been adopted in all the mixed schools, and which Catholic children were compelled to read, though it was, he said, quite anti-Catholic and impious. He pointed out a place in Upper Canada, in which the negroes had, he considered, been better treated than the Catholics, since they had been supplied from the general school-fund with abundant means for the erection of a separate school, whilst the Catholics had received a mere trifle for a similar purpose. He required, or, if he did not expressly require, it was evident that his complaints tended to that, that all Catholic children should be taken from the mixed schools, and supplied with means for separate schools from the general School Fund, or, in other words, at the cost of the state.

There arose now between this Catholic bishop and the chief Superintendent, Dr Ryerson, a remarkable correspondence, which was afterwards collected and printed, and, as a perfectly open interchange of ideas between a very cultivated, liberal,

experienced, and benevolent man, of extremely tolerant and unprejudiced mind, and a Romish prelate of the genuine old stamp on the other, it forms a highly remarkable and interesting collection of documents. Whoever will give himself the trouble to read them will, even if he be somewhat inclined to Catholicism, and against its opponents, not be able to avoid the impression that the dispute is carried on exactly like that between Rome and Luther three hundred years ago. The prelate appears to be immediately angry and excited in the highest degree, and argues like a Jesuit. He invokes freedom of conscience and religious convictions, he conjures his adversary in God's name and for the well-being of the country to unite all forces in harmony and friendship, though he himself has been the stirrer-up of strife. He complains of the oppression of his fellow-believers, he denounces the existing schools in which Goldsmith's History is used as "nurseries of sin and crime," and as a hypocritical and masked persecution of the Catholics; nay, he maintains that Christ and his doctrine are in Canada as little known as they were in Athens. His opponent answers all his reproaches with the utmost circumspection, gives himself the trouble to enter into the most circumstantial explanation of the letter and spirit of the law, and to make the calmest statement of what reason and a

consideration of all the circumstances appear to require, and yet the Bishop suddenly breaks off the correspondence with the declaration that in their opinions mixed and separate schools are and must remain entirely different, and, without attempting to answer the representations of Dr Ryerson, describes them as "23 folio pages of invectives, personal insults, and insinuations, which are as unworthy of the writer as of the receiver;" and he moreover threatens for the future to take all constitutional means to obtain for the Catholic Church "her rights," though without attempting to subvert the government of Canada and its institutions.

We shall hereafter unfortunately hear more of the dispute thus originating, and I must admit that I have by no means been able to convince myself that the spirit and temper of the Protestants of Canada is as peaceable, enlightened, and tolerant as it ought to be, and the general school and Dr Ryerson and his educational department have, I believe, a sufficiently hard task between the two. The Puritan spirit is very strong in Upper Canada, and many heads are haunted by the dread of "Popery," and of dangers often imaginary. The Presbyterians, who are very numerous, have an unthinking aversion, often a hatred against Catholics. They are also not so well

agreed among themselves as might be wished, and sometimes so much at variance that they may very likely in their hearts agree with the Catholic Bishop when he says in one of those letters, "What can I say of your mixed schools, in which there is to be read, besides the Anti-Catholic History of Goldsmith, also a Quaker book which mocks at the principles of the Baptists, a Baptist book that mocks at infant baptism, a Methodist book that seeks to degrade the High Church, a Presbyterian book that sneers at Episcopacy, a Unitarian book that denies the Trinity, a Socinian book that treats all mysteries as absurdities? &c."

Of late, too, disputes have occurred concerning education and instruction among the Protestants themselves. Since 1850 several separate Protestant schools have been established, and unfortunately a division has also occurred in the Protestant University of Toronto, to which hitherto, as to the schools, all denominations of Protestants have been freely admitted. Within these few years the High Church has taken umbrage at this, and an influential member has put forward a plan for a High School for the children of the members of this Church exclusively. Money for the purpose was collected in England, a sum of £20,000 or £30,000,

and the High Churchmen had the triumph of founding a university of their own. It was established on the plan of the strictest orthodoxy, by the name of Trinity College, and boasts an extensive building, a special body of professors, and a special code of laws concerning the subjects to be taught, the confession of faith required, and the discipline and uniform of the students, and this narrow-hearted institution is opposed to the old liberal one open to all, which, under the name of King's College, still exists. Besides these two "universities" there are three theological institutions for Catholics, Congregationalists, and the "United Presbyterian Church," and it is much to be feared that this splitting up of their forces may have a pernicious effect on the quality of the instruction, on the completeness of the requisite libraries and collections, and on the spirit of emulation among the students so desirable for the progress of the sciences. It is curious, or rather melancholy, that whilst in England in these latter days great scientific institutions, and colleges, have been founded to meet the demand for more liberal institutions, and that even the strict and ancient establishments of Oxford and Cambridge have been opening their doors ever more widely, in the distant province of Upper Canada

precisely the opposite tendency has been calling new institutions into life, and from the lap of liberal foundations, most narrow-minded colleges have proceeded, and each of these still claims the title of *Universitas Literarum.*

CHAPTER IV.

LAKES AND FORESTS.

ALL readers of the interesting report that the English geologist, Lyell, has published on this country, will know that northward from Toronto the land rises gradually in terrace-like ascents, and that he and other geologists believe that these various terraces, and their abrupt sides, mark the limits of ancient shores of Lake Ontario, which has been of very different extent at various times, and has gradually retired within its present limits. As you approach the town in the steamer you see the whole series of these ascents, of which the highest is about 700 feet above the level of the lake. It appears in the back-ground as a high wooded, or in some places low and irregular, plateau. If you travel inland from the town, you perceive the separate

parts and steps of this plateau, and the manner in which it has been worn by rain and floods. The first step or terrace, which is more than a hundred feet above the lake, is reached by the last houses of a suburb of Toronto, and in one of these handsome houses, which lie on the edge of the plateau and the border of the forest, it was my good fortune to pass some most pleasant days.

The woods on these terraces, as elsewhere in Canada, are composed of many different kinds of trees,—beech, elm, oak, birch, nut-trees of many species, wild cherries, cedars, pines, and furs, which are grouped together in the most graceful clusters. Here and there a particular kind seems to predominate, as, for instance, on the upper step or terrace lying far back in the interior, the oak prevails, and to this highest is given, peculiarly, the name of the "Oak Ridge," though in fact all these ancient shore terraces are occasionally mentioned as the Oak Ridges.

The trees here still gloried in the rich colouring of their leafage, although in Quebec, a fortnight before, the vegetation had assumed a bare and wintry aspect. The elegant and much-prized maple was conspicuous among them, as it mostly is in Canada, and its leaves exhibited more shades and gradations of golden-yellow and crimson, than can be found

in the best-furnished colour-box. Even when you walk on dark cloudy days in the forest the trees shed around you such gorgeous colours that you might imagine it was bright sunlight. You seem to be walking in the midst of some magic sunset of the declining year. The leaves of the maple are too as elegantly cut as they are richly adorned with colour, and the Canadians pay them the same honour as the Irish do their "green, immortal shamrock." They are collected, pressed, and preserved; ladies select the most beautiful to form natural garlands for their ball dresses, you see in Canada tables and other furniture inlaid with bouquets and wreaths of varnished maple leaves, and you see steamers with the name of "The Maple Leaf" painted in large letters on the stern. Sometimes the Canadians would ask me, in their glorious woods, whether I had ever seen anything like them in Europe, and if I answered that, though their woods were especially beautiful, I had elsewhere observed red and yellow autumn leaves, they would smile and shake their heads, as if they meant to say that a stranger could never appreciate the beauties of a Canadian forest thus dying in golden flame. I have seen a Swiss, born and bred among the Alps, smile just as pityingly at the enthusiasm of strangers for their mountains, evidently regarding

it as a mere momentary flare, and that they only could know how to value the charms of their native land.

The magnificent colouring of these trees strikes you most, I think, when the *gilding* has only just begun, and the green, yellow, and scarlet tints are mingled with the most delicate transitions. Sometimes it seems as if Nature were amusing herself with these graceful playthings, for you see green trees twined about with garlands of rich red leaves like wreaths of roses, and then again red trees, where the wreaths are green. I followed with delight, too, the series of changes, from the most brilliant crimson to the darkest claret colour, then to a rich brown, which finally passed into the cold pale grey of the winter. It seems to me evident that the sun of this climate has some quite peculiar power in his beams, and that the faintest tint of the autumn foliage has a pure intensity of colour that you do not see in Europe. Possibly you see the climate and character of Canada mirrored in these autumn leaves, and it is the rapid and violent transitions of heat and cold that produce these vivid contrasts.

The frost, that sometimes sets in suddenly after a very hot day, is said to be one of the chief painters of these American woods. When he does but touch the trees they immediately blush rosy red.

I was warned therefore not to regard what I saw this year as the *ne plus ultra* of his artistic efforts, since the frost had come this time very gradually. The summer heat had lasted unusually long, and the drought had been extraordinary, so that the leaves had become gradually dry and withered, instead of being suddenly struck by the frost while their sap was still abundant, a necessary condition, it appears, for this brilliant colouring.

On the other side of the "Oak Ridge" to the north of the Ontario the plateau extends to a considerable distance, and there in the centre of a colossal mass of forest, about sixty miles from the Ontario shore, opens the basin of another smaller lake—Lake Simcoe, as it has been called after a Canadian Governor-General. This lake is near the Georgian Bay, the eastern extremity of Lake Huron, and from this, as well as from Lake Simcoe, an ancient Indian path has led, from time immemorial, across the isthmus to Lake Ontario and the harbour of Toronto. It must have been the chief means of communication between the three basins, and when the Europeans came they altered its character, but not its direction, which is indeed determined by the unalterable configuration of land and water.

A European of the name of Young made a road,

in the direction of the old Indian path, to Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, and it was named after him, "Young Street," and now there has been for some years a railroad running along the same line. Since, notwithstanding this railroad, Lake Simcoe still lies pretty deep in the woods, and, at one part at least, extends beyond the limits of European civilization into the Indian territory, I thought an excursion to it would be interesting, and therefore shipped myself upon the smooth iron rails that now run along the old Indian path.

We rose by a succession of zig-zags up first one and then another of the "oak ridges," and were soon after this swallowed up in the dense forests that still extend, with a few interruptions from scattered colonies, over the whole country between the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario. On maps of Canada you do indeed see this region and the whole environs of Lake Simcoe marked as counties, townships, and sections, and coloured variously like the land that has been already brought under the plough; but on American maps such colourings and markings do not mean much more than that the chain of the land surveyor has been once carried through the woods, and a name bestowed on the piece of wilderness it has crossed. Like the extensive plans of American towns, in which you

find streets and squares without a house, the counties are thus marked only with reference to the future.

When we left Toronto a thick mist covered all the neighbourhood of Lake Ontario, and on returning some days afterwards, I was told that it had remained the whole time, though up on the plateau of Lake Simcoe we had had the most glorious weather. I had formrely noticed the same phenomenon in autumn in Switzerland, where frequently for weeks together the valleys and lowlands are covered by a dark cold mist, whilst on the heights the summer is prolonged by the warmest and most delicious sunshine. With respect to the Ontario, however, the case is exceptional, for, on the average of the whole year, the climate on Lake Ontario is much milder than on Simcoe, which is in a more elevated position, where snow lies and sternest winter reigns when spring is stirring actively on the lake below.

The sea of mist marked out exactly the limits which Lyell assigns to the Lake Ontario of pre-historic times—it reached up to the last oak ridge. Here, where the numerous pleasant farms and thick population come to an end, the sun broke through the fog, and shone brightly on the black fir and pine woods, which, scantily intermixed with other

trees, and broken by some open spaces, begin on the plateau itself. Wonderfully wild and picturesque were some of the forest scenes it illuminated. The then lately-made railway had broken through and mowed down thousands of vegetable giants, whose decaying bodies and stumps lay piled up on either side; parts of the primeval forest on the right and left looked like pitch-dark vaults, and were so choked up by underwood, roots, and stumps, that even a bear must have found his journey through them difficult travelling, and as we glided so smoothly along through this rugged wilderness, we felt very agreeably the contrast between our mode of locomotion and his.

Fire appeared to have been very active in these woods, and great tracts were burnt down on each side. Many of these forest conflagrations had been doubtless accidental, but sometimes they had run for a mile or more quite regularly and parallel to the rail at an equal distance on each side, so that it was evident they had been kindled intentionally, and guided and limited in their course. The axe sometimes works too slowly to please these American railroad makers, and so they burn their lines through the woods, and for the sake of laying a few strips of metal by the side of one another,

destroy the grand and slowly-formed works of nature over boundless tracts.

For the sake of our painters who sometimes undertake to represent an American forest conflagration, without having seen one, I may make the remark that various trees perish by fire in very various ways, and afterwards in their dead and burnt condition present very different appearances. The pines and fir, for instance, I noticed, had often not burnt from the outside to the in—but from within to the outside. The internal wood was consumed, and the bark stood there as an open, though rent and ragged, tube. This was so frequently the case, that I may almost call it their usual condition; hundreds of these tubes were standing side by side like long chimneys, and in most instances the burning out of the tree seemed to have begun at the root. Had this been only the case with trees hollow from age and disease, the matter would have been easy to explain, but from the frequent recurrence of the phenomenon, it must be supposed that perfectly sound and healthy trees have undergone this remarkable kind of burning process. The cause may perhaps be that there has been more sap and green wood in the bark than in the centre. Sometimes the trees had been burnt all on one side, and the other left quite unconsumed; the wind

and rain may perhaps have thus partially protected them.

We saw on this occasion very few animals, but occasionally the fine, large, and at this season fat, American squirrel, with its thick, shining, black fur, appeared among the trees. At certain seasons these woods are full of animals, almost over-full of birds, but now unluckily the time for this was past; in September especially these forests of Upper Canada are a chief scene for the migrations of the countless swarms of pigeons that in the autumn leave the North and journey southwards. In the woods between the Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, they find immense quantities of wild cherries, berries, and seeds of various kinds, which are not to be found further West on the upper lakes, or the prairies of the Mississippi. A hunter told me on the way to Lake Simcoe that he had once been surprised at an open part of the forest by a flock of these pigeons, and to his no small terror. They hung in a thick cloud quite low down in the air, so that the sky was completely hidden, and the atmosphere filled with the countless throng of fearlessly fluttering birds, as by a swarm of locusts. The hunter ducked to save his eyes, and shot right and left to procure himself air, but though the dead bodies fell thick around him, thousands of other pigeons fol-

lowed to fill up the gaps. He crouched to the ground, fearing that he would actually be suffocated, and did not breathe freely till he saw the sun once more, as it gradually broke through the feathery cloud, and shone on the retreating army of his winged enemies.

I wished to know what line of policy the flocks of pigeons follow when they reach the shores of the Ontario; whether they fly right across it, or whether they take their course by the long isthmus that extends like a bridge between Lakes Ontario and Erie, and I was assured by natives, that the birds all cross that bridge of land in their passage to the South, and that in the spring all their migratory birds come to them from the Isthmus of Niagara, and reach Toronto by passing round the western side of the lake.

Here and there the rivers that flow towards Lake Simcoe have broken a passage through these woods, and either destroyed the trees or prevented their growth. These strips of land are mostly flat and marshy, covered merely with grass and herbs, and with the forest on each side. It was in one of these that I first saw the remarkable grass so often mentioned in the reports of the first French missionaries and discoverers of the Huron country, it is the one they called *folle avoine*, wild or *mad* oats. The English call it "wild rice," and I was surprised to see it

in such profusion here to the north of Lake Ontario. On the shores of the lake itself this plant was not, I was told, to be found. The coast of that lake is high and sharply cut, but on Lake Erie it is often low and marshy, and there the plant is found in abundance, and the more so the further you go to the West.

The French, when they first came to the country, found this wild rice well known to the Indians, and much prized for its nutritious grain. The Jesuits noticed that the Indians came in crowds in their canoes to the tracts where it grows, to gather in the harvest. Since the plant is rooted very deep in the mud or water on the shores of the lake, sometimes, I was told, as much as six or seven feet, it cannot be cut or mowed like our corn. It seemed to me that people might wait till the winter when the water is frozen, and then cut the ripe ears off the ice, as I have seen done on the Alpine lakes with several kinds of reeds which are useful in the winter, and which are thus mown conveniently on the ice; but it seems this plan is not applicable here. The grains of this rice as soon as they are ripe become loose and fall, as the husks burst open, into the water, and, as they are very heavy, sink, they say, to the bottom. This happens long before the ice is formed, and then the whole plant withers away in

the winter. It is not perennial, but shoots up in the spring from the seed that is scattered.

The old Indians, whom the Jesuits discovered, had invented a method of carrying on the operation of threshing this kind of corn, at the time when they reaped their harvest. They pushed their canoes into the midst of these rice fields, bent down the full ears over the edge of the boat, and beat out the grain with logs of wood, and still this harvest can be reaped in no other way.

The Jesuits found the entire housekeeping of some tribes of Indians so based upon this nutritious plant, that they named them from it, and the natives whom they found to the west of Lake Michigan were for a long time known as "*les folles avoines*," the "wild oats' men." Subsequently the English found a number of small lakes so filled with this plant that they gave them the name of "rice lake," and here in Upper Canada, north of Lake Ontario and east of Lake Simcoe, there is also a rice lake. They call the part of the water in which it is growing a "wild rice bed," and on the Georgian Bay and on Lake Huron these wild rice beds are extraordinarily large, often extending for miles along the shore. Here also we perceived tolerably extensive tracts covered with it. The grains of this rice are black outside and white

within, extremely nourishing, I was told, and far superior in that respect to the cultivated East Indian rice. Some people maintain that it is better flavoured, and that any one that has once accustomed himself to it likes it better than any other corn. The troublesome and laborious method of gathering may perhaps be the cause of so many beds of it being merely used by the winged tribes or left unused in the water. I never heard that any attempt had been made to cultivate and propagate it, though it would seem that man could scatter its seeds in the water as well as Nature, and succeed better in extending its territory. Perhaps it may be difficult to distinguish suitable from unsuitable soil for it, since both are equally covered by water, but in the mean time this wild rice has found its way into commerce, and has its market price. It is sold at from a dollar and a half to two dollars a bushel; but nevertheless, as matters now stand, wild life has more benefit from this rice than civilization, for, besides the wild Indians, numerous flocks of birds on their migrations fall eagerly on these beds of wild rice to satisfy their hunger. But it is not easy for them to do so. They cannot gather the grain as they fly, and the slender rice stems will not support the heavy body of a bird. Those that cannot swim must often suffer

the torments of Tantalus. The creatures that profit most by this production of nature are the ducks; you see them constantly busy in the rice beds, but they make their chief banquet when the grains have fallen off into the water and are lying at the bottom, and only to be obtained by diving. Many of these rice ducks can remain under the water an incredible time, and even run along the bottom of the lake picking up the grains.

Here and there on our way to Lake Simcoe we saw, on cleared portions of the forest, the towers, or rather the stumps, of a so-called Canadian town, for instance, Bradford, which has no other towers and battlements than some burnt-out ruins of trees, that stick up among the scattered houses, and serve occasionally as flag-staffs, watch-towers, or for any other purpose for which towers are usually erected, and at last we came to the town of Bell Ewart at the southernmost point of Lake Simcoe.

I was reading in a newspaper as we were approaching this point, and found in it this passage: "The town of Bell Ewart is an extraordinarily flourishing and progressive place; it is the chief station on Lake Simcoe, and will soon be a market of the first importance. The landed property there is very valuable, and is daily rising in price. Any one who wishes to build had better make haste and

secure some sites, for there will soon be very few to be had." I had just finished this passage when we came to an opening in the woods, and caught sight of a beautiful bay of the lake, and here our train stopped to deliver us to a little steamer for our further journey. The clearing was only like a small hole in the vast woods, covered with the stumps of the trees cut down. Here and there indeed the operation of clearing had been assisted by fire, scarcely yet extinguished, and numerous burnt boughs and half-decayed trees were sticking out of the lofty wall of the ancient forest. Near the station I discovered a small low log-house, lying like a lark's nest in the woods, and on this a gleam of sun-light fell with picturesque effect as if through a long chimney. The cool dim light of the forest was just sufficient for me to see a few men who stood leaning on their axes before the low door. I turned to them with the inquiry, "Where is the town of Bell Ewart?"

"Why here, sir, here is Bell Ewart; you are in the very middle of it!" was the reply in a friendly tone.

"And a very pretty town too,—for squirrels and bears," said I, as I stumbled along over roots and stumps, to view the lions of this Lake Simcoe metropolis.

"Where would you like to buy, sir?" said a fellow-passenger who was making his way along the same rough road, "here in Bell Ewart, or at the other end of the lake?"

"I have no intention of buying land."

"No! do you want then to do anything in liquor?"

"No, sir, I do not deal in spirituous liquors."

"What do you deal in, may I ask?"

"I have merely come to look at the country."

"Ah ha! I understand, you have not made up your mind. Well, we are going on a bit together, and, by the way, I can give you a few hints about prices and so forth."

After the tree stumps, the greatest lion in Bell Ewart was a saw-mill, or rather a grand wood sawing establishment like those I had seen in Bytown, and it was also founded by Americans from the United States. These active and speculative Yankees are to be met with everywhere in Canada, and where there is a settlement to be made in the wilderness they are always the first upon the spot, forming the advanced guard of civilization. Wherever a new birth is expected,—a town, a canal, a road,—there are they to assist in the *accouchement*. They know how to bring together the necessary capital, the men, the cattle, and whatever else may

be needed, with the least possible loss of time. As directors of the works, contractors and purveyors, they are always in their places, and when they have performed their services they vanish again. When they have burnt away the forest, marked off the town, opened the ground, fixed the rails, and provided such primitive establishments as are indispensable in the beginning of a settlement, they move off to other places where similar services are required. They were accordingly Americans who had laid down this railway through the forest to Lake Simcoe, and as soon as they had finished, the same American contractors, engineers, and capitalists had moved on Westward, to undertake a similar work on Lake Michigan. The great saw-mills of which I spoke had been nearly finished in a few months, and whilst, in the larger portion of the building, the hammers and axes of the carpenters were still sounding, the other part was in full activity, sawing up the planks to complete it. This is a peculiarity of American management that I have often noticed, and by which they do great things with small capital; they manage to make the beginning of the establishment secure its further progress, as in the present instance, where the part of the saw-mill already in action was preparing the boards for its completion. It must not

be inferred, however, that because in Canada, as in their own country, the Yankees are the pioneers of civilization, that they in general outdo the Upper Canadians; on the contrary they are often surpassed by them, if not in activity, at least in the solidity of their undertakings. Upper Canada is a still younger country than the two nearest American States, Pennsylvania and New York, and it was naturally at first very dependent in many respects on these elder communities. Even ten or twelve years ago it was so, but now things are greatly altered. To mention only one instance out of many; goods in Toronto and other Canadian ports were mostly insured in the United States, but within a few years such respectable offices of this kind have been established here, that they obtain insurances not only in Canada itself, but along the whole line of the Mississippi, even down to New Orleans, and these young Canadian firms have such good credit that even the Americans now come to insure with them.

It is perhaps the consideration of this and some similar facts that has led Canada to form the expectations that have sometimes been expressed to me. "There is no doubt," they say, "that our interests are becoming daily more and more closely connected with those of the United States, but if the Americans think on that account that an annexation of

our country to theirs will some day take place, we draw quite a contrary inference. Canada will, we believe, some day be united with the neighbouring States; things are daily tending that way, but the Americans will not get us; we shall get them, and in the separation of the northern from the southern States of the Union, the former will become united with our great empire on the St Lawrence."

CHAPTER V.

LAKE SIMCOE—THE WESTERN SHORE.

THE handsome steamer "The Morning," which received us at Bell Ewart, had a good deal of the rough woodland character in her proportions and arrangements. She was small in order to be able to run easily into the little forest creeks, and glide over the rice beds; her prow was adorned with a pair of huge antlers, like the abodes of our German foresters, and her table was always abundantly furnished with the finest Canadian venison. Many of the passengers were provided with guns, and some powder was expended not fruitlessly in shots at shy wild ducks and other water-fowl as we went along. Instead of chairs and benches we had on the deck great piles and bales of plants and fruit trees, which a gardener was taking to the North, to plant in a clearing of the forest in the ashes of the burnt pines and firs.

The day was sunny and warm, and the whole lake lay like a measureless, tranquil mirror before us; it is about 70 miles in circumference, entirely surrounded by the forest, and bears on its bosom some thickly-wooded islands. We ran along its western shore, and visited in succession a number of small stations. The first object we met with on the water was an Indian birch-bark canoe, laden with baskets, and rowed by Indian women after their peculiar fashion. It was the first time I had seen Indians in what I may still call in some measure their own country, and I observed, pretty closely, whatever was to be seen of their proceedings through a glass. They were coming from Snake Island, where they had made their baskets, to the railway station to sell them.

All the islands on Lake Simcoe, Snake Island included, have been reserved for the ancient owners of the land, the Indians; and we passed so close to one of their villages on Snake Island, that we could look into their habitations, and observe their little housekeeping. The village lay on a high bank, at the south end of the island; and the trees were cleared away a little round it, otherwise the place was entirely covered with wood. Oaks, firs, and other trees seem to spring up here like weeds, get possession of every spot of land, and crowd together

in as thick masses as shipwrecked passengers on a raft. They seem to have scrambled to every little promontory and head-land, and marched in close rank and file by myriads along the shore to the very edge of the water. Sometimes they appear to be pushing each other over to get standing room, for there were whole thickets of them leaning slanting over the water, and sometimes hanging down and only attached to the ground by a few half-decayed roots.

The Indians of Lake Simcoe belong to the widely extended race of Chippeways or Ojibbeways, but there are only a few hundreds of them, and even these are melting rapidly away. They die, I was told, chiefly of consumption, and they themselves are of opinion that the living in the good solid houses that the Government has built for them occasions this destructive malady. This may not perhaps be a mere unfounded prejudice. Could they live entirely in warm houses, indeed it could do them no harm, but their occupations, and perhaps, also, their old wild habits, lead them often to spend whole months in the open air. They travel about when engaged in their hunting and fishing expeditions, sometimes during the very worst season of the year, and it seems very probable that it may

have a bad effect on their health, to live one half of the year like civilized people by the fire-side, and the other half to be lying about in their old way, in swamp and snow.

The Government, or it may be rather the settlers around, would be glad to get rid of them altogether from Lake Simcoe, and settle them on the northern shore of Lake Huron, where there are other Indian tribes, and much unoccupied land, but "these lazy, obstinate people will not agree to it;" they insist on the treaties by which they have been secured in the possession of the islands, and they have a dread of every change, which appears very natural, considering how much they have lost, and how little gained by any change made as yet. They also, in their own way, find moving as inconvenient as we do, and they cannot easily make themselves at home in a new region. Here, on their old ground, they know every island, every inlet, every hunting tract, every stock and stone; but there this knowledge has all to be acquired afresh, at the cost of many hardships. It is curious and touching indeed to see how the survivors of these nomadic, rambling, hunting tribes now cling to their old land, whilst the Europeans in this new world seem to have changed characters with them,—have become

"shifting," as the Americans call it, and are easily induced to leave their homes and penetrate further and further into the wilderness.

The islands and woods which are reserved to them belong to the Indians as common property, and they are not allowed to sell them to private people. Without this regulation, which was made for their own sakes, they would soon be stripped of all their possessions; cunning Whites would get their land for a mere trifle, and even what it did produce the improvident Indians would soon consume. It is, nevertheless, not easy to protect them from destitution. It was of course necessary to allow them to make use of the forests and sell the wood, if they were to be really benefited at all, as well as to farm out the use of them to others. The Indians themselves do not manage well the heavy Canadian hatchet, or know how to dispose of the wood; and their birch-bark canoes are not adapted to the transport of timber; and they, therefore, make agreements with white lumber-men to allow them to cut a certain quantity of timber, so many cubic feet within a given time. When they are about to enter into one of these agreements, a general council is called, of all the men of the Snake Island village, presided over by their chief, the Snake chief or "Yellow Head," and on these occasions, I

am told, very cautious and rational speeches are often made. The price of the wood is distributed equally among the tribe, except that "Yellow Head" obtains a double share, and it may easily be supposed how well the Whites know how to get the best trees from the Indian woods, and how quickly the money runs through the fingers of the poor Ojibbeways. Formerly they also received yearly presents from the Government, but these have been now commuted for a rent of £700. a year, probably not much to the advantage of the Indians, for whom goods that they required would be a more permanent benefit than cash—the round coins that roll so easily away.

The thick, dark wall of forest that lined the shore afforded us amusement for the whole day, of which we were never weary. Towards the North appeared, one beyond the other, numerous promontories and headlands all equally covered, and the last vanishing in the mist of the horizon. From many of the bays we drove out the ducks by hundreds before us, and in others we discovered a lonely fisher, a poor Indian in his bark canoe, rowing about to entice the "Nixies brood" into his snares; once we perceived a long dark cloud that floated away over the surface of the water. It was a flight of wild birds, probably ducks, but we

could not make out exactly, for though our little antlered steamer rushed after them as fast as she could, she did not overtake them; they had all vanished like smoke before we came to the spot.

As we passed round one tongue of land I came in sight of a perfectly American picture that was altogether new to me,—the settlement of a lonely Indian hunter. Much as I had read and heard of Indians living entirely by their own resources in the woods, as they are still to be met with in the wild regions round Hudson's Bay, the scene charmed me as something quite new. The man had established himself at the head of a little natural harbour, whence he could easily ship the products of his hunting. A small low hut, made of boughs, leant against the foot of some tall pines, that rose like towers above it. It had no light but what came from the lake, for all behind it was the dense darkness of the primeval wilderness; near the water's edge the Indian had put up a kind of railing, on which bear, deer, and other skins, and the furs of smaller animals, were hanging, like linen, to dry, and we saw his brown form moving about busily among the trees, but our paddle-wheels unluckily carried us forward too fast for me to be able to make out any more particulars.

We observed again on this lake, as on the Ontario,

the pink colouring, as of dawn, all round the horizon, and at noon, when the sun broke through the mist, he seemed to be placed in the cup of a gigantic pale rose. The weather was still wonderfully fine and warm, but, in a few weeks, I was told, everything would be entirely changed. Snow falls very early on this plateau, and in the December of almost every year the whole surface of the lake, nearly 400 English square miles, is covered with a rough coat of ice. In January it is generally from twelve to eighteen inches thick, and then, instead of with steamers, it is traversed with carts and sledges. The ice remains firm usually till the end of April (though the latitude of the lake is only between 44° and 45°), the severity of the winter being accounted for by the elevation of this part of the country.

The Simcoe basin is, as I have said, formed in a kind of plateau, whose precise height I do not know; but since the waters of Lake Simcoe flow northwards to Lake Huron, and then over several declivities, and forming cascades which, together, may be about 100 feet; since Lake Huron is 100 feet above Lake Erie, and this more than 300 above Lake Ontario, the Simcoe level must be at least 500 feet, and this will, in so unsheltered a region, have a great influence on the climate, and

occasion a considerable contrast with that of the Ontario shores. The Simcoe has its most distant sources quite close to Toronto, only ten or twelve miles from Lake Ontario, and these waters have to take a course of more than 800 miles, through Lakes Simcoe, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, until by a great circuit they again pass Toronto, the neighbourhood of their birth-place.

South of the Ontario, also, streams arise quite near its shores, which do not turn to the lake, but flow off in opposite directions; these are the sources of the Susquehanna and the Hudson. And the same thing takes place at Lake Erie; the springs of the Ohio flow along its whole southern shore, at the distance of a few miles, and then hasten immediately southwards. In the same way a number of the tributaries of the Mississippi have their springs quite close to the western coast of the Michigan and Lake Superior, so that it is evident that these great American reservoirs are not to be regarded merely as the lowest places of great tracts of surface, but as raised basins or troughs, with more or less lofty walls, outside which the waters do not flow to the basin, but away from it.

CHAPTER VI.

LAKE KUTCHICHING.

At its northern extremity Lake Simcoe gradually contracts its dimensions, and the water, which in the middle is about twenty feet deep, grows more and more shallow, till at last it seems as if it were about to cease entirely, and be lost in a marshy narrow, overgrown with reeds and wild rice. The boats have to proceed with the utmost caution, sounding every step of the way, the paddle-wheels begin to stir up clouds of muddy slime, and the vessel itself at last grates on the sand and mud. But the water now begins again to expand, and soon you see a new lake spread out before you, the Kutchiching, which is connected with the Simcoe by that narrow strait. On this small lake lies Orillia, our last steam-boat station, and the last and most northerly settlement of Canada in the direc-

tion from Toronto. "There is no European town or village," we were told, "from Orillia to the North Pole," and the same thought and the same expression seems to occur to people all along the frontier of inhabited Canada.

Orillia sounds like an Italian, but it is really an Indian word, and the Indian names of localities are often just as soft and pleasing as those of the Italians, unless when they remind you of the richer and fuller sound of the Greek, as in Saratoga, Ticonderoga, Aderondag, &c. Orillia consists of a scattered group of small low houses, lying like Bell Ewart in a clearing of the high forest. The masses of trees stand round it in a circle as rocks do round some of our mountain villages. I was not a little surprised to hear in this *ultima thule* of Canada of a "nobility" residing in the forest, and on the other side of the forest, on cultivated lands. The English Government, it seems, made, I do not know precisely when, a number of half-pay officers a grant of lands on Lakes Simcoe and Kutchiching. They were endowed with extensive districts, but had in consideration of them to renounce their half pay or a part of it. Many of these gentlemen could not reconcile themselves to the life of the woods; they found the labour of clearing and of the first cultivation so severe that they were glad

to be allowed to return to their half pay, many ruined their fortunes and their health, but there were some who persevered and have built houses and created large hereditary properties in the forest. "Several of them," I was told, "are nephews and cousins of earls and dukes in England, and so we call them our nobility."

There are as yet no particular hotels in Orillia, so I thought myself very fortunate to obtain a lodging in a very pleasant and comfortable wooden cottage, where I received the most friendly and hospitable treatment.

I had here an opportunity of seeing one of the little village libraries, such as I have described as being sent from Toronto to all parts of Canada. It was the first library of this kind that had ever come to Lake Kutchiching, and the books had not yet been unpacked, but we opened the chests and found volumes handsomely bound, gleaming in colours and gilding, and the value of whose contents were in no contradiction to their attractive exterior. But this treasure had had great difficulties to encounter before it could get to Orillia. Even in this bran-new country a party had arisen to oppose the introduction of a library, and the old, ever-repeated question whether enlightenment ought to be made so generally accessible, had occasioned

as zealous discussions as in old Europe, but at last the light party had triumphed, and the chests of books happily found their way to Orillia.

I shall always retain the most grateful remembrance of the agreeable evening I passed in the peaceful, pious family in this little settlement; the travelling author cannot, however, set up a public monument to such recollections, but must preserve them in the hidden shrine of his memory. At sunrise on the following morning we walked to a small hill on the edge of the water and of the forest, and obtained a view of the whole breadth of the lake, which is full of wooded islands. It was again a most beautiful Indian summer day.*

* Here, at least, this fine weather at the end of October was called by that name, but opinions are by no means agreed upon the subject. During my whole journey, whenever we had a few fine days, I asked after the Indian summer, but there were always some voices to declare it was not yet, and that the true "Indian Summer" was not usually till November, though they admitted it was sometimes as early as October. It lasts sometimes only a few days, but at others for weeks together, so that altogether it seems not easy to make it out. I have myself travelled in America both in October and November, and had good and bad weather, but cannot say whether I have ever had the real Indian summer or not, nor why it should be so called. Many say it is because it is accompanied by thin mists and vapours, such as those which proceed from the great conflagrations of grass in the prairies that are kindled by the Indians at certain times of the year. I often heard that the Indian summer was formerly not only longer, but more definite in its character. With the advance of cultivation, all seasons appear to be

That delicate mist was again present which is inseparable from such days, and when the sun rose from among the islands, and made its way above the vapours and forests, it conjured forth as lovely pictures as any painter could have desired.

On the smooth lake lay a thin light covering that made the remote islands and woods indistinct, but it glittered through it itself like a silver robe through a gauze veil. In one place where it had broken through the mist, the sun shone in full radiance, and kindled the tops of the trees, though the lower portion of their trunks was still hidden in mist, so that the masses of burning leafage seemed as if floating in the air.

'A few miles from Orillia there is another higher and more open hill, from which you obtain, I was told,' a prospect of sixty miles towards the North, over a measureless sea of forest, one of the most remarkable views in Canada, but unfortunately it was not possible for me to go there.

On the opposite shore of the lake, four miles from Orillia, is a little Indian village of Ojibbeways, called Mara, and as I wished to see it we persuaded two Indian girls, who had come over to Orillia in the morning, to lend us their bark canoe,

more mingled and blended together, and the boundaries even of the winter and the spring are not so strongly marked as they once were.

and stay till the evening. Their brother, who bore the European name of John St Germain, was to row us across. The canoe was not much larger than a washing tub, and could just hold us three, my excellent host, John, and myself, if we pushed our legs in between one another; and that the thing might not turn over we had to lie down in the bottom of it, and were only allowed just to lift our heads above its edge. Our bodies and the aforesaid dove-tailed legs had to serve as ballast, and the ballast was required to lie very still when it had once been placed. We were to take care not to step heavily too, and only on the more solid ribs of the canoe, for fear the heels of our boots should go through the bottom. Scarcely however had we got ourselves thus cautiously shipped, than our boatman declared that the canoe was not properly balanced, it hung too low in the stern, and the prow stood out of the water, and we were therefore obliged to land at a little island in order to re-stow our ballast, that is, our own persons. This landing is not altogether an easy process, for the islands are all surrounded by a bristling fence of blocks of stone, fallen trunks, branches and roots of trees, but John St Germain had soon spied out two long projecting trunks which made between them a kind of harbour, and there we landed for the purpose

before mentioned. But now John declared his opinion that the canoe was old and not water-tight, and that it might be well, before we went any further, to stop the leaks. It was therefore drawn cautiously out of the water and turned bottom uppermost, and then John began collecting some bits of pine wood to make a torch, to melt the pitch covering of the canoe, and plaster the sore places. It happened however that the few matches we had with us would not catch fire, so the surgical operation could not be performed, and we had to take our chance in the canoe, which after all carried us safely across.

The Indians are not afraid to go out in these little nutshells when the water is quite rough, and they even manage to shoot down rapids in them. In very bad weather they slip round from island to island so as to have the protection of the woods, and to be near a refuge in case of necessity, and this has thus become a sort of habit with them. Thus our Ojibbeway made a very circuitous route by one island and another, although the weather was fine, and the danger trifling; but we were well pleased, since this course gave us opportunities of obtaining views of glorious groups of trees, and glimpses into the deep forest. The blocks of stone that bordered the islands all round appeared

to me a somewhat remarkable phenomenon. The islands are so thickly covered with trees that scarcely a bullet, much less a mass of rock, could find room to roll freely over them, and since they are quite flat and without cliffs, these blocks could not have come from the interior of the islands; and we puzzled ourselves a long time to contrive some hypothesis by which they might have risen out of the water. We tried another too, namely, that they had been brought by the ice and stuck fast on the shore; but what is most curious about these blocks is that they are quite regularly formed, as if they had been prepared for the foundation of a Cyclopean wall. Every island, not only on Lake Kutchiching, but also on Lake Simcoe, has a garland of these closely-set blocks all round it, and from a little distance they look as regular as rows of beads, and the bushes and trees rise behind them as behind a garden fence. That the origin of this wall was in some way connected with the water, appeared to me certain from this, that the stones were all up to the same height of a white colour, and that this height was precisely what it might be supposed to be from the action of the waves and masses of ice. I at first thought that the whole mass of the islands might consist of

boulders, and that only the edge of them had been washed bare and white by the water; but this did not appear to be confirmed, for some of the islands that I afterwards visited I found to consist of a level vegetable soil and marsh, and there were no stones except on the margin of the water.

Every one of these islands, however small, has received a name from the Indians, which John St Germain mentioned and dictated to me. One was called "*Shiggenackminisha,*" "Blackbirds' little Island," another, "*Kauskaminissing,*" "Little Island of Fishes," a third, "*Odschimma minis,*" that is, "Chief's or Captain's Island," &c. The latter was rather large, and lay at some distance from us, and John pointed to a group of trees on it, and said that there was the burial-place of the Ojibbeways of Lake Kutchiching. I was curious to know whether the Indians themselves have a name for the Indian summer, and was told they called it *Pedchikkanaari,* but I could not follow him in his attempts to analyse the word and explain its meaning in his bad French. I then pointed to the islands and said, "You Indians have a fine domain there, John, they all belong to you!" "So they say," responded John laconically, and with something like a sigh. It appears to me

that they do not take much pride in this island territory, and think that their rights have been conferred under too strict guardianship.

We pulled our nutshell of a boat at last safely on shore, and climbed the high bank on which the scattered dwellings of the Indian village lay. We knocked at some of the doors and entered the houses, and we found that we had arrived at a lucky time, for the young men had just returned from a fishing expedition to a remote region, with a rich booty. All the habitations were full of fish hanging round the fire to dry, and here and there hung also the bodies of black squirrels and musk-rats, which the people assured me were the most delicate game in the whole forest. Black squirrels, when they are tender and fat, as they were now in the autumn, are not disdained even by white hunters. My friend from Orillia bought here a large *maskinonge*, and this was the first time I had seen that renowned fish, which is found in Lakes Ontario and Erie, and in most of the neighbouring Canadian lakes. It is a fish of the pike species, in fact, very much like our common pike, and like it with tremendously sharp teeth, but its scales are different, and its lower jaw projects still more; its muscular fibre, also, when it appears cooked upon table, is softer and less crumbling than that of our

pike. It is more highly esteemed here by both Indians and Europeans than our pike, but I am told it ought not to be eaten when quite freshly caught. The name *maskinonge* is said to be an English corruption of the original French name for it, *masque longue*, or long snout.

Although I had been told that the blood of these Indians, as of most of those of Canada, was no longer pure American, and though they were, as I was informed, the mere outlaws or canaille of their nations, yet all the physiognomies of their race were completely foreign, most like those I had seen among Mongolian or Chinese peasantry.* The raven-black hair of even the smallest children, the broad fleshy faces of a reddish or rather yellow-brown hue, the angular jaws, low brows and foreheads, all reminded me of natives of Siberia whom I had seen in Russia. We found in some of the cottages, young infants, whose colour did not differ in the least from that of the grown people, so that I could not understand how some, even distinguished inquirers, should have thought it probable that the brown-red colour of the American Indians

* I once went with some ladies from Nova Scotia to a Chinese tea shop in New York, and they were astonished at the resemblance of the Chinese they saw, to the Mickmacks, the Indians of Nova Scotia.

was not native to them, but merely the effect of dirt and red paint. Moreover, the children here were just as well washed as they mostly are in Europe.

We found the people friendly, not timid, and willing to give us all the information we required, during which explanations, however, one or the other had to help them with a fragment of French or English. We were taken to a hut, or rather a very neat and roomy house, for such are the habitations the Canadian Government has built for the Indians, to see the oldest man of the tribe, Captain James, as he is called, who is said to be 105 years of age. We found him a poor skeleton, just covered with skin, lying under a woollen blanket. His face was excessively thin, and the skin seemed quite tightly stretched over the angles of his old Mongol skull, his head was almost entirely bald, showing only a few white hairs here and there; his features were fixed and devoid of expression, and in return for our salutation and inquiries, he scarcely gave us even a glance. Neither French nor English appeared to be intelligible to him, but fortunately it occurred to me that I carried with me an alphabet universally intelligible to Indians in the shape of small packets of tobacco, which are done up in Canada, in a form very neat and convenient, for both Indians and Europeans. We laid some of

these smooth little packets on his pillow, and as soon as he perceived what they were his wrinkled face expanded into a smile, he looked gratefully at us, bid us welcome, and the treaty of amity was at once concluded; but it had no further results, and the treasures of memory that must have accumulated in that aged head remained hidden treasures for us.

The Methodist Missionary who lived among these Indians informed us that some years ago there were three of these patriarchs living in the village, "Abraham," "Shilling," and this "Captain James," but the two former were now dead. They, though not so old as the said Captain, remembered the taking of Quebec by the English, and that they received the news from some fugitive Frenchmen. This event took place in 1759, and if they remembered it so clearly they could hardly have been less than ten years old, so that Captain James being acknowledged as the oldest, must have been then above the stated age of 105, a pretty long life for one of a race "rapidly dying away." It embraces the whole period of the history of Canadian civilization.

We spent a part of the evening with the Methodist Missionary, who has the care of the souls of the Indians of Mara. He lives with his wife on

the shores of the lake, in a cottage built of pine wood, and surrounded by juniper trees. These Methodist Missionaries seem to be the Franciscans of the Protestant Church; you see them everywhere in Canada, following in the footsteps of the old Catholic messengers of Christianity, and you now find more of them among the remote Indian tribes than of any other Protestant denomination. These good people are rather ignorant, and can unfortunately in general only communicate with and preach to the Indians through an interpreter. They do not learn their language when they have lived years among them. "We English," they say, "have no talent for learning languages; with you Germans, and Poles, and Russians the case is different. You have it by nature." This Missionary was, however, very well informed concerning the affairs of the Ojibbeways, and he communicated to us many interesting particulars, especially the dread of the Mohawks that still exists among them. Sometimes such a panic arises at a report of the approach of a party of these dreaded enemies, that he has great difficulty in preventing the people from dispersing. At a certain time of the year, I believe in spring, this excitement seems regularly to recur. On certain days he notices an anxious running hither and

thither in the village; the women and children shut themselves up in the houses; the men arm themselves and get together, and scouts are sent out, and sentinels planted all round the neighbourhood. He considered that this regularly recurring panic referred to some recollection of the old times of their freedom, or that possibly it might be merely a celebration of some former victory, and pointed out the time at which they were accustomed to be attacked by Mohawks or other enemies.

A very cultivated and learned young clergyman of Orillia informed me that the environs of Lake Kutchiching must have been in ancient times a battle-field for the Indians of all the country round, as great numbers of graves were found all over them. These graves were, he said, of very various periods, and the largest and best of them, the mounds or *tumuli*, dated from the earliest epoch, and from a people that must have attained a much higher degree of civilization than the Indians whom the Europeans subsequently found here. This appeared more especially in the pottery-ware found in the mounds, and in a very curiously-formed oven, probably used for baking this pottery-ware, and which the later Indians could not have constructed.

This theory of a pre-historic and widely diffused

American nation, and of a subsequent relapse into barbarism, was not new to me, and I was aware that it had found confirmation in the valley of the Mississippi, but I was struck by the fact that further proof of it should be found in the neighbourhood of Lake Huron and these northern districts of Canada.

The Ojibbeways are said to retain among them many interesting traditions and myths, and a gentleman in the United States excited great longing in me, by telling me of a certain lost MS., which contained a great number of them collected and written down by a learned and well-informed Jesuit of the far West. This remarkable MS. had been sent to him to New York, and he had read it with the greatest interest, and found many of the myths as deeply significant as those of Greek or Germanic origin. One Indian story that he thought very pretty, he had related to a learned philologist of his acquaintance, who had found the very same thing in a Greek author, almost as if they had been dictated by the same person. Unfortunately, however, the MS. had not been printed, and had afterwards been lost; the oracles of the Book Trade having previously pronounced that there was no longer a taste for Indian poetry, such as there had been when Chateaubriand wrote his Attala,

or Cooper his "Last of the Mohicans," and that such books did not *succeed* now. The more I heard of the Indians in their native land, the more interest I felt in them. When I was in Europe, and knew them only from books, I must own I considered them rude, cold-blooded, rather uninteresting people, but when I had once shaken hands with them, I felt that they were "men and brothers," and had a good portion of warm blood and sound understanding, and I could feel as much sympathy for them as for any other human creatures.

The waters collected in the Lakes Simcoe and Kutchiching flow westward through the river Severn to the great division of Lake Huron, called Georgian Bay, or the Manitou Lake. The river forms many cascades and rapids on its way, and is surrounded by very magnificent scenery; and here, where a gentleman, a French Canadian, has established a saw-mill, the most northerly saw-mill in Canada, the people had killed, in the course of the year, no fewer than thirty bears; though the average number was not beyond three or four. I heard the same account throughout this journey in Canada. I heard everywhere of bears which this summer had broken into villages, or been killed in the neighbourhood of human dwellings. It was said that so many bears had never been known to have

approached so near to man; and that the deer, squirrels, and other children of the forest, had been equally numerous; the fields and gardens being fairly stormed by them.

When I inquired for the cause of this fact, I could get no satisfactory solution. As the year was sometimes wet and sometimes dry—as there was sometimes a great abundance of fish and sometimes scarcely any—as they had gathered this year 20 bushels of potatoes where in general they only got two, so there were bear years and squirrel years, in which the beasts of the wilderness seemed to be in great commotion. Many suggested the great drought that had prevailed this summer as an explanation; the sun had dried up the berries, nuts, and other wild plants, as well as the roots on which the bears and squirrels, &c., feed, and so compelled them to come begging to man, who, however, treated them only to a little gunpowder.

The shores of Lake Kutchiching, and still more of its outlet, the Severn, have an evil repute, as the abodes of numerous rattle-snakes. This timid and innocent animal,—it may just as well be called so as the dove, which will bite as hard as it can when it is sitting on its nest, and swallow gnats and other living creatures when it is hungry,—the timid and innocent rattle-snake, which gives place to every

one, and only snaps in its terror when the tread of a man or other animal has hurt it severely, is a very gregarious creature, and lives in certain localities with crowds of its brethren. They are almost always to be found in numerous colonies, though on what the choice of the locality depends, I do not know. On Lake Simcoe, for instance, there are no rattle-snakes, whilst on the Severn they are in extraordinary numbers; indeed, our Indian John said there was no place so notorious for them between here and the Rocky Mountains, but that may be only a *façon de parler*. At any rate the rattle-snake does not, as I have said, at all deserve so bad a character as it generally gets, nor is its bite so deadly as is commonly supposed. A great deal depends on its age, strength, and state of health, as well as on the constitution and nervous system of the man who receives the bite. Even when all circumstances concur to render it fatal, the catastrophe may be avoided and the cure rapidly effected, though I must own this cure seems to be thoroughly understood only by the Indians. It happens sometimes, too, that the activity of the poison is only repressed for a time, and afterwards resumes its energy. Thus, in a story John related to us, a man who had been bitten was apparently cured and remained well for a whole year, till all at once

the poison that had remained in the system threw him into a fever and killed him.

There are in this region many other *amphibiæ* almost more dreaded than the rattle-snake, and it is remarkable that the peopling of this wilderness, and the cultivation of the soil, do not appear, in the first instance at least, to have the effect of diminishing their numbers, but, on the contrary, actually seems to increase them. Wherever there are new settlers it is said this effect is observed, and may probably be explained from the circumstance that new settlers kill and drive away the cranes and other marsh birds, and thus by relieving the snakes of their natural enemies, leave them free to multiply. Subsequently of course man himself becomes their greatest enemy, and when an exterminating warfare is carried on against them by the colonists, and when the herds of swine increase (for swine appear to regard snakes as a great delicacy), then, indeed, the snakes have to retire from the field.

Talking of these and other matters we returned late in the evening of a beautiful moonlight night, across the lake from island to island to Orillia. Lake Kutchiching and all nature was perfectly still and tranquil, and not a sound was to be heard but the gentle gurgling murmur of the water as our canoe glided over it. Once only we

heard a distant cry, a kind of bellow. "What is that?" I asked of John. "It is either an ox or a frog," was the reply,—"I can't hear which." This "*or*" surprised me for a moment, but I then remembered to have heard that the celebrated bull-frog inhabited these waters. In the spring when they are very numerous, they bellow from the marshes like cattle on a pasture, and it seems that, at all events with respect to his voice, the frog here has effected what his ancestor in the fable attempted in vain.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EASTERN SHORES OF LAKE SIMCOE.

I LEFT Orillia and its wooded lake on the following day, and not without receiving from my worthy host some presents which were exceedingly to my taste. They consisted, first, in a great bunch of the clusters of a certain Canadian berry, called in English "Bitter-sweet," a plant not edible, but extremely pretty to look at. At the end of every one of its numerous, delicate twigs, is a round scarlet berry, which in its unripe state is enveloped in an orange-coloured capsule. When the berry is ripe, this splits open into four parts, which remain fixed to the style, so that each scarlet berry is contained in a golden cup. A large bunch of this plant makes one of the prettiest bouquets with which one can adorn a room for the winter, and I intended to present mine to a lady friend in Toronto, but as I

carried it in my hand on the steamer and in the railway carriage, so many people admired it, and begged a little specimen, that I was barely able to get any of it carried safely to its destination. I often doubt whether Nature has not done as much to please the eye in these Canadian woods as in the far-famed Brazilian and other tropical forests.

My second present was a work of art—and a very curious one—namely, an old rusty Indian scalping-knife made of iron. The material proved it to have been of European, that is, of French workmanship, and it was very skilfully adapted to its horrid purpose, with a blade curved like a razor, but with a sharp point. The French, it appears, improved the horrible instrument of the Indians, and made the disgusting task of scalping their fellow-creatures easier for them. They furnished these weapons to the tribes with whom they were in alliance—tobacco, rum, and scalping-knives forming the most agreeable and acceptable presents. The obtaining scalps was not only a necessity of war for the Indian,—the passion for these horrid trophies often became so irresistible with him as to impel him to bloody deeds, even in peace; and it is said it would spring up suddenly with frightful violence in the mind even of a well-meaning, good-tempered Indian.

I was told of an English officer who was travelling through the American wilderness with an Indian guide, who had showed himself so civil and friendly, that the Englishman entirely trusted him; but one morning on awaking suddenly from sleep he was astonished to see the Indian standing before him, and pointing at him his own double-barrelled gun which he had taken from his side. The Englishman sprang upon him and disarmed the Indian, who was all in a tremble, and when he was made prisoner, confessed that his master had not given him the least cause for dissatisfaction or revengeful feeling, but "he had such a very fine head of hair." He, the Indian, had been playing with the rich silky locks, as the Englishman lay asleep, until an irresistible desire had seized him to have such a scalp to hang at his girdle as a trophy. He had struggled with himself, but was becoming so terribly excited that the scalping devil would have got the better of him, if the Englishman had not driven him away. He then fell at his feet and implored forgiveness. The phrenologists have not, I believe, yet recognised the scalping mania as one of the original propensities of the human mind; but judges in this country are aware of its existence. This story of the curls recalls that of the tyrant

who could not see a slender maiden neck without thinking how well it was adapted for beheading.

As I came thus with my branch of bitter-sweets in my hand, and my scalping-knife in my girdle, on board the steamer that was to convey me along the eastern shore of Lake Simcoe to the inhabited district, I was immediately assailed by the usual volley of questions :—"You come from the old country, sir?" "Have you been long here?" "How do you like it?" "It will be a fine country by and by, will it not?" "Where do you mean to settle, sir?" and so forth. These questions had been teasing me like musquitoes, as they do every stranger, but yet they really arise quite naturally out of the condition of the country; and, in fact, there are in almost every country some such standing questions. In muddy Poland, for instance, they ask, "How did you find the roads?" in autocratic Russia, "What do you know about the Emperor?" and everywhere in the temperate zone the questions about the weather, &c.; but it is tiresome, it must be owned, to have to say one's catechism thirty or forty times a day,—so that I was very glad to see that many of the passengers were the same that I had had on my journey hither, and whom I had already satisfied upon these points.

We had a few new-comers, and when I saw one of them manœuvring towards me, and about to stick his queries into me like harpoons, I came towards him, caught the harpoon, and began as soon as possible a short autobiography that I had prepared for such occasions, stating where I was born, what was my origin, what I had come or had not come here for, and so forth, till at last I got into a sort of paroxysm of communicativeness, and forced people to swallow my biography whether they would or not. After this I was able to conclude a general treaty of peace. Everybody knew who and what I was, so that they now cared very little about me, and I was able to give myself up calmly to the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery unfolding itself before me. I would gladly give some idea of its beauty, but it is often difficult to convey impressions of this kind without falling into repetitions, which, though often far from unwelcome in Nature, where there always are shades of difference, are very apt to be so in books. To me there was a never-ending enjoyment in gazing on the colouring of a Canadian forest in its autumn glory, and observing the modifications of their colours, produced by a greater or less distance. From the immediate fore-ground to the remotest point there was a scale of a hundred degrees. The trees near

at hand were of a full rose or orange hue, and every leaf a piece of glittering gold, and yet every tree had something that distinguished it from all the rest, and although there were only leaves, the colours equalled those of a tropical forest in spring, when it is covered with blossoms. Further on, the colours were melted together into one general tint of bright pink, then a little blue mingled with it, and there arose several softest tones of lilac; sometimes, according to the conditions of the atmosphere, the distant woods appeared of a deep indigo, and then perhaps would interpose and appear a little island of a glowing red gold upon an azure ground, but if your eye followed the line of forest to the east, the colours as well as the trees shrank together, and a great wood of lofty oak, elm, and maple would look much like a low patch of reddish heath.

The lands on the eastern shore of Lake Simcoe are, I understand, more fertile than those of the west. This had been discovered only recently, but the settlement made there was in rapid progress. "Beavertown especially will be, by and by, a very fine place, and a great, busy, comfortable, and home-like city." I must own, however, it did not look much like that when I saw it. The beginnings of houses and "promising clearings," must, I sup-

posed, lie further off the shore. We ran only into a pretty natural harbour, which had not received the smallest assistance from art. Great piles of trunks of trees floated to it by the water, and some of these covered with sand formed a kind of quay, upon which, and upon rough masses of rock, our passengers sprang ashore, our vessel having had to steer as cautiously as a canoe between all this forest refuse to the land.

It was in such harbours as this that we scattered, as we proceeded, the seeds of future great towns, and pleasant dwelling-places. Sometimes we provided a lonely lumber-man Colony on one of the islands, a shanty, as it is called, with fresh provisions and implements of labour, or with labour itself. This was the case with respect to the largest island of the lake, the "Georgian Island," at present occupied by some of the Whites, whom I have mentioned as endeavouring to overreach the Indians, and encroach on their property, under shelter of a formal agreement made with them. This large island belonged to the Snake Island Indians, and the Whites had hired it under the condition of paying them five shillings for every 100 cubic feet of wood. A dozen of them had then come, built a little shanty on the shore of the lake, and were now engaged in seeking the finest groups of oaks in the

island, in order to lay the giants prostrate under the axe, and we saw the commencements of a path that they had begun to make through the forest.

An old Simcoe farmer whom we had on board, and to whom I had been endeavouring to communicate some of my notions of the Indian rights of property in the land, favoured me with his views in return. "These Indians," he said, "ought to be altogether kicked out from here. They are a lazy race, and hinder the progress of our undertakings. They are too stupid and too idle to cut down the woods themselves in the sweat of their brow, and so they make us pay them a tax like great lords, and spend the money in making merry on the islands where the finest wood grows, and where it is easiest to be got at from the water. Our Government makes a great deal too much ceremony with these fellows and their rights of property, as they call them. What property can an Indian have but his bow and arrow, and his fighting tackle? This notion of Indian property in land is quite a new-fangled invention."

It is remarkable enough that the American Indians, though much nearer to the Whites in colour and other physical characteristics than the Africans, have never associated themselves with them as assistants as the negroes have done. All over

Canada you find negroes lending a helping hand in the settlements, on the steamers, in the hotels, and in various trades, but Indian waiters, servants, or tradesmen are nowhere to be seen. There is not a single example of it. "It is their roving nature, sir! They will never keep steady to work, roving in the bush is their only delight," &c. It may however be partly ascribed to their deep-rooted love of independence, their unconquered minds; the White has never been able to make them labour in his fields, or serve him in his house; in all such attempts they are sure to slip through his fingers. They are only to be induced to cultivate the ground when they are left free and allowed to live together, and to practise some of the little handicrafts which do not interfere with their love of roaming, such as basket-making in the woods, and those pretty embroideries and bead-works which they manufacture industriously in their huts and take about from place to place for sale to the Whites. The negro wears a cheerful face, and makes himself at home among the Whites, but the Indian wanders about these settlements as a stranger, shy and serious, and is only cheerful and at ease when you meet him on his prairies.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEGRO FUGITIVE.

When I spoke, on my return to Toronto, of my visit to the Indian who was more than a hundred years old, I was told that there was a negro in that town of the same age. As that Indian could remember the English conquest of Canada, the old negro had lived through the Revolt of the United States from the English yoke; and if faint remembrances of Wolfe and his Britons might still exist in the one dark head, those of Washington and his revolutionary officers might be found in the other. I thought a comparison of the temperament and character of the races in these two equally aged specimens would be interesting, and a friend had the kindness to take me to see black James Robertson, the contemporary of red Captain James.

Our first visit was without result, we did not

find the old gentleman at home, since he was, as a black countryman of his informed us, "*gone out to cut wood.*"

"Cut wood!" I exclaimed, "and he above a hundred years old!"

"Yes, sir, to be sure; Uncle Robertson is quite active still. He is very industrious and likes work, and some ladies of the town, who like to do him a favour, give him jobs of wood-cutting, though he doesn't get through them as fast as younger men."

A curious favour it seemed for a man above a hundred years old!

"Can we come again to-morrow?" I asked.

"To-morrow is Sunday, sir, and Uncle Robertson always goes to church, but if you will come for an hour out of church-time he will certainly be glad to see you."

We promised to come before church-time and to attend Divine Service in the old man's company, but for the present we had to content ourselves with viewing the quarter of the town in which Robertson lived. It was that quarter of Toronto that I mentioned before as containing so many neat comfortable little cottages. We found several negro dwellings, the occupants of which frequently recommended themselves on boards put up before their houses for various occupations, especially

those of "Whitewashers," or, if they were of the fair sex, of washerwomen; and I was told that these employments and shirt-making were the favourite ones among the negroes. Can their own black colour have anything to do with their passion for these whitening operations? Since they cannot wash themselves white, as doubtless they would if they could, poor souls, it may be some satisfaction to be able to bestow the favoured colour on walls and linen. They are most zealous barbers too, and will not even endure that light tint of grey that the stubble of our beards is accustomed to leave on our chins.

We found great numbers of negroes in Toronto, and since the intolerable "Fugitive Slave Law" that the Northern States have allowed to be thrown like a net over their heads, the negro question has acquired much greater importance for Canada. By this atrocious law the Northern States have bound themselves against their inclinations and against their own convictions, merely from a motive of interest, to assist the slave-owner in getting his poor tormented slave again into his power, and in cutting off every hope of a refuge for him; and not only all citizens of the Union, but all "*by-standers*," consequently even strangers and travellers like myself,—though God forbid that I should

do any such thing. The slave-owners will have not only their republican brethren, but the whole world for their accomplices in maintaining their unnatural rights, and every bystander is bound to seize a poor negro and deliver him to his tyrant, or to be punished for not doing so. Was such a disgraceful law ever heard of in the world? Has any law before dared to declare punishable men wholly innocent of any offence?

I am, nevertheless, I confess, no adherent of the abolitionist party. I believe, on the contrary, from my experience in St Domingo and Jamaica, that the abolitionists, however noble their intentions may have been, have done great mischief even to the poor negroes themselves. I believe that if they had been able to carry out their principles they would have plunged both blacks and whites into one common destruction. I need hardly say, however, that I am still less inclined to take the part of the slave-owners, but, I must own, I wish to defer forming any decided opinions on the subject till after I have visited the Southern States. I will, therefore, now say nothing more on the subject, than that I regard this Fugitive Slave Law as utterly hateful and monstrous.

As long as the northerly neighbouring States offered a refuge to the slave, they kept alive a hope

for him, and he bore his chains more patiently for knowing that in case of the worst there was a prospect of freedom at hand. The cutting off this asylum was like closing the doors and windows of his prison—it deprived him of air and light. As long too as the master was aware that such a window remained open, he would doubtless be inclined to refrain from the excess of severity that might tempt the slave to escape through it; but now he may tyrannize, unchecked by the fear of such a contingency.

This "Fugitive Slave Law" is really a riddle to me, I can no more understand how it should be submitted to on the one side than how it should be required on the other. The very slave-owners themselves, I should have thought, would be glad to leave open such a safety-valve, and be willing to allow a negro who had too much love of freedom, cleverness, obstinacy, and cunning, the "incorrigible negroes," to withdraw, and so free their plantations from such a dangerous element. Many of the opponents of the abolition movement, though they maintain that slavery cannot be annihilated at a blow, admit that it is an evil which must be gradually, as far as possible, removed. The leaving an asylum for the negro in the Northern States was, at least, the commencement of such a removal,

and instead of closing it up, it would have seemed desirable to render it easier of access, to open the doors and windows wider, and increase the number of safety-valves. There would then have been a prospect that, at least in the course of centuries, the burden would have been diminished, without the slave-owners being very sensibly affected.

Canada is now the only refuge of the negro, and they hasten to it by hundreds, and if this go on for a long time the country will have acquired a considerable negro population, and will find itself deeply concerned in the slave question. I am convinced that the southern slave-owners now have their eye on Canada in the North, as much as on Cuba in the South, and that they brood over the thoughts of its conquest, that they may extend the meshes of their detestable Fugitive Slave Law over this country too, and if possible to the North Pole.

On our second visit to "Uncle Robertson's," we found the old man at home, and he had evidently prepared for our reception. We found him in a room perfectly neat and clean, and by no means devoid of comfort, seated in an easy arm-chair, and he offered us equally convenient seats. He then expressed his pleasure in our visit, speaking quite well and intelligibly, and understanding quickly our replies. Although he had been a slave

for half a century he had nothing of the manner of one. I remembered similar visits that I had paid in Poland and Russia to serfs, old and young, and I remembered the many bowings, embracings of knees and elbows, kissings of hands and feet, with which every serf had greeted one whom he regarded as of superior rank. Of all this I found here no trace; our old negro spoke to us as one gentleman to another. What a contrast between him and "Captain James!" Were such contrasts frequently observed, it would be impossible to avoid the inference of the superiority of the vital temperament of the negro, and that the soul of the Indian sinks sooner and more completely into a chrysalis state.

The conversation we afterwards had with the old man appeared to me much more remarkable than his personality, and I wish I had it in my power to give a literal report of it; it reminded me strongly of Mrs Beecher Stowe's admirable representations. I call it conversation, but I should rather say his speeches, for he spoke much more to us than we to him. He told us he had been born in Maryland as a free negro, and had passed his youth on various plantations. During the revolutionary war he had served an American officer as "sword-wiper," but this officer died: and then he had been pur-

sued by slave-hunters and captured, and at the very time when the Americans recovered their freedom from England, he had been carried into slavery in the Southern States. There he was dragged from one country to another, from Carolina to Georgia, from Georgia to Florida, and, finally, sold in New Orleans.

"Sometimes I had good, sometimes bad masters, but the worst of all was the tyrant I was sold to in New Orleans; and though I had passed from one slavery to another for near thirty years, I could never forget that they had done me a double wrong; first as a man, and then as a free-born man, and I was always thinking of saving myself by flight, the only way I had to get my rights, but my master held me fast, and I had to endure it for many years. But one great good I got from this long captivity, I learned to pray. Although I had certainly prayed before, my heart had remained a mere stone—I knew nothing of the real power of prayer, but I know it now; I know quite certainly that there is a God, I have recognised Him, I have myself seen Him and His angels. He has taken my stony heart into His hand and changed it into a soft human heart. He pressed it, and there sprang up a fountain in it that watered it and made grass and flowers grow, and the garden in my heart has

become more and more pleasant. Now, though I have to earn my bread by wood-cutting and sawing, I am quite happy; I have God, I know it for certain, and He knows His old servant Robertson. He knows of me and of my soul. Oh, sir! God is good when you are well, He is still better when you are sick, but He is best of all when you are lying on your death-bed, or, what is the same, under the bloody lash of a hard master. There He is your only consolation,—you have only Him to whom you can cry."

I was completely astonished by this old man, he appeared quite to forget himself, and began regularly to preach, like a Methodist preacher; indeed the friend who accompanied me thought he was giving us here and there some reminiscences of the pulpit. Since he said much of that sudden change in his heart, and of the paradise that had then descended into it, we asked him on what occasion this sudden change had taken place.

"Yes," he said, "I will tell you. You see, when you are in a strange country, without friends or acquaintances, that is a hard case. On the other side of the mountains, in Carolina and Georgia, I was a slave, but I had many good friends and acquaintances. I was married there, and had children who were not so widely apart from me. But when

they took me to the Mississippi, to that hard master in New Orleans, I had no child, no sister, no brother, no single acquaintance or friend, only my hard master and his overseer, who was still harder. And what do you see to the right and left of you? A crowd of poor black fellow-creatures, brothers who are groaning under the driver's whip, and doing their master's work, not in the sweat of their brow, but in blood,—then you think your turn will come soon, and you begin in your heart's dread to pray to God as to your only refuge. Oh, then your prayer becomes fervent; then you see that prayer is the key to Paradise; then do God and His angels appear to you and promise you their protection, and that I have never been able to forget since I became pious, and I have always had full trust in God that He would deliver me out of slavery, and this He has done. He smoothed the path for me; He led me through the night and the woods; He led me across the water to Canada, the free land, the land that we negroes call rock, and our land of promise."

It may be supposed how vividly all this brought to my mind the ecstasies of Uncle Tom, and the vision that appeared to him in the moment of his greatest suffering. Perhaps these ecstatic visions of negroes under the lash may not be unheard of—

perhaps in such situations there may be a natural tendency to them, as in the case of the early Christian martyrs, who in the midst of their bitterest torments had such visions and intimate communion with the Heavenly!

We begged Robertson to give us some particulars of his escape and flight, but on that point every fugitive negro is extremely cautious and uncommunicative.

"Ah, yes, my escape. Well, you see, sir, suppose you were a Quaker, and I come to you in the night, quite beside myself, and covered with blood and sweat, and my back and even my face all torn open with bleeding wounds,"—and as he spoke the old man passed his withered hand and his long trembling fingers over his temples and cheek-bones, and I then remarked what I had not perceived before, long whitish stripes and scars, that extended behind his ears among his hair and across his cheek to his lips; and I also saw that one of his eyes was blind.

"What!" I exclaimed, "are those scars the traces of the whip?"

"Yes, indeed they are, sir; it's there that the lasso flew about. You see, sir, the lasso is made of buckskin, with a thin wire in it that sticks out at the end. This wire flies very far round and cuts

into all soft flesh like a knife,—and you see, sir, if you are a Quaker, and I come in this miserable state to you, you have compassion on me, you take me in and take care of me, and send me on by and by, by ways that you know; you have a good friend that is a Quaker too,—a brother, and you give me a letter to him, and he takes me in too; treats me like a brother, hides me in the day, and in the night puts me into a cart and drives me himself a good bit into the forest; and then after that I help myself further. You see, sir, that was the way I got across from Virginia to Ohio. That was then—you see it was forty years ago—a safe and free country. I could stay there and work. I married a second time there, and God gave me children, and everything went on very well till a few years ago, when they made this wicked 'Fugitive Slave Law.' Then I had to go further."

"Is it true, as I have been told, that when you were making your escape to Ohio your masters pursued you with blood-hounds?"

"Yes, sir, they pursued me so; I got on of course very slowly, and they had plenty of time, and the dogs got upon my track, but somebody gave me a salve to rub on my feet. The good Quakers, our friends, knew how to make it with asafœtida and onions and fat, and a little gun-

powder mixed with it, that it might not show on our black skins; and this mixture quite destroys the scent of the blood-hounds, and makes them make mistakes and lose the track."

"What good man gave you this salve?"

"Oh, sir," said old Robertson, giving involuntarily a sort of glance behind him, "it was a very good man; I know his name too right well, but if I were to tell it you, you might, without meaning any harm, happen to mention it, and that might bring my good protector and friend into trouble. It's forty years ago, and he may be dead, but you see he might have left a son—there might be children—it might be dangerous."

"Good heavens, Robertson, do you mean that your old master or his heirs, if he be dead, would take revenge on your benefactor's children, because, forty years ago, he helped your escape?"

"Yes, I do, sir; it may seem strange to you, sir; but I always think it better to keep the name to myself. Believe me, those gentlemen in the South forget nothing; they have a book where they write it all down,—they call it the Cotton Book. The names of all their slaves are kept in it, what work they have done, and what they can do, and what they were bought for, and what they are worth. I am registered too in that Cotton Book.

When they know for certain that one is dead, they scratch out the name, but they do not know that yet of me, though they will most likely hear it soon; but as long as I live they have their eye on me. They do not know exactly where I am, but they look in their Cotton Book, and they find that I once belonged to their grandfather; that I escaped and went towards the North, and that there has never yet been news of my death; so they still think they will be able to get hold of me. It was the fear of this, you see, that drove me away from Ohio as soon as they made that law; and it is only about two years ago that I came here with a son that God gave me in Ohio, to Canada."

The old man presented to us this son, a fine, healthy young fellow, and we then asked whether he knew anything of his other children in Carolina, and he said, "Nothing, sir, except that I believe they are all still in slavery, but I have got all their names here in my Bible."

He then showed me his Bible, and I found in it the register of all his children regularly entered, with a cross against those whom he knew to be dead.

"I have them in the Bible," said he, "and their masters have them in their Cotton Book, but they are registered best in heaven above."

"Have you written to your children?" I asked.

"Ah, God forbid, sir, that would never do. Don't you see how dangerous that would be? I know my son's address and his post station, or at any rate what it was forty years ago; but suppose a letter comes to Abraham Robertson, the post-master does not send it to him, but to his master, and he opens it and reads it. Ah, ha! Abraham, what's that? he would say to my son, so you have got a father, and in Canada too, and he writes letters to you; speak the truth now, you are conspiring with him? He has invited you to come to Canada? Tell the truth this moment, or—ah, no, no! dear sir, God forbid,—I dare not write to my children. They have enough laid on their shoulders. That would bring down the lash upon them. I must be content with my little youngest one here. He must help me and stay with me while I live, and we can take care of one another. Then at last he must close my eyes, and he will be a free man, and able to earn his bread in this country. God bless Canada."

We wondered at the old man's discreet perseverance in still keeping the names of his benefactors concealed, after the lapse of forty years, and in refusing to give any more precise account of his escape—a discretion that, as I have said, is often found among negro fugitives. Several Canadian ladies who had escaped negroes in their houses as

servants, have told me the same thing, that they would readily admit that they were fugitives, but that they were dumb when questioned on the details of their flight.

We hinted an inquiry whether old Robertson had met with a kind reception and support from men of his own race in Canada. "Ah, sir," he said, "there you touch on a sore point. I must tell you that I am a hundred years old, and have some experience you may suppose; I do not want to tell you an untruth, but with my own colour,—it is curious, but I must say, my own colour is bad! There are always some negroes who will help a poor fellow-negro to escape, or in other ways; and among the negroes that are well off, and these are not a few in Toronto, there are those who will do something for the poor and the oppressed; but in general I have always found that the white man sympathizes more with a black than the blacks themselves. When the white man will give me something to cover my nakedness, my own colour passes me by. In the South the black driver is worse than the white master. Sometimes when the white master will say, 'There, don't do it again,' the black driver will give you a hundred lashes. He will trample upon you when the white will lift you up. I'm sorry to say it, but the coloured

people are greater tyrants, more bloody wolves than the white ones."

Poor Robertson had become quite violent and excited during these strictures on his colour. As long as he was speaking of the whites there was a sort of timid plaintive expression in his voice, but when he spoke thus contemptuously of his black brethren, it became loud and bitter. This was the only thing we did not quite like about him, but for this, the tales of the old man (who had many good friends among the Christians of Toronto) would certainly have been quite as edifying to me as the sermon of that Methodist preacher whom I was to have heard in his company, but whom, during the conversation, I had quite forgotten.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOWER NIAGARA RIVER.

It was again a misty morning when we found ourselves once more on the steamer "Peerless," ploughing our way over Lake Ontario, but this time directing our course southward to the American shore. We could see scarcely a hundred yards before us, and every five seconds the fog bell was sounded on board us, to announce to other vessels our approach. Sometimes we heard a similar bell answering us not far off, but we saw no more of each other than two boars passing each other in a jungle. These American vessels, though they do so continually run into danger, are not without ample precautionary rules and means of safety. Long strings of handsomely-painted pails filled to the brim are always to be seen forward near the bowsprit, and at other appointed places, as a pre-

caution against fire, and long chests with life-belts, jackets, and collars, all adapted to save life in shipwrecks, are always at hand, open, and with the words "Life Preservers" written in large letters on the lid. The small boats that are carried by the steamers are built expressly on a life-preserving principle. They are made of hollow metal, with double sides, and even if filled with water they cannot sink. Two large hollow metal balls are attached to them in such a way as to keep the right side always uppermost, so that if you are yourself rinsed out, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that the boat will rise again like a duck. At night too, when you retire to rest, you are quite surrounded by articles planned with most tender care for your precious life. The chair on which you sit down to undress is a life-preserver. It is shaped like two old-fashioned hour-glasses, with two hollow ends, that serve, in ordinary times, for your head and feet, but in the hour of danger for air compartments, when you sit across the narrow neck. Lately it has even been attempted to make the whole sleeping cabins of passengers water-tight life-preservers, so that they can be taken off and will float in the water.

I have been told that there are on the rivers of America many people who acquire such a taste for

these floating steam palaces, that they pass a great part of the year upon them. They hire their cabins for months, and land only occasionally during half the summer. I can perfectly understand this. Nobody has ever yet invented a life-preserver for the dry land, and on the water you are surrounded by them, in addition to all manner of conveniences, —bathing-rooms, smoking-rooms, shaving-rooms, perfumers' shops, dining-rooms, and drawing-rooms, &c., for which, in a town, you might have to run about to two or three streets, are here conveniently packed together for you in the nutshell of a ship. There is not to be found in the world a more agreeable and complete combination of the pleasure of locomotion with the comfort of a house. And you can have all this and attendance more cheaply on an American steamer, probably, than anywhere else. You may, for instance, for three dollars go the whole length of Lake Ontario, a distance of 200 miles, and find your breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed ready at the appointed times. All this has the effect of creating a standing steam-boat population, and if these water luxuries and comforts go on increasing as they have done, we shall at last find whole masses of the inhabitants living habitually on the water, as in China, with the difference that in America it will be the richer classes, not

the poorer, who adopt this plan of life, and that, in accordance with the locomotive character of the people here, they will be perpetually moving up and down the rivers and arms of the sea, instead of lying at anchor as they do in the Celestial Empire. On these steamers, as well as in the small towns in the remotest parts of America, I have often become acquainted with recent works of art of the ateliers of Paris and London. The quantity of lithographs, copper and steel engravings, pleasing pictures, &c., which are found in East, West, and North America, is astounding. Many of them were quite new to me, and appeared to have been produced expressly with a view to the taste of the New World.

On the walls of the cabins in the *Peerless*, for instance, there were hanging portraits of Wellington, Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, and the whole royal family circle; scenes from the Scotch highlands—shepherds, sheep, and ponies of Landseer; William Tell, &c.; all first-class engravings, and a richer collection than I have often seen in England. I had become quite accustomed to all these reminiscences of England during my travels in Canada; and, as I was now on the frontier of the United States, they seemed to be giving me a parting glance of the good things of the "Old Country."

Our fog-bell now rang at longer and longer intervals, and at last, as the mist dispersed, entirely ceased. First the white sails appeared in faint outlines through it, then the whole body of vessels, the glittering lake spread out wider and wider before us, and at last, by the time we reached the mouth of the broad, glorious Niagara river, it had entirely dispersed, and all lay bright and clear before us.

Here we came in sight of two forts and settlements, on the west a British, and on the east an American, and between them the broad deep channel of the transparent river, and its sharply-cut banks. Nowhere else, I believe, are British and American cannon brought so closely together as at this port, where they gaze at each other across the watery abyss. May they never do anything else than gaze!

In the small villages near the forts where we stopped, we found the usual crowd of passengers of various classes and both sexes, labourers, pleasure-takers, ladies and gentlemen; and there were piles of goods lying heaped up in readiness. The bales and packages were snatched up by the negroes and hurried on shore with the utmost rapidity, and others were taken in and swallowed eagerly by our steamer, as if she had come in very hungry; and

through all the clamour locomotives rushed in and out, till one was quite perplexed to think where the people all came from, and where they were going to,—all were as busy as a swarm of bees, as they usually are in busy America.

No traveller should miss the passage on the river Niagara if he can help it, it is a charming one, and well worth the time it takes, though I must own I did find myself left pretty nearly alone with the captain, for most of the passengers seemed to think they could not get to the great falls fast enough, and so hurried to them by the railway.

The river up to the whirlpools and falls is about 15 miles long, and in this portion flows so calmly as to seem almost motionless, as if it had need of rest after such passionate excitement. The shores on each side are from thirty to forty feet high, and adorned with villa-like farm-houses, and many beautiful trees. The autumn foliage was here what I may call more blooming than around Toronto, and the golden trees were reflected in the clear, tranquil water below. Not a leaf appeared to have fallen, they were like the vigorous old men you sometimes see whose hair and beard has become gray, but who have not lost a single hair; our European trees in autumn soon get their tresses torn and dishevelled, and show many bald places among them.

The Niagara stream below the Falls has no islands, branches, nor divisions, but flows in one volume like a canal, but the canal is mostly forty fathoms deep, and passes with this depth through the sharply-cut bed, as through a volcanic chasm in the earth, almost as straight as a canal in Holland. It runs direct from south to north, and down to its mouth in Lake Ontario is not interrupted by so much as a sand-bank, and even there it has no bar, but the lake is as deep as the river. Soundings show only a very slight rising of the bottom, like the commencement of such a bar. I must own I should have expected the very contrary, and it almost shook my faith in the generally accepted theory, that the stream does not flow through a volcanic cleft formed for it, but has worn a bed for itself through the strata of stone that form the isthmus.

Do not those, who accept this theory as completely established, find themselves in some difficulties with respect to the character of the lower Niagara? The whole isthmus, between Lakes Ontario and Erie, which the Niagara is said to have cut through, is perfectly smooth and level on the surface. The great mass of it is raised three or four hundred feet above Lake Ontario, and is about on the level of Erie. At the distance of

eight or ten miles from the Ontario, this elevated plateau ends in a steep cliff or bank, and at the foot of this commences the plain, which may comparatively be called a lowland, through which the lower Niagara flows. It is about thirty or forty feet above the Ontario, and the river glides through it, as I have said, with six times that depth of water. Perhaps this plain was once overflowed by the lake, and formed a part of its bed or bottom, and the Niagara then descended in a steep fall from that high inland shore at once to the lake, and began its great work of hollowing out the rock. On the narrow plain itself, covered as it was by the tranquil waters of the lake, it could not of course operate; the hollowing out of the rock could not begin till the lake had left the plain, and retired within its present limits. The falling river must have then plunged down on the dry plain, carrying with it masses of rock and stones that it had loosened on its way,—and would it not then have spread itself out, as we see it happens in similar cases, where wildly agitated rivers enter on a plain, and where the effect has been the formation of a Delta-country, full of banks and islands, and with many shallow and wandering arms of the river; and not what we see here, a deep uniform chasm in which all the waters are collected as in a lake? Whence

proceeds this extraordinary and equal depth in a lowland where the water, if it ever fell at all, fell from a small height, and could not have such power as above where the fall is one of 300 feet? At the foot of the cataracts and along the edges of the whole deep valley, to the point of the passage to the lowland, are piled up in abundance the masses of stone that have been loosened; but further down in the plain you look for them in vain. The banks are as smooth as if cut by a chisel, and the course of the river is quite unobstructed, as I said, far out in the lake. Yet would it not be expected that, as is usual when wild mountain-torrents break into flat valleys, there would appear a vast *moraine* of fragments that it had carried down? There is not here, however, the smallest trace of such a *moraine*. You cannot help wondering what has become of all the fragments. Many of them, doubtless, have got crumbled into sand, and this would gradually get washed out into Lake Ontario; though you really see in the lower Niagara no trace of such floating particles, for the water is extraordinarily transparent. I will also admit that some sort of chemical solution of the stones may have taken place, for the waters of the lake contain many salts, and these may attack the stones in the midst of the foaming cataract, decompose them, and so change them into

fluid, and, as it were, float them away in the form of water. But can the whole phenomenon be explained from such a chemical process, and so the wearing out of the channel be entirely given up? Were this possible, then indeed the absence of *moraines*, sand and mud-banks and islands, and a Delta-formation in the lower Niagara and the neighbouring parts of the Ontario would be explained, though even then the extraordinary depth of the lower portion of the river would remain a marvel, as well as its perfectly straight course. In the laborious wearing through of strata of rock and earth, rivers are almost always found winding about with numerous turns hither and thither, since the strata are not everywhere of equal density, and some are more penetrable than others; but the Niagara cuts them through, as I have said, like an arrow.

The beautiful tranquil river passage is unfortunately of short duration; it lasts only to the edge of the plateau, at the foot of which lie opposite to each other two handsome towns, the American Lewiston and the British Queenstown. At this point the river becomes more agitated and unnavigable, and already begins to foam as it rushes through a deep mountain valley. As we rose gradually from Lewiston by a succession of ascents to the elevated plateau, along a villanous, muddy,

rugged road, full of holes and stumps of trees, we enjoyed the most splendid views of the stream below. The plateau ridge, as I have said, though it appears when seen from a distance abrupt and sharply cut, offers much variety of outline when observed more closely. From some open points we obtained views over a wide extent of country, and could follow the highland for miles as it runs inland parallel with the shore of the lake. There is no doubt that it is the same ancient lake beach, that to the north of Toronto forms the highest of the oak ridges. The country all round was magnificently wooded, and promontories covered with trees were seen projecting from among the lovely gardens of the villages with which the plain was thickly sprinkled.

Our road was, as I said, detestable; we went in some parts tumbling from one mud-hole into another, and where it was best it was only what is called in Canada a plank road, such as are seen so frequently there and in the Northern States, and consisting merely of planks laid side by side, with no other fastening than is made by their getting stuck fast in the mud. When they are new, indeed, you roll along gloriously, as over the floor of a dancing-room, but this does not last long. The boards of course decay, or are broken and split by horses and waggons, and in many places you

must sound deep in the mud before you can find the solid plank. This plank-road system, which is not of old invention, has extended even into the towns. Many have no pavements for their streets but planks, and everywhere in the smaller towns, and sometimes in the greater, as in Montreal and Toronto, the pavement for foot passengers consists only of plank roads on a smaller scale. I have been told that these wooden roads are not favourable to the health of towns, for that the mud and moisture remain lying a long time under the planks, and originate bad air, and that the decaying wood tends to generate fever.

"Your roads are dreadfully bad here," I observed to the coachman of the stage-coach, by whose side I had taken my seat; "I should not have supposed that in this year we should have to go to Niagara Falls by such a one as this."

"Yes, it is bad, sir," he answered, "but down there in the valley is the railway that has been made to Niagara. It is to be opened the day after to-morrow."

"Ah, that is like your country," said I, "one has scarcely time to complain of an evil before we hear that to-morrow or the day after it is to be remedied. You are an American I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I claim to be an American!"

"From what State?"

"I am what is called a Yankee—I was born and brought up in Vermont."

He was a young man about twenty, but very intelligent-looking, and orderly in his behaviour. He managed his four horses admirably, with whip and rein, and the usual coachmen phrases of the Northern States, "Go 'long! go 'long!" and "What are you about?" or rather, "*Whareyebout?*" Every tree-stump, block of stone, and many a hole was carefully avoided, and yet we went along at a brisk pace.

"You drive capitally," said I; "I suppose you have been studying this abominable road a long time?"

"No, sir, I have only been driving on it three weeks. It does not so much matter to know the road as to know how to manage your horses. I have been driving before in another part to the east of the lake, but I got tired of it, so I made up my mind to go and visit a brother I have got in Toronto, and see what I could get to do there. I took my steam-boat ticket to Toronto, but when I got out here at Niagara Fort, I found there was something to do on the road."

"What! you are a passenger then?"

"Quite right, I am a steam-boat passenger, sir; here is my ticket from Rochester. See, I have kept it because I shall use it in a few days to go on to Toronto to my brother."

"So you earn your travelling expenses as you go along then?"

"Yes, I happened to hear at Niagara Fort when I landed that they wanted a coachman for this bit of road, and as they only wished me to engage for four weeks till the railroad down there was open, I thought I would just earn what I was spending."

"You are a coachman by trade?"

"Not a bit of it, sir; I am a farmer's son in Vermont, and I helped my father a couple of years on his fields. But I got tired of it, and then I worked a couple of years as a carpenter and joiner. But I didn't like my employer."

"What! you understand carpentering too?"

"Oh yes, sir, I can do almost anything; I can do as a farmer, I can do as a carpenter and joiner, I can do as a driver,—I pledge myself to do anything you like."

"Was your master a bad man?"

"I don't know whether he was exactly a bad man, but I know I didn't like him, and you see

I always make my contract so, if you don't like me or if I don't like you, stop! quit! there's an end to it, I'm off."

"Have you relatives in Vermont?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them; my mother and my father are alive too."

"Would not your father have liked you to remain at home with him, and taken a share in his farming?"

"I guess he would, but I did not care to do it, I wanted to be to myself, and so I came away. When the railroad is opened, my contract will be at an end, and then I go to Toronto. My brother will be sure to find some job or other for a couple of months for me."

"Will you not at last go to the West?"

"Yes, I don't care, anywhere where I can get the highest wages. I believe the West is a good place, and, to tell you the truth, I am thinking of it, but I pick up what I can on the road. When I have saved a little money, I shall buy some land there. I am well enough prepared to take up all the trades that a new settler must."

All this was said in the peculiar nasal tone of the Vermonters, with a kind of smile, and interspersed with frequent exclamations to the horses of "Go 'long," and "Wharyebout!"

Very likely if I should be travelling ten years hence in Missouri, I shall find him as an opulent farmer in some new-made State; and if I should go ten years after that to Washington, it is not improbable that I might see him, as a distinguished member of Congress, sitting by the President of the United States, as familiarly as I do now by his side on the coach-box; and some American biographer may afterwards be opening the book of an old tourist of the year 1854, and quoting it to show that the Honourable So and so was once a coachman, carpenter, farmer, &c., before he attained his present dignity; though at the same time it is quite within the range of possibility that this same hopeful young man may have been long since scalped by Indians, or eaten by a grey bear in the Rocky Mountains, or blown up into the air by a steamer, or drowned on one of the lakes, or come to some other untimely end,—for all these things are on the cards in the adventurous life of a Yankee.

CHAPTER X.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE first man (white man *videlicet*) who discovered the Falls of Niagara is said to have been a Frenchman—Father Hennepin—one of the discoverers of the Mississippi. This statement is repeated in almost all the works on the cataracts—one writer copying it from another. Hennepin travelled and wrote about the year 1678, but there is no doubt that this great marvel of nature was known to the Europeans at least half a century before, for on the maps of the St Lawrence and Canada, made in the middle of the seventeenth century, we find the "Great Falls" laid down quite distinctly.

It seems to me very probable that Champlain, the celebrated governor of Canada, was acquainted with the Falls in 1615, though he has not mentioned them in his writings. He discovered the north

coast of Lake Ontario in coming from the Ottawa, and remained there a considerable time; afterwards he continued his travels upon the south coast, and made thence some considerable excursions.

Now the great Niagara river has its mouth on this south coast, and from that the Falls are only distant half a day's journey; Champlain found, too, on this southern shore of the Ontario, a tribe of friendly Indians—"*une nation neutre,*" and had a great deal of intercourse with them, so that it would seem almost inconceivable that he should never have heard of the Falls.

In after times, the wild and hostile Iroquois made the navigation of the Lakes Ontario and Erie so dangerous, that the French were certainly better acquainted with the north of these lakes, and of the Huron, than with the south, and better with the Ottawa than with the upper main artery of the St Lawrence; but some few of these bold *voyageurs* probably penetrated into those remote districts, and even into the enemy's country; and it would be very strange if none of them had entered the great stream of the Niagara, or ever happened to behold its chief wonder.

Between the years 1634 and 1647 there occur no less than eighteen celebrated journeys of the Jesuits, who had at that time already penetrated to

Lake Superior; and in 1640 two of them, the Fathers Brébœuf and Chaumonot, were sent out with the express commission to explore the southern shores of the Ontario and Erie, and the neighbourhood of the present Buffalo, which lies very near the Niagara Falls.

They did this, and completed by their discoveries the knowledge of the great basin of the St Lawrence as far as Lake Superior, and certainly one of these two Fathers must be regarded as the discoverer, rather than Hennepin, who visited the country long afterwards.

Subsequently the celebrated Robert de la Salle, in 1670, travelled round Lakes Ontario and Erie, and also on the Niagara isthmus between the two, and reconnoitred the whole region, with the purpose of choosing the best points for the building of large vessels. In 1678, the same year in which, according to the common, but I believe erroneous, opinion, Father Hennepin made his great discovery, this Robert de la Salle sailed with his Ontario ship into the mouth of the Niagara, and in the same year built above the cataracts his celebrated "Griffon," the first large European vessel ever seen on the Erie. It may be supposed that La Salle and his people would have known of such a complete obstacle to navigation as the Falls, even without any assistance from Hennepin.

This old Franciscan (not Jesuit, as most Canadians call him) was a great gossip, who wrote thick books of travels, which he had sometimes never made, and got repeated editions of these books printed in France, Belgium, and England; and probably this circumstance, added to the silence of his predecessors, gave rise to the prevalent idea of his having been the first discoverer of the Falls of Niagara. When, however, you read his description of the scene you are inclined to think that he was neither the first, nor the second, nor the third—that, in fact, he never saw the Falls at all.

He speaks of them in such an extraordinary manner, that he appears to have got his account only from hearsay. Thus, for instance, he estimates the height of the Falls at 700 feet, that is, about three times what it really is; and that a man with eyes and common-sense, who had really seen them, should make such a mistake as that is inconceivable.

The question who really was the first man who saw Niagara — if, according to all this, we decide that it was not Father Hennepin—remains as yet unanswered; but it is to be regretted that this "first man," whoever he may have been, was not a little more curious about it, and that he did not

leave us an exact plan of the cataracts at that time, as it would have been a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the nature and history of the phenomenon. We cannot blame him, however, for full another century went by before men made the discovery that there was such a thing as the romantic and the sublimely beautiful in nature. Our forefathers crossed themselves when they passed such scenes, and regarded them as the abode of the devil and his angels. Now a European scarcely touches the coast of North America without endeavouring to see, before all else, the great cataracts, and many a time has the ocean been crossed merely for the sake of rejoicing eye and soul by the sight of these wonders.

It is astonishing how little is said of them by travellers even as late as the end of the last century. Roads and paths had been made in many other directions; fine towns built along the shores of lakes and rivers; and yet the Water-god still reigned undisturbed at Goat Island, and rolled his billows over the rocks with no eyes to intrude on his majestic solitude. Even at the beginning of the present century it was an adventurous undertaking to make your way to it through the pathless woods. But our poets and worshippers of nature, our landscape painters, naturalists, and geologists,

have wrought a mighty change, and you are now nowhere less likely to complain of want of company than in this wilderness of rocks and woods; on the contrary, the stream of visitors there seems to be almost as abundant as that of the Niagara itself.

The approach to it reminds you more of the approach to a great city than of a wild and lonely abode of the water Nymphs and Nixies, and it is very possible that it may once have been true, though it now seems a fable, that you could hear the roar of the Falls many miles off in the forest. The hissing and screaming of steam-engines proceeding in various directions to and from it; the hallooing of coachmen and waggoners, and the countless noises of the farmers and townspeople who are settled around the Falls, make the uproar of Nature seem quite gentle in comparison. Three miles off them the houses begin to be close and numerous, handsome villas of land-owners alternate with spacious and excellent hotels, and between these you find numbers of small farm-houses. The ground is torn up like a ploughed field, with rails, tunnels, viaducts, and deep cuttings for the railroads, and magnificent suspension bridges and other works of art rise out of it like rocks. Finally, on the level plateau of the peninsula point which the Niagara rushes round

to form the Falls, there lies the so-called village of Niagara Falls, which is in no way distinguishable from what is usually in America called a city. The streets are straight, broad, and miles long; it has numbers of new houses, great and small; half a dozen churches, and a dozen of the great eating, drinking, sleeping, and doing-nothing establishments, known in all American towns as hotels. Of the ancient woods there is no trace; the forest has been changed into beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds, and great saw-mills, corn-mills, and paper-mills crowd to the very edge of the Falls, of which a small portion at least has been like Pegasus in harness, tamed, forced into a mill-dam, and compelled to work. Should things go on at the same rate for another century as they have been doing for the last thirty years, we shall have crushed this prodigy of creation, like the ape-mother who kissed her darling to death; and people will not come here to gaze at the glories of Nature, but at the wonders of human art. Many wealthy New York families, who hold lands in the neighbourhood, have their regular residences, which are like palaces, in the above-mentioned village.

Before venturing into the thick of the throng, I left my post-chaise, and betook myself, in accordance with the advice of a friend, side-ways towards

the river, following a little foot-path that winds along the top of the cliff. This path, on which I did not meet a human creature, is about a mile long, and runs over the flat tops of the rocks along the edge of meadows and corn-fields. It is shaded by a narrow border of trees and bushes, perhaps a fragment of the old forest, and between the boughs, glowing with their crimson autumn tints, glimmer occasionally the white waves of foam. It is probably an old Indian path, and in all likelihood the one followed by that "first white man" before mentioned, whether his name was Champlain, Brébœuf, or Hennepin, who ever beheld the cataracts. By this path you pass round the stately village; you have lovely views on each side, and in the back-ground you catch glimpses of the grand picture at the end of a colossal rocky corridor. You only hear at a distance the occasional rattle of a carriage; and even one of the most recent inventions of man, the telegraph line, only came in my way once, and then it had assumed a certain rustic and Idyllic character that brought it into harmony with the scene. It winds like a vine about the boughs and trunks of the ancient trees, and flings itself off from the last twig in a flying arch across the river from the United States to Canada, where again it clings to oaks, and climbs the heights in order to flash its

messages right and left about a plateau covered with towns, the former country of the Hurons.

In Canadian and English works the Falls of Niagara are mentioned as a Canadian wonder of Nature; but in the American Geographies they are entitled the greatest natural curiosity of the territory of the Union, and both parties talk as if it entirely belonged to them. In fact, however, it is pretty equally divided between them, and the frontier line of the two countries follows as far as possible that of the deepest water-channel of the river, and cuts through the innermost section of the great Horse-Shoe Fall. America has therefore the half of this Fall and the whole of the smaller so-called American Fall, but Canada has by far the finest half, and the finest view of the scene. Its lofty shore runs along the whole line of the magnificent spectacle, and the American Fall fronts towards this side, so that America cannot properly view her own treasure without crossing into a foreign country. The great Horse-Shoe Fall too looks full towards Canada, and at its side lies the celebrated Table Rock, from which the most beautiful view of the whole is obtained. The Canadian shore also, though by no means lonely or desolate, is much more rural, or less town-like, and more open than the American. Except a row of pretty little "prospect

houses" and curiosity shops, there is only a great hotel, the Clifton House, renowned throughout America, of which I had during my walk caught several glimpses through the trees.

After this view of the whole position I determined for the Canadian side, and that I would pass at Clifton House the five days I had destined to view the Falls, the least, a friend assured me, that could suffice for the purpose.

The rocky hollow into which the cataract falls forms a long ravine, with high steep walls, and you descend into this ravine through the rock, as into a mine. At many points steps have been cut in these rocky walls, and at others are high towers, or perpendicular tunnels, and shafts, through which spiral staircases descend into the depth below. At the ferry by which you cross to the Canadian side, a slide has been made down the declivity by which you roll, in a little carriage attached to a long chain, swiftly down to the bottom, and here, in a cleft among the masses of rock that have fallen, a little boat was awaiting us, in which we danced through foam and spray over to the opposite shore.

The wind was blowing pretty hard down the valley, and drove such a quantity of spray from the cataract that we were enveloped in a thick cloud, and had enough to do to defend ourselves

from a heavy shower that was falling at the same time. The clouds of moisture that were driven down the valley were carried over to the Canadian side, and there dispersed over the trees and upon the high land. Occasionally we saw them whirled quite high up into the air, and although a bit of the Fall itself now and then flashed through them, we saw in this first trip not much more than the widely-diffused masses of spray, carrying on their everlasting sport with the wind and the sunshine. These masses of mist and spray that rise like steam out of the valleys, though they are often provokingly in the way of visitors to Niagara, yet afford them many beautiful scenes and enjoyments that they would not otherwise obtain. Sometimes indeed, when the air is heavy, they mingle altogether and fill the valley, so that you can see just as little as if you were looking into a steaming kettle. They almost always close round the innermost part of the Horse-Shoe Fall, and hide it as an unapproachable sanctuary; and if you force your way towards it, in the little steamer that runs out every day to carry you as near as possible to the centre of the battle-field, you must put on a diver's costume, and then you have a hard struggle with the mist and hissing foam, and the heavy showers that are shooting on you from all directions, so that you can

hardly keep your eyes open long enough from time to time to see a blue strip of a neighbouring column of water, or the dark opening of a whirlpool just below you. On the other side, these clouds of mist and spray form precisely the ground on which the sun unfolds his most beautiful rainbows, and the moon too, at midnight, paints the most enchanting pictures. Sometimes, when the air is clear and calm, they concentrate themselves and roll up on high columns, and this is expressly the case on bright days in winter, when they will rise to extraordinary heights.

I was told in Toronto, on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, that it was not uncommon there to perceive quite clearly the column of mist from Niagara, like a perpendicular white streak on the distant horizon. Toronto is in a straight line 45 miles distant, but I heard of much greater distances from which this airy Niagara column could be seen. In Buffalo, which is much nearer, I was told that weather prophets watched that column in order to make out their calendar for the following days. They consider it as a kind of barometer, that shows the pressure of the atmosphere pretty accurately. When it is to be seen very clearly, this, at least in summer, indicates rain in a very short time, as in our mountain countries very clear outlines are thought

to foretell bad weather for several succeeding days. Many people maintain that the fine particles of spray are occasionally whirled up a thousand feet, and can be seen over a circle of a hundred miles round, but I do not know on what measurements this calculation is founded; there is, however, no doubt that the cataract is present at much greater distances for the eye than for the ear. With respect to the last, I was rather surprised at its slight effect, than imposed on by the "thundering and roaring of the falling mass of water," of which we usually hear so much. A few heavy waggons rolling along the street will make more noise than the whole Niagara cataract at a distance of a few hundred yards. A water-mill in the valley often makes a pretty loud noise, and when I considered that here a million times greater volume of water falls from thirty times the height, I tried in vain to hear in it a noise at all proportioned to its magnitude. Only a few hundred yards from the Fall I could talk quite comfortably with my ferry-man, though, certainly, when you creep behind the sheet of falling water, you must scream a little, as you must in a room full of machinery in motion. The whole sound of the fall is very dull, it seems as if it swallowed up its own noise.

When I reached the Canadian shore, and the

hotel of my choice, Clifton House, I perceived another remarkable effect of the Fall, of which I had never heard, though it must be perceived daily by thousands; I remarked, namely, to my surprise, that all the doors and windows of this hotel were constantly shaking and rattling, and though I could not altogether satisfy myself as to the cause, I obtained a clear view of the greater part of the effects. That the phenomenon depended on the Fall could hardly be doubted, but it appeared by no means certain whether there was merely a vibration in the air, or whether the whole house and its rocky foundation trembled. The former is the general opinion. "It is the philosophy of a cannon-ball," said an American travelling companion with whom I first spoke of the matter. "When the ball cuts through the air, a vacuum is formed behind it, the atmosphere then claps violently together, and trembles and vibrates at the same time. The same effect is produced by these falling masses of water. They drive the air violently away as they fall, and it closes suddenly again behind them, and trembles just as a jelly pudding does when you plunge a spoon into it."

I endeavoured by several little experiments, as to the extent and energy of the phenomenon, to obtain some light on it. The windows and doors

rattled so loudly that it quite disturbed our sleep, and we had to stuff up the chinks to get any peace. In the gas flames in the house I observed a trembling, and also in a glass of water, but the latter not always, and,—what was incomprehensible to me, not the faintest motion was perceptible in the leaves of the trees. This commotion is not confined to the Clifton House, but is felt also in the smaller houses that lie between it and the shore towards the Table Rock. For instance, in the museum for Canadian animals that has been opened in one of these houses, all the birds on their slender legs and stands wave to and fro like rocking-horses, but in the houses further inland, or in those on the American side, no such effect is perceived. It only takes place on a strip of the Canadian shore, in sight of the opposite Fall. The fact is, however, that for short intervals of time this motion appears sometimes entirely to cease. I noticed that occasionally in the night my doors would be still for some seconds, or even for as much as three or four minutes. I thought at first it might be occasioned by some slight change in the position of the door, some trifling displacement of the hinges; but when I afterwards observed the other doors of the house I found that they occasionally remained still for an interval, and then all began

again to rattle at the same moment. And yet the Fall thunders on for ever, without a moment's cessation, so that the fact can only be accounted for by some relaxation or change of elasticity in the atmospheric masses. The vibrations were, too, sometimes more violent and rapid, and sometimes slower and more slight than usual.

The reader will think that here, in the presence of one of the grandest spectacles of Nature, I am occupying myself only with trifles, like a shy cock that keeps picking up grains and straws because he has no mind to go at his antagonist, and that I am keeping him too long sitting in expectation before the curtain, without drawing it up to show the extraordinary scene; and it is really true that a traveller, when he is first brought before Niagara, scarcely ventures to look at it. He is like a blind man whose eyes have been opened, but who has still to learn to see. "It grows upon you; you cannot realise it at one glance," my friend had said, who advised me to take five days to accustom myself to move in the atmosphere of the Falls; and it is not uncommon to hear visitors to Niagara declare that at the first view they were disappointed, though I cannot myself conceive this. On the first day I had certainly not much more enjoyment from it than could be obtained from the

sight of columns of mist and spray, and the getting thoroughly chilled and wet through in the boat. After this the evening surprised me very soon; and then followed the observations of the trembling doors and gas-lights. I had only cast a few glances across at the great spectacle; but on the following morning when the sun rose in full splendour there was an end of my lingering. As I looked out of the window I saw the column of spray rising perpendicularly out of the centre of the Great Fall; and while the valley still lay in darkness, that column rose like a pillar of fire. At first only the summit was reddened, but light and colour quickly poured down over the whole cloud-shaft. Now I thought it is time, and in a few minutes I was fronting the enemy, and marching along the high Canadian shore. It is bordered with wild flowers and bushes, and on the right side of the way lie a few houses and beautiful gardens. At the height of the season these gardens are illuminated every night, but now it was only "half-season," that is to say as far as lamplight was concerned. We had a full allowance of morning sunshine, and the contrast of the broad dark ravine with the glowing column of spray was magnificent beyond description. The sun rises behind the Fall so that its beams first touch the ledge from which the water plunges

down. This ledge is more than half a mile long, quite sharply cut, and on the same level as the table land around it, so that after the sun-beams have first touched the ledge of rock and illuminated the green transparent flood as it falls over it—long, straight shadows descend into the foam and spray beneath. They reach, like the spray itself, from the opposite shore quite over to the Canadian, but grow less and less, till at last the beautiful sphere of light itself is mirrored on the surface of the flood that fills the deep ravine below.

Goat Island, a thickly-wooded piece of land more than a mile in circumference, forms the first great division of the scene—the Horse-shoe Fall, and the "American;" but another much smaller —Luna Island—separates again a portion of the American Fall, and besides this the Falls are variously grouped and distributed by projections and clefts in the rocky precipice itself. But the richness and variety produced by these details is not perceived until you have passed some time in studying the features of the Fall. On the whole, and when viewed from a distance, it produces its effect, like all great things, chiefly by simplicity of outline.

In all the Falls together, five or six hundred thousand cubic yards of water are said to be poured out

every minute. Professor Lyell reckons five hundred millions of cubic feet; and a Dr Dwight calculates that this makes a hundred millions of tons in an hour. I myself reckoned that there were at every moment hovering in the air about 10,000 tons; but I do not know how much of this quantity belongs to each Fall; though, without doubt, the volume of falling water is immensely preponderant at the Horse-shoe Fall, for it is ten or twelve times thicker, though not broader in the same proportion. It may almost be said that the whole Niagara casts itself down there; but the two stand in the relation of sun and moon—of man and wife—and you could spare neither; the Horse-shoe Fall is nevertheless the lord and master.

It is named so, as is well known, from the form that has been assumed by the rocky ledge from which the water throws itself, and at the moment when it shoots down it is certainly not less than thirty feet thick. There, where it falls, the abyss is of unfathomable depth,* and there arises no column of spray. This point is the actual heart of the whole system of water arteries, and the eye seeks to penetrate it, as on lofty mountains it rises always

* Soundings have been taken as near as possible to it, and everywhere it has been found to be 240 feet deep. What is the depth of the actual cauldron will probably always remain a mystery.

to the peak that appears unattainable. On either side of this great central volume descend innumerable columns of water, of smaller proportions, but each of them considerable enough to have excited our admiration if we had come upon them unexpectedly in some lonely forest-valley.

Below lies a dazzling sea of foam, like a field of spotless snow, and it is not less than 400 feet from the edge of the Fall that this foam begins to melt again into water. Other cataracts begin their picturesque work high up among mountains, and enveloped in clouds; they proceed, usually, at first, by paths inaccessible to man, and perform many leaps before the final *salto mortale*, and how they prepare for this feat is often hidden from the eye of man. He can observe them only from the foot of the cataract and at a certain distance.

But here it is otherwise. The river flows quietly along a perfectly horizontal plateau, over flat-topped rocks which bear it to the last, and then suddenly desert it. At some points the Fall is so instantaneous that wild ducks and geese have been known to glide on slumbering to the very edge, and go over it to death before they had time to unfold their wings; and to this circumstance the spectator is indebted for being able to approach the Fall so closely as to place himself behind the falling sheet of water.

For this purpose, however, it is necessary to make a particular toilette. You enter a small house near the Falls, pay your half dollar, and are then clad, by two six-feet high negroes, from head to foot in wax-cloth, oil-cloth, and India-rubber. The whole party looks like a family of Esquimaux, divers, or amphibious animals. One of the tall negroes then places himself at the head of the procession, and you descend by a wooden stair-case into the depth below, and there creep along by slippery paths, among wet masses of rock, till you get near the spot where the river plunges down. At a little distance, as long as the hissing spray is not overpowering, and you can keep your eyes open, the sight is most beautiful. You see above you a transparent mass of greenish crystal spring in a bold arch into the air, and all around you streams are dashing down upon the dark rocks, and then, as if frightened at what they saw there, shooting up again in showers of glittering drops towards the regions of sunshine they have quitted; flashing like showers of sparks, forwards, sideways, in all directions from the rocky walls, but all at last falling into the deep gulf and being seen no more. "Behind the sheet," as the Canadians say, there is a gloomy cavern, twenty or thirty feet broad, and as high as the whole Niagara plateau,

and into this we penetrated, preceded by the great long-legged negro, over a rough and slippery path, on broken fragments of rock. It was wild work inside the cavern. Furious gusts of wind blew from all corners, heavy showers dashed in our faces, and in a few moments, in spite of our mummy-like wrappages, we were wet to the skin, lost our breath, and were so blinded by the torrents of spray, that we had to trust entirely to our sense of touch, and feel our way along the rocky walls. The roaring, hissing, and boiling of the waters made such an uproar, that to communicate with each other we had to scream with all our might under the flaps of oil-skin by which our ears were defended. I was rather before the rest, and was crawling to one of the last rocks, when the figure of our negro moved swiftly towards me through the cloud of spray; the great black mouth opened, and I heard under my ear-flap the "winged words," "Stop, sir! Here is the termination rock! If master goes a step further, master fall down fifty feet!" I made a sign that I understood, and halted. Beyond this "termination rock" no one has ever proceeded, and whoever gets so far receives in the dressing-house a testimonial to that effect.

It is a peculiar position! You cling to the slippery rock, violently buffeted by the streams of

water the while, and when from time to time you can manage to keep your eyes open for a moment, you see in the chaotic obscurity a tumultuous contest of mist and wind and torrent; an abyss before you filled with wildly contending, roaring waters, through which are occasionally visible in the darkness, masses of rock of a still deeper hue. I was especially struck by the long lines of great rocky ribs that stand like pillars behind the curtain of water. Once I got my eyes far enough open to see, or think I saw, two or three such ribs, one behind the other; but although the distance was not great, the third vanished in the mist and darkness.

These irregularly formed and uncertain lines of rocky galleries are the last things that can be seen, and we enjoyed the sight of them as long as one can enjoy anything while standing in a cold shower-bath. But yet the charm of the scene is so great that, when we had returned to the light of day, we should have been willing, nay, we almost longed, to dive down again into that wonderful cavern, even without troubling any king to throw in a golden beaker, or promise us the hand of the Princess his daughter in marriage.

A few years ago, before the point of the Table Rock fell, the walk "behind the sheet" was rather

longer. Since that event, this sheet or curtain has been a little drawn together, and the wet walk to "termination rock" and the whole pleasure has become somewhat restricted. Unluckily, the old stump of Table Rock which is still standing has got a new rent along its whole base, so that sooner or later it will probably also be loosened and follow its point, and Canada has already lost much by the fall of the former portion. Corresponding to this Table Rock there is on the American side one called the "tower" exactly opposite to it, and which affords a similar, perhaps now still finer, view into the centre of the Horse-shoe.

You have to make quite a little journey over rivers, ferries, bridges, and islands, to reach this fine standing-point, but you obtain on the way many glorious views and much enjoyment. First of all you have to apply to the ferryman, whom I certainly kept pretty well employed during my stay, and from whom I obtained, in return for my fare, almost every time, a short account of natural phenomena that he had observed in this neighbourhood. He informed me that for eels and other fish, the Fall made a limit of geographical distribution. They are caught in the Lower Niagara, up as far as the foaming cauldron, but never above it. He had once kept a fish that had fallen down the ca-

taract, and been killed on the way! There was no external wound on the animal, but its respiratory organs appeared torn and damaged, and this he said was a common case with fish that came down Niagara Fall; they are not so much dashed to pieces as suffocated, though it does sometimes happen that the larger fish have received external injuries, and are taken alive in this wounded state. Even great sturgeons will be careless enough now and then to shoot down the Fall, but they are almost always killed and their respiratory organs torn. Whole broods of ducks come down occasionally, and their bodies are fished up by hundreds out of the seething water; but this generally happens in rainy and stormy nights, when the poor creatures can neither see nor hear the danger. There is one inhabitant of the water, however, who never allows himself to be surprised in this way, namely, the river-otter.

"Oh, sir, the otter is too wide awake," the people say; wider awake it seems than the lord of the animal creation, for no one has ever found an otter that had fallen over, and there are many tragic stories of such accidents to men. Only a short time before, a poor and rather careless fisherman had suffered his boat to be caught in the whirlpools and

rapids above the Fall. He was whirled on, but his boat got stuck in between two rocks, close to the edge of the cataract. Attempts were made in vain to throw a rope to him. He remained there a whole day and a night thus hovering over the abyss, like that priest at the summit of Notre Dame, whose sufferings have been described by Victor Hugo. He was heard plainly from the opposite shores, but could not be reached, and would probably have been frozen or starved to death, if the raging flood had not, at last, hurried him to an easier end. There are other stories, too,—of a young girl, who could not resist plucking a flower from the edge of the Table Rock, and paid for the pleasure with her life; of a bride, who, believing herself safe while holding the hand of her husband, stepped out on an open and excitingly dangerous point, slipped and fell, leaving the young man to plunge after her in his despair, and be united with her only in death. There is another, of a party of brothers and sisters, who were rowing about in a little boat above the Falls, and amidst their joking and laughter, suddenly went over the break and vanished without leaving a trace. The bodies of those who go down the Fall are often never seen again, it may be because the colossal power of the torrent has carried

them to too great a depth, or that they have got fixed in somewhere among the rocks or trunks of trees that there may be below.

Goethe's fable of the Fisherman and the Nixie has here more than once become a literal truth. A man named Francis Abbot is mentioned, who lived for twenty years as a hermit on Goat Island between the cataracts. He is said to have been a well-educated, serious, and quite inoffensive man, only remarkable for his aversion to encountering the "human face divine." He used to wander about among the rocks day and night, and seemed to enjoy himself most when thunder, lightning, and storm mingled with the roar of the cataracts, but he appears to have once gazed too closely at the terrific chasms of the whirling waters, and so perished like a gnat in a punch bowl, closing his mysterious life by a death that had no witnesses. His body was found below in the Niagara river.

All spectators of this glorious scene feel their garments a little plucked at by the water nymphs, and one of the guides mentioned, *à propos* to this feeling, an anecdote of curious psychological interest. He was one day taking a young lady and her mother to one of the finest points of rock surrounded by the wild foaming waters, and the romantic young girl stepped out on the extreme point,

her hair and her dress fluttering in the wind, and seemed quitè absorbed in gazing at the wild commotion below. At last the mother and the guide both became alarmed, and the latter laid his hand on her shoulder, saying, "Young lady, you are exposing yourself needlessly to danger."

"Oh," she answered smiling, "there's no danger, I feel as if I could just jump down! Do you think it would hurt me? I believe I should hover over it like a balloon. Mother, I do think I could fly!"

The terrified mother and the guide with some difficulty got her back, and then she sank down as if recovering from a kind of fit.

We are now on the way to the "tower," and, leaving our old ferryman and his stories, are moving along the above-mentioned chain to the American shore. There is plenty of employment for your eyes here, as well as on the Canadian side,—only sometimes you are tempted to shut them to avoid the sight of wheels and factory machinery, or the announcements of "B. Bradley and Co., Paper Mills; Office and Warehouse, 24 and 25, Pearl St., Buffalo," and such like, that meet you in the midst of this sublime uproar of the elements. The only kind of trading establishments that one can endure here are pretty little shops for the sale of the elegant

handiworks of the Indians. The handsomest and richest things of the kind that are made may be had at Niagara, and the taste displayed in them is peculiar, quite unlike anything to be seen in Europe, so that I believe it to be, as I have been assured it is, of real Indian invention. They seem to have a very good eye for colour, and much richness of fancy; and they imitate strawberries, cherries, and other wild fruits of their woods, very exactly, as well as daisies, wild rosebuds, and countless beautiful flowers of their prairies, which are represented in the most lively and natural colours and forms. They have various kinds of work; sometimes they embroider with dyed elk's hair, sometimes with finely-split quills of the porcupine, or occasionally with beads that they buy from Europeans. These elk's-hair flowers, and porcupine-quill wreaths and garlands they sew laboriously on a black ground of reindeer leather, or on the brown and leather-like inner side of the birch bark. The embroideries on leather are prized most highly, and are used for cigar cases, mocassins, &c., which they do not overload with ornament, as Indians might be expected to do, but decorate simply and with very good taste. It is in their bead-works that they allow their fancy the most free play, and for this they have as immense a variety of patterns as if they had invented

a kaleidoscope of their own, and they heap on the beads in bunches of grapes and stars in such various figures that they seem to have quite an order of bead architecture. On all the Niagara islands, and along both the Canadian and American shores, you find a profusion of these pretty manufactures displayed in numerous handsome shops, and whenever I asked where they came from, I was referred to the neighbourhood of Quebec and Montreal, or some Indian settlement in Canada, especially those of the "Seneca Indians,"—the villages along the Grand river, one of the largest of the streams of Upper Canada that fall into Lake Erie. I never heard that the Indians of the United States brought any goods to the Art Exhibition, but the Indians of the former French colony of Nova Scotia also carry on these little branches of industry, and I am inclined to think that the French taste for decorative art may have had some influence on this Indian workmanship.

Most of these pretty productions are bought up by dealers, and then offered for sale at very much higher prices in elegant shops; but I once met with a child of the wilderness who had undertaken to dispose of her own goods. She was sitting wrapped in a black blanket, and as motionless as a statue, under a tree on Goat Island, with her little

stock spread out very neatly on a cloth on the grass before her; she asked no one to buy, but waited in stillness and patience till a purchaser should present himself. I offered her for one of the articles a price that she appeared to think too small, for she shook her head, but when I was going away she looked uneasy, and at length seized the article and extended it to me with the laconic phrase, "Take it!" I think that must have been the mode of dealing on the markets of Sparta, and it occurred to me that those learned gentlemen who insist on seeing in the Indians the descendants of the Jews, can never have considered their respective modes of dealing.

When you have strolled through the woods and along the shore of Goat Island, visited that of the Three Sisters, and crossed by a bridge thrown over an arm of the Fall to Luna Island, you feel really astonished at the rich variety of beautiful situations they present. The islands are separated from each other by channels of the Niagara, which shoot past with the swiftness of an arrow, and they are sometimes so near that you could almost reach them, and yet have never been trodden by human foot. Here and there the channels have been choked by fallen trunks of trees. When you cross

to any of the islands by a bridge, as, for instance, to the charming little Luna Island, you feel as if on board a ship in a storm at sea, and at many places where you can approach to the very brink of destruction, you almost feel tempted, like the above-mentioned young lady, to try whether you could not fly.

Goat Island is formed like a Swiss mountain barn; while you may drive up to it on one side with four horses, you find yourself on the other all at once on the roof of a house, and must go down a flight of steps to the door. We descended such a flight here and visited the so-called "Cave of the Winds," to which you are led by a slippery rocky path.

This Cave of the Winds is very like the one on the Canadian side, "behind the sheet." The American Fall here shoots in a wide arch over a deeply hollowed niche in the rocky wall of Goat Island, and is filled by the partial recoil of the waters with immense and tempestuously whirling clouds of spray, but the whole scene, including the dressing for the visit in a neighbouring hut, was so exact a repetition of the former one, that I shall say nothing further about it, since, although I found the repetition anything but tiresome, it would be so in description. After this I hastened to the great object

of the excursion on the American side, the celebrated "Prospect Tower," built near the west end of Goat Island.

Every regular horse-shoe has, as is well known, an iron nail at each end, to prevent the horse from slipping; and the Niagara horse-shoe forms no exception. One of these nails is the Table Rock, on the Canadian side, and the other, on the American, is a rock fifty feet high, on which the lofty tower is built. The Table Rock merely projects from the shore, but this rock rises out of the very Fall itself, and the waters dash over its declivities on all sides, and you have to reach, by means of a bridge thrown from rock to rock, the tower, which is certainly one of the finest watch-towers in the world. On its summit is an iron gallery, and from this gallery, which is 250 feet above the surface of the cauldron, you obtain a closer, deeper, and finer view of the whole semicircle. We had a glorious morning, and as we formed a very pleasant, friendly little party, all equally inspired with enthusiasm for Nature, we enjoyed the excursion completely. We could see more clearly here that innermost central point, at which the whole river breaks, and round which everything appears to turn. You see it flowing calmly along, as if at quite an every-day pace, and then on a sudden plunging madly

into the abyss, and you have in some measure the same feeling as if you had seen a mighty tree suddenly overthrown, or a great building fall in. You think of the great steam-ship Arctic, which suddenly went down with all that she contained, only that here is a falling building, from the midst of whose dust and ruins a more beautiful building rises again,—a tree from whose shattered boughs innumerable blossoms suddenly spring forth; or Niagara might be likened to a many-coloured web, torn to pieces in being dragged over the rocks, but woven again by the hands of invisible workmen into gayest flags, and veils, and draperies.

Rainbows are admired everywhere, but they all grow pale before the brilliant Iris who bathes in the foam of Niagara. You sometimes see several rainbows in various parts of the Fall at the same time, whole and broken arches, and often not merely narrow strips, but large masses of crimson and gold, flaming up out of the water; and the snow-white surface of that deep foaming cauldron, which seems filled with the purest milk (it is called the River of Milk), forms an admirable ground for the display of their gorgeous colours. Once as we looked over to the American Fall, we saw its summit as if in flames, and crimson clouds rolling round its foot, while all the rest of the Fall lay in

deep shadow. It reminded me of the glories of the Alps.

Not only the bright days, however, but the dark cloudy and rainy ones produce their own peculiarly grand effects. Niagara in a storm is not less attractive than Niagara in sunshine, but the tempest must originate on the plateau behind the cataract, and in the changeable autumn weather we had an opportunity of enjoying this spectacle also. The whole southern heavens were sometimes covered with black clouds, and the Falls then stood out like hills of snow and icicles from the dark back-ground, looking as if they had been poured out from those heavy-laden clouds. In summer, when the grandeur of the display is heightened by thunder and electric discharges, and when lightnings show the whole gigantic picture, flashing out and vanishing again in darkness, it is said to be altogether magical.

No visitor to Niagara must expect to see everything; for these Falls in their entire optical, acoustic, and artistic profusion of effects require a long study; but I had myself the good fortune to witness a superb phenomenon which does not fall to the lot of many. On only a few days in each month is the moon so full and her light so powerful as to produce a clear lunar rainbow in the foam of the Falls, and then

these brief moments are often slept away, or spoiled by bad weather; but I was, as I have said, more fortunate.

There was a venerable Canadian clergyman at Clifton House, whom I had joined on several excursions, and I was talking with him late one rainy evening, after the usually numerous company had dispersed. We stepped out on the balcony, and then we saw, to our surprise, that the sky had become entirely clear, and that the full moon was tolerably high in the firmament. It occurred to us directly that there might be a lunar rainbow, and we set off immediately for the Falls. It was eleven o'clock at night when we stepped out upon the Table Rock, and the whole grand picture lay in splendid moonlight before us; the mighty volumes of water gleaming like silver relieved by the shores and the dark wooded islands, and in both Falls appeared the coloured reflection. In the American there was seen a segment of a broad arch, perhaps a sextant, formed exactly opposite the Fall in the spray that rose from it; so that the extremity of the lunar arch touched the semicircle of the cascade, and then curved away in an opposite direction. The bow was in the main a beautiful broad strip of coloured light, in which a delicate pink and blue were the predominant tints. It had almost a

spectral appearance, as if the cascade had mirrored itself in its own glittering spray; but it was wonderfully beautiful. The scene at the Horseshoe Fall was, however, still more enchanting, as, from its greater dimensions, all phenomena are seen there in greater perfection. It was not a bow, but a complete circle of colours. A ring of light of considerable circumference was hovering over the great milky cauldron, in sight of the Fall. The colours were not very sharply defined, but the illuminating power of the ring was so great that it formed the most brilliant contrast with the dark walls of the valley, and the ring was as round, as complete, and as sharply cut, as if it had been made by a silversmith.

The river Niagara is about a mile broad above the Fall, but it contracts at the cataracts, and below, where it has hollowed out its vast cauldron, its breadth diminishes to a third, or about 1500 feet. At the distance of a mile and a half this breadth is again diminished to a half, or a little more than 700 feet, only the eighth of its breadth above the Falls, and this contraction lasts for about 200 yards. Then it expands again pretty equally and retains a breadth of 1600 feet, till it falls into Lake Ontario.

This narrow of the Niagara below the cataracts is,

for the communication between the two countries, one of the most remarkable points in the whole St Lawrence system. On the entire line of a thousand miles in which the waters of this system form the boundary between Canada and the United States, no such approach of the shores takes place anywhere else. It is the narrowest channel through which the mass of waters anywhere forces itself, and it is the only point in the whole basin where it has been found possible to unite north and south by a dry path; at the time of our visit, that wonderful work of art, the Niagara Suspension Bridge, had just been completed.

The history of this bridge is as interesting as the sight of it; for more than ten years men have been spinning like spiders the iron web that connects Canada with the Union; have tried with great labour various experiments, and when their work has been destroyed by the powers of Nature, have begun again, and at length triumphed over all obstacles. As the river here is almost as deep as it is broad, the erection of piers was out of the question, and since the river runs at the Narrows with fearful velocity, there could be no bridge of boats, nay, a small boat could not even be sent across to carry the first rope to begin the connection. Nothing remained, therefore, but to adopt

the plan of the spider, when he flings his fine thread from tree to tree through the air. Paper kites were prepared, and, when the wind was fair for the attempt, sent across, loaded with the first thin wires to Canada from the States. When once a firm hold had been obtained, it was easy to pass thick ropes along the thin wires, and by degrees these lines were thickened, till in the end a basket with a man in it could be hung on and slipped over. The ropes were then increased and strengthened, the basket was enlarged, and wheels and machinery were erected to draw it backwards and forwards. In this way a regular bridge-communication was established across the abyss, that at least served as much purpose as the rope and mat-hanging bridges of the old Peruvians. Single passengers as well as workmen could now be forwarded, and also materials for building. At last a narrow chain suspension bridge for foot passengers was completed; and though this was afterwards broken in a violent storm, the practicability of the plan had been ascertained; the work was begun again, and now from that first thin, almost invisible wire, we have arrived at a grand and beautiful suspension bridge, that is, perhaps, unequalled in the world. The chains on which it hangs are as thick as ships' masts, and more than a thousand

feet long, and the towers that support them are master-pieces of modern architecture. They are about 250 feet high, and divided into two stories; through the upper ones runs a railroad, and through the lower a broad and spacious roadway for passengers, horsemen, and carriages. The latter already passed freely over, but the former were still waiting the signal for permission, and it is very remarkable that the swift, heavy locomotives seemed to occasion less anxiety for the safety of the bridge than foot passengers, against whom there were some severe edicts and threats of penalty posted at the entrance to the bridge. The edict ran that all large companies, bodies of troops, and processions were to disperse, and under severe penalties not to march in time over it. Bands of music were not to play, unless they were in carriages, and all occasions to regular movements in time were to be avoided. It would seem therefore that in this case, as in many others, greater effects are to be expected from small repeated actions than from greater and more transitory movements; from the slow but regularly repeated steps of a band of musicians, than from the rapid though heavy roll of the trains. Precautions are, however, also to be taken against the locomotives, and they appear at first very curious, namely, the adding to the bur-

dens that the chains have already to bear. About a hundred tons of ballast, in the form of thick blocks of iron, are distributed over the whole bridge, to maintain a more regular and constant tension than could be obtained on first suspending the chains.

When the whole passage of men and goods by this bridge is in full action, it will become one of the most efficient and important channels of communication between Canada and the Union, and bring the two countries into much more intimate relations than have hitherto subsisted between them. It will be one of the strongest bonds by which they could be united, and already new houses are being built, and new houses laid out in the neighbourhood; and the new town that is rising will, perhaps, before long, have become as busy a mart as those near the Falls. The boundary line between Canada and the States, I could not, alas! find marked in any way on this bridge. Since, indeed, it is said to run along the middle of the stream, it must also, one would presume, cross the middle of the bridge, but it ought, in the name of humanity, to be marked, were it only with a line of white paint.

"We have not yet thought of that," was the answer I got, when I inquired about it. "The bridge has been built by the common efforts of

Americans and Canadians, and belongs to both countries in common."

But I repeat that, in the name of humanity, such a community ought to be dissolved, and the national limit clearly defined. Two States, of which one recognises human rights and the other the most detestable wrong, namely, that of slavery, should hold no property in common, much less that of the bridge that connects the two territories. How important would it be for a poor persecuted fugitive negro that this line should be drawn! Before the bridge was well opened, cases occurred in which a streak of white paint might have done good service. A short time before I came, a negro, flying from his pursuers, hurried on to the bridge, and had gone some way on it, when they overtook him, laid their accursed hands on his naked shoulders, and dragged him back again. Whether this took place nearer to Canada or to the American shore no one could tell me; indeed, no one seemed to think the matter worth an inquiry.

The neighbourhood of the Falls of Niagara is already one of the points towards which the victims of American slavery hurry for a refuge; and this bridge will probably render it so in a much higher degree. Another chief point is in the neighbourhood of Detroit, at the isthmus between

Lakes Erie and Huron. At Detroit the immigration of black fugitives is more numerous than even at Niagara. Detroit lies more south and west, and is easier to reach from the Mississippi, the great artery of the Slave States. Thousands are said to have passed that way during these few years past. The flight, however, does not take place merely at the isthmuses between the two countries, but along the whole shores of the Lakes Erie and Ontario. Not only the British, but even the American captains of steamers, it is said, are humane enough, when they can keep clear of the vile Fugitive Slave Law (which no Christian should acknowledge as a law at all), to pass the poor fugitives who arrive in those parts over to the opposite shore. In these frontier towns, Niagara and Detroit, as well as in many in the interior of the Union, this law has occasioned the most scandalous scenes. The slave owners, with their man-hunters and other accomplices, have appeared openly in the streets, and claimed their human chattels,—but here, on the borders of Canada, the populace have sometimes taken part with the negroes, and bloody skirmishes have ensued. One of these monstrous contests took place once at the public table of a fine hotel near the Cataracts.

A gentleman from the South, an admirer of the beauties of nature, and a tyrant over slaves, had re-

cognised in one of the black waiters a man who had formerly belonged to him. The slave had recognised him too, and was preparing to escape across the water, but the tyrant seized him at the dinner-table, and attempted to hold him. They struggled together, the other black servants took part with their brother, a party supported the gentleman, and plates, spoons, forks, and chairs, were changed into missiles and weapons. A general fight took place, which extended into the street, and in which "law" got the worst of it. But I will not enter further into these *black* affairs, but only hope that that significant streak of paint on the bridge may not be forgotten, and in the mean while we will return to this magnificent structure, and take a view of some wonders of nature that lie near us.

Half a mile below this bridge is the renowned whirlpool, and this alone, as may be said of several points of this favoured spot of earth, would be worth the journey. The Niagara, that is, the whole volume of water flowing from this giant basin of Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan, &c., here rushes with great velocity through the Narrows, and shoots into a nearly circular cauldron that has sunk in from the elevated high table-land of the country. The lofty, finely-wooded, and many-terraced walls of the plateau surround the deep hollow, and leave free only the

narrow entrance from the south, and a similar outlet to the east. The basin is about twice the breadth of the river, which, as it enters, rushes against the curved northern shore that receives the water, and throws it round, so that the whole colossal mass is thrown into a circular motion, and wheels round a central point. The waters find, indeed, an exit below, but some portion of them sweeps long round the cauldron before finding this point. It has been observed that logs of wood will circulate within the basin for months before they are floated further on; and, secondly, that the waters on the Canadian side, against which they first rush, are considerably higher than on the American; engineers make the difference as much as 11 feet.

To explain the whole theory of this cauldron and the movement that takes place within it mathematically, according to the laws of hydrostatics, might be perhaps as difficult as Aristotle in former days found the explanation of the whirlpool of Eubœa,—and if Scylla and Charybdis, near Messina, afforded half as grand a spectacle, one could better understand why the ancients made such a fuss about them.

Those who have been born with a strong love of nature will find it very difficult to tear themselves away from the fascinations of this scene, but you must do so sooner or later, so let us enter the car-

riage and drive on to some new wonder. I say drive, for there has very little been done for the pedestrian traveller in these regions, compared with the facilities he finds amongst the remarkable scenery of Germany. America in general has more railways than foot-paths; and here at Niagara I found—at least at this time of year—no one practicable but that rocky Indian path before mentioned.

Parallel with the river there does indeed run along the Canadian shore a sort of ledge or terrace that I followed for awhile. Probably it is a part of the ancient shore that was washed by the river when it was as broad as it now is above the Falls, and before it had withdrawn into its present deep and narrow bed. It is only beyond this terrace that you attain the actual height of the isthmus plateau. Two miles inland, on this height, lies a place called Lundy's Lane, and near it a spot celebrated in American history as Lundy's Battle-field, where in the last American war with England one of the bloodiest battles was fought. Indeed the whole Niagara isthmus and the Niagara river country are full of memorials of the contest carried on between Great Britain and the United States. The battle of Lundy's Lane was one of those in which both parties claim the victory; but I must own I am not deeply interested in these warlike

recollections, and I drove to the spot for the sake of the view obtained from a wooden tower erected on the spot. From the top you get a most commanding view of the country, and a considerable part of the whole bridge of land between Erie and Ontario extends in a wide panorama around you. This isthmus is about twenty-five miles long and sixty broad, and besides the natural canal of the Niagara river, it is cut across by the Welland Canal, a much-admired work, which extends from lake to lake, and into which also the Erie canal opens. Along both shores of the Niagara river there now run transverse railroads, and two others run in the direction of the length of the isthmus from the United States to Canada; one following the coast line of the Erie, the other that of the Ontario. A third passes—now that the bridge is complete—right through the central line of the isthmus, which will, in course of time, be quite covered by a network of roads and other works, since it is, with the exception of the Isthmus of Detroit, the most important dry-land communication between Upper Canada and the States.

The Niagara Isthmus belongs almost wholly to Canada, and is divided into three counties, all included under the name of the Niagara District. It is one of the most populous parts of the country,

but the population is, nevertheless, according to our notions, somewhat thin, namely, about 800 people to the German square mile. Scarcely a third of the land has yet been brought under the plough.* As seen from the top of the tower I have mentioned, the country shows very little signs of either population or cultivation, and you seem to be looking over a tract of endless forest; it is in fact one of the most interesting forest views that you can get in Canada.

The generally level plateau here passes into gentle undulations, and as all these are covered with forest, one mass of trees is seen rising above another; it is a perfect sea of vegetation; and even when with a good glass you pierce the mists of the distant horizon, you see only longer and longer lines, whose gradually fading colour represents the increase of distance.

I had planned my return by what are called the Burning Springs, which lie two miles above the Fall, and on the way to them I gained such different views of this great scene of Nature, that it appeared quite new to me, and I had to begin my studies all over again. When you catch a view of

* According to a Canadian statistical table of 1848, the isthmus had at that time 43,100 inhabitants, 162,000 acres of cultivated, and 324,000 of uncultivated land.

the cataract as it appears compressed and foreshortened at the end of one of the hollow ways that cut through the plateau and the old river shore,—and again when you see it rather below you as you look from the top of the table-land, or when you approach it from behind, that is, on the south-west side,—all differ greatly. The latter view is like the portrait of a man taken from behind, in which, nevertheless, you get just a hint of his nose, from which you may form a good guess at his general physiognomy.

Besides the attractive magazines of Indian goods of which I have spoken, many other things worthy of notice are collected in the neighbourhood of the Falls; for instance, small museums, one of which contains an excellent, complete, and well-chosen collection of Canadian animals, with which you can pleasantly and profitably fill many spare intervals of time. You also frequently meet with wild animals where you do not expect them, according to a fashion prevailing in this country. I saw a very charming little bear playing every morning before one of the houses, and taking very thankfully bits of biscuit that were offered to it; in the court yard of another were half a dozen wolves of various colours and species, chained to blocks of wood; and, again, in another place were

a few buffaloes from the West, conveniently placed for a closer inspection than you could obtain on the prairies. They appeared very wild and unruly, had only a short time before tossed their keeper and feeder, and were eternally grumbling and angry.

Restaurants and *Cafés* in the Parisian style abound on the American side, and on the Canadian are beautiful little gardens, nestling between the present and the old river shore. They look, as the whole Canadian shore of Niagara does, towards the east, and are, therefore, more protected than the American side from the cold and destructive north-west winds, which are in America what north-east winds are in Europe. The whole Canadian Niagara shore has, therefore, not only the mildest climate in Canada, but has many advantages over the opposite strip of New York. On the 24th of October, when the night frosts had destroyed all the flowers on the Isthmus Plateau, and on the American side, I found these Canadian shore gardens full of the most beautiful blooming dahlias and other flowers, and the lawns of the loveliest green. These were probably the only gardens in Canada that had not lost their summer richness of colour, and we were told this was partly to be attributed to the Falls, which filled the whole

valley with refreshing moisture and kept the vegetation fresh, even under the summer heats. A negro who had shown us these gardens plucked, unasked, a pretty bouquet and presented it to me as I was going away, with the obliging manner peculiar to these people, on which one of the company remarked, "Ah, he has not been long in this country! only the slaves in the South have these pretty notions, in the North they soon lose them and become rude and uncivil."

With these flowers, the gift of the poor fugitive, in my button-hole, and many pleasant recollections in my heart, I left Canada some hours later, and was carried quickly along a Canadian railroad down a deep incline to the little port of Chippeway.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UPPER NIAGARA RIVER.

CHIPPEWAY is a new little settlement on the Chippeway Creek, which falls from Canada into the Upper Niagara river, and though there was plenty of opportunity of getting by rail to Buffalo, I preferred shipping myself on a steamer, that I might see the upper part of the river. It was one of the fine, spacious, and elegant steamers which are here to be seen on all rivers, lakes, and creeks in as countless numbers as Victoria Reginas on the South American waters.

The Upper Niagara differs in character from the Lower more than the two portions of any other river in the world. While the latter cuts a straight deep furrow, and rushes along with great velocity, the former is a broad, shallow, tranquil stream. The lower stream has not a single island in its deep

channel; the Upper has numerous islands great and small, and many branches and divisions. There the shores are high, rocky, picturesque, with gardens, villas, and a beautiful variety of scenery; here they are low, monotonous, uninhabited, and mostly covered with woods, and it will be long before they become romantic and picturesque—probably a thousand years, when the Falls will have receded to Navy Island, or even to Grand Island. Another remarkable, and to me inexplicable, difference is, that the Lower Niagara does not receive a single tributary along its whole course, not so much as one little creek; whilst in the Upper they are very numerous. Immediately above the Fall you find the Chippeway, and then many smaller streams on both sides of the river. I have never met with any work that pointed attention to this fact, and yet it seems worthy of attention equally of the geographer and geologist. Has the Lower Niagara never had any tributaries, and if not, how came it to differ in this respect so greatly from the Upper? If it had, what has become of them, on the hypothesis of the river having hollowed out its own bed? The most natural consequence of such a hollowing out would be, one would think, that the side-streams would fall as cascades into the main channel. Is it possible that they can have

all run out, become dried up, and their valleys obliterated? I must own I can find no satisfactory solution of the problem.

It was a rather boisterous and cold day, and the Americans on board were all spread out with wide arms and long outstretched legs on the chairs and sofas of the cabin round the fire. "The Yankees, when they have no 'business' to do, generally go to sleep. On the markets, exchanges, and banks they are lively enough, but after that they roll themselves up like hedgehogs." Thus spoke a reverend gentleman from Canada, who had joined company with me on the railway. "If we could only get up a good dollar and cent conversation now," he continued, "you would soon see how the eyes would begin to twinkle, and one and another would prick up his ears. Even if they were too cautious to join in the conversation, they would be inwardly wide-awake. They always are, too, when they travel in our beautiful fertile Upper Canada peninsula; there they scent out a little 'business,'—they say, this is a fine country, we shall soon get it." I went up with this Canadian acquaintance upon deck, and as we were making the passage between the two countries, a comparison of them naturally became the theme of our conversation. He repeated to me what I had heard from many quarters, that there

was far more real freedom in Canada than in the United States, and people may express their opinions with far less restraint. In the States they are afraid of the majority, and of their own party, to which they are expected to be wholly devoted, and from whose views they must not differ by a hair's breadth, if they do not mean to get into disgrace. Many of the educated and truly enlightened Americans will talk much more freely in Canada than in their own country, and this enlightened and educated part of the nation, as well as many of the best and wisest American statesmen, have no desire to see Canada incorporated with the United States, and that chiefly for the sake of liberty. Canada often acts as a beneficial check on various American parties; its existence occasions no small emulation between the two nations, which would vanish if the Americans had made the conquest, and had the power of extending Yankee customs and Yankee notions to the North Pole. To have no neighbours is always, more or less, a misfortune for a nation, and the Union has, on the whole continent, no other neighbour than Canada except Mexico, so that it ought by all means to keep this one.

The manners of Rome began to decline from the time when she passed her city walls as a conqueror.

How will the Americans avoid degenerating when they shall have spread over the entire continent?

"We Britons," said my new friend, "regard them already, if not as exactly degenerate, yet as having lost many of the characteristics of their race. We have grown slowly like oaks, they have shot up like poplars. We are to be compared to the old Romans—America is New Rome, and stands related to us like Greece to ancient Italy, which it succeeded."

My friend appeared to me to be getting here into rather too high a region, so I interrupted him with a cross question about the "nasal twang" of the Americans in speaking English, which strikes the English themselves so much. I had myself taken some pains to understand what they meant by it, and I believed I did. I asked whether it prevailed in Canada, and was told that British-born Canadians have it almost as strongly as the New Englanders. He had himself, he said, several children born in Canada, and with all the pains he had taken to keep them free of it, they were sure as they grew up, to his great sorrow, to acquire this nasal tone, which is quite as disagreeable to the English ear as the Irish brogue. He believed, therefore, that the nature of the country had something to do with it, by affecting the organs in some

peculiar way, the nasal organ especially, and he thought it a confirmation of this view that farmers and country people had the "twang" much more decidedly than the dwellers in towns—the most educated and best brought up, of course, less than others.

During this conversation we got a good way up the somewhat tedious Upper Niagara, and saw, all at once, towns on both sides of us; on the right, the last Canadian place, Fort Erie; at a distance, the towers and gabled houses of Buffalo, the second commercial town of the State of New York; and between the two opened a wide prospect over the broad Lake Erie.

To reach the harbour of Buffalo, we had to go out a little on the lake, and I shall not soon forget the sight of these renowned waters, especially as I had not again an opportunity of seeing them. The rough weather that we had had all along the Upper Niagara became on Lake Erie a perfect storm. The waves ran high, and our large steamer, in getting out of the river, was tossed about as if it had been at sea. The clouds nearest us were rushing swiftly across the narrow eastern extremity of the lake, and in the distance to the west lay piled up in dark heavy masses, towards which the hilly coast-line south of the lake extended,

till it was lost to view beneath the low hanging sky. Here and there a sun-beam gleamed out over the wildly agitated waters, and showed something of their great extent. Many vessels were tacking about, and seemed like ourselves in haste to reach the harbour of Buffalo, in which I soon again lost sight of the lake, though the picture has remained impressed on my memory, as if I had seen a vision.

CHAPTER XII.

IN BUFFALO.

It seems to have been always thought surprising, though it is hard to say why it should, that these inland seas should be subject to just as violent storms as the ocean, and that these storms should be quite as dangerous. Hundreds of vessels are, in fact, annually lost in this "mere fresh water." In the earliest maps these lakes are found marked as "*mare dulcium aquarum*" (sea of sweet waters), which seems to have indicated something very remarkable to the minds of those primitive geographers; probably, because such great results seemed here to follow from causes so small, all these vast seas being, in fact, nothing more than the product, in course of years, of streams and rain, springs and water-courses. To be sure the same may be said of the ocean itself; not the saltest sea, but owes its

wealth of waters to rivers and to clouds ; not one of its drops but has gone through the same process of distillation. But the sight of the majestic eternal ocean is not suggestive of this thought, while in this inland lake and river system, huge though it be, the process is more before our eyes. We see how the various streams, flowing together, fill one vast basin after another, just as in a great brewery one vat is filled by many pipes, and then emptied into another ; and we feel overpowered at the size of these sweet-water-vats, forgetting that there are larger vessels still, filled on exactly the same plan.

Lake Erie, though the southernmost of all the North American chain of lakes, is yet the most exposed to snow and ice ; much more so than its north-eastern neighbour, Ontario, where, even in severe winters, only a few bays and harbours are ice-bound, the open lake never covered, and in milder seasons the navigation is quite free all the year round. This may be explained by its being much deeper than Lake Erie, which is shallow throughout, and its shores are often for many miles just below the water. Thus it is much exposed to the attacks of winter, especially the eastern end, near Buffalo, where the lake forms a small creek ten miles wide, which is covered nearly every winter with ice, of such thickness as to allow the passing

of horses and carriages from Buffalo to Canada. This creek is often blocked up with great masses of ice long after all other parts of the lake are clear. The greatest length of Lake Erie being from east to west, the cold west winds that sweep the ice from all the bays and harbours round the coast, drive them into this eastern inlet; the eastern direction of the current assisting also in the process; and it is only by degrees that the Niagara waters draw off these masses; large blocks are often seen driving about near Buffalo for three or four weeks, long after the rest of the lake is clear. Thus the navigation of the great American Erie Canal, which discharges itself at Buffalo, is considerably longer impeded than the Canadian Welland Canal, which intersects the Isthmus of Niagara, and has its mouth somewhat to the west of this icy creek. I found opinions very various as to the injury thence resulting to Buffalo, some people making it as very considerable, others as but trifling; however, it has long been granted that the town ought really to have been built further to the west. It has been proposed to lengthen the Erie canal, and bring its mouth further west, but this plan is so opposed to the interest of Buffalo, that the corporation and city interest have hitherto managed to prevent its execution.

Buffalo and Detroit lie at opposite extremities of Lake Erie, just as Kingston and Toronto do with respect to Lake Ontario. These towns govern the navigation of their lake, and have risen to great importance within a very short space of time, especially Buffalo, which, even within our recollection, was a place hardly known by name, and is now a fine town of 100,000 inhabitants. Probably, it owes much to the relation of its geographical position to the line of traffic to New York. It commands the entire length of Lake Erie, and is the connecting point, by means of the Isthmus of Niagara, between Lakes Erie and Ontario; moreover, it is, of all these lake towns, the nearest to the sea-port of New York.

The grand natural canal formed by the river Hudson, less like a river than an arm of the sea, connects the plains in the neighbourhood of the lakes with the ocean; reaching as far as Albany, it stretches far to the west toward the lakes by means of its tributary the Mohawk, the country around being everywhere a plain, and full of water-courses, roads, railroads, and canals, which are more easy of construction than anywhere else in a southern direction, where the Alleghany mountains rear their unbroken wall between the plains and the sea. If the Falls of Niagara did not stop the

course of Lake Ontario, if Erie and Ontario were one, these roads, canals, and railroads would probably all have been directed to one point on Lake Ontario, as, for instance, Oswego. As, however, matters stand they have had to go round to avoid this troublesome cataract, and take their course to Buffalo, at the eastern end of Lake Erie; from which point they make their way onwards into the interior for thousands of miles, unstopped by any more Niagara Falls.

The fact that the Erie Canal, that grandest of all constructions for American water-communication, was only practicable in this direction, has thus been the principal cause of Buffalo becoming the central station for the great course of traffic for passengers and goods from east to west, from the Atlantic coasts to the Canadian lakes, and onwards to the great marshes of the Mississippi.

We found much to wonder at in the amount of restless traffic, the overflowing streams of people and goods, which we encountered on entering this town. The harbours and every little creek or arm of a canal were thickly filled with boats, ships, vessels of all descriptions; every shore and quay was heaped up with goods, and merchants, writers, sailors, drivers, porters, were working and hurrying in and through these heaps, like ants on

an ant-hill. I do not know whether this breathless state of things goes on all the year round, or whether we arrived at some peculiarly busy time; perhaps the already threatening approach of the ice-season, and consequent stoppage of navigation, may have hurried matters just then.

Emerging from the chaotic turmoil of this business quarter, you find an extensive town, whose streets, like all streets in America, are arranged in parallel lines, dividing the houses into very regular square masses, termed "blocks." This American system of building has been originally planned on wholly republican and equalising principles. All the streets are alike long, alike wide, alike central, or alike non-central. Nothing is to be seen here of the sort of plan on which Karlsruhe or any other town of princely foundation is built, where streets lead to a castle or some central point of interest. Without the slightest interior organisation the town is given up to trade and passenger traffic. I say that this is the original idea, but as inhabitants increase, things assume quite another character. Trade gives the town an organisation of its own; changes the character of each long thoroughfare; establishes a principal street and by-streets; fills the former with splendid buildings, churches, and the dwellings of the rich, leaving the latter to the

poor. Square blocks of houses, all originally similar, become respectively business neighbourhoods, suburbs, fashionable districts, poor districts, and so on. It seems to me, indeed, that these American towns, built on such ideally republican principles, acquire in practice a much more highly monarchical character than is the case in Europe. In New York the great central street domineers over the rest of the town in such a way that it might really be called *the* street of New York. Everything is to be found there; you may spend months in New York, go hither and thither, pay hundreds of visits, and yet hardly ever stir out of Broadway. I thought at first that this was a peculiarity of New York, necessitated by the geographical position of the town; but in Buffalo, also, I found just such a disproportionately predominating street, as large and showy, relatively, and as fashionable and exclusive. As in New York and Buffalo, so is it also in Philadelphia, in Boston, and elsewhere. Every American town developes a Broadway, as the embryo of an animal developes its members. We, in Germany, have indeed here and there something similar, as for example, "Unter den Linden" ("under the lime-trees") in Berlin. But on the whole it seems to me that neither in Germany, France, or England does all the importance of a town so concentrate

itself as in these American thoroughfares. In Hamburg, Dresden, Vienna, even in Paris or London, you might look in vain for a street with such a decided superiority over all others as the American Broadways. What can be the cause of this? I would fain know. Is it a certain peculiar exclusiveness of American manners? Is it that they all want to do exactly alike, so that all rich men must live in one street, and buy their gloves at the same shop? One might draw curious conclusions from this fact if it is really true in the degree in which it appeared so to me.

To my astonishment, I found that Buffalo had not only a Broadway of its own, but likewise the same sort of enormous palace-like hotels, and the same style of living in them as in the great Eastern towns. There are at least half a dozen in this young town. To such an extent does this custom of hotel life prevail here, as in other parts of America, that we find married couples spending their wedding-day and honeymoon in them, and whole families growing up who have never known any other home. Sometimes even the wealthiest families are in the habit of leading this nomadic life, moving about from hotel to hotel. Sometimes they try setting up housekeeping, but soon get tired of it. The lady "cannot bear the trouble of servants,"

and her husband, finding her management so bad that hotel life is much the cheapest, is soon persuaded to strike his tent again and take to the ever-ready hotel, whose domestic comfort at the best can never be greater than that of a *fourier-ist* colony. What becomes here of *home* and all its holy influences and associations?

In the monster hotel of Buffalo we found, as usual, in the luxurious and theatrically decorated drawing-room, a circle of very variously-assorted guests. Round the hearth was a group of very pretty young ladies, comfortably established in rocking-chairs; a reverend gentleman from Canada with his wife was amongst the groups of all sorts of people scattered about the room; and here they sat like one family, suddenly thrown together as they were by various railroads and steamers. I thought at first they were all acquaintances; but was soon undeceived by finding that no conversation was going on. The attention of all seemed directed towards a corner of the room where a young lady sat playing and singing at a large, much-gilded piano. Beside her was a young man turning over her leaves and paying her various attentions. I asked my neighbour who she was. He did not know, no one seemed to know. The young man was behaving like a bridegroom or

acknowledged lover at least, joking and flirting in no under-tone. His witticisms appeared to be much to his own satisfaction, and the lady also seemed no way displeased, though, from the scraps which reached my corner, I thought them remarkably silly, and yet to this conversation the whole room was listening in solemn silence. After all this I certainly was a good deal surprised to find that the lady and gentleman were no way related or connected. Presently he was seized with musical inspiration, and treated us to a sonata, to which we listened with the same devoted attention as to the lady's songs, feeling, however, in our secret souls that if the punishment inflicted on Marsyas was somewhat severe, still a few scalpings might be not at all out of the way in such a case. One of our number was a very pleasing young French-Canadian, who happened to be a remarkably good musician, so we instigated him at length to deliver us from our sufferings; and, having smuggled him up to the piano, he seized an opportune moment when the instrument was free, and began to play with such energy, expression, and masterly effect, that the enemy was completely beaten off the field. The partisans of the former feeble melodies were disgusted and took to flight, one by one, leaving the room with an astonished

and terrified expression of countenance. Americans, like English people, dislike energetic music, admiring only the soft and timid style, whether good or bad. We, the little remnant of true lovers of music, being left to ourselves, had an evening of real enjoyment.

On the following day nothing I saw in Buffalo interested me more than a book auction, of a sort very new to me. At our auctions in Germany the gray dusty old books of some departed philosopher may be disposed of to a set of learned men, as gray and pretty nearly as dusty as themselves, or perhaps to a few second-hand booksellers or circulating library keepers: but the rest of the public find no interest in such wares. How different is the state of things in Buffalo was revealed to me on accidentally passing an open door. Finding the proceedings of the crowd within were of a kind to interest me, I entered. A goodly collection of many hundred books, all new and freshly bound, was ranged along the walls. Old worn-out volumes, such as are disposed of at our German auctions, would find no purchaser here. Not only were the bindings new, but as gay as gilding and bright colours could make them. It seems that books here, like boxes of French plums, must wear a very ornamental dress if they want to

insinuate themselves into society. Even such respectable old gentlemen as Thucydides and Tacitus were to be seen disporting themselves like Harlequin, in particolours and gold. If one of our old Göttingen philologists had been present he would have been as astonished at the sight as if Tacitus himself had visited him in his dreams, attired in a fashionable coat and hat.

Running my eye over the books, I found a good set of classics, amongst which were Cæsar's Commentaries, Livius, and others, as well as scientific works on natural history, astronomy, geography, and so forth, altogether a very grave set of books. I thought of course that the customers would be students and professors of colleges, and masters of the high-schools of Buffalo. But when the auctioneer began I gained a little, rather startling, information: "Here is *Tite Live* for you, translated from the original Latin, a most *interesting* book to read." And, "Here is Cæsar's Commentaries, a very good book, which tells you all about France and ancient Paris. Look, in what a fine state of preservation this work is! Impossible to find a prettier book for a present to your wives! Half a dollar for Cæsar's Commentaries. Who bids?" Hearing all this I looked round, and scanning the assembled public more narrowly, endeavoured to

understand that it was really composed of small shop-keepers and artisans of the town, and working farmers from the country, just the class which we call peasants. They had been bringing their produce to market, and wanted now to take home books for their money. I began to enter into conversation with some of these men, they were really such as I imagined, and I spent some very interesting hours in talking with them.

Of Titus Livius two copies were sold, one of them to a young fellow who snatched it up and jumped again on his horse which he had tied up outside, and set off, he and his Livius, probably to one of the marshy districts on the shores of Lake Erie. Of Cæsar three copies went off. "*Tiusydides*," as the auctioneer called him, seemed rather to hang on hand, though for no want of recommendation nor of attractions of binding. I suspect the long name was somewhat in fault. "Tit Livy" was a much easier name to run off. A number of copies of Josephus were sold for one and a half or two dollars apiece. A friend told me that this is a book often sold by the pedlars about the Missouri and Mississippi. I felt quite ashamed of having to confess to myself that I had never read it. Certainly, for all these antique writers a new era seems beginning here on the shores of Erie and the Mis-

sissippi. Wonderful ancient voices, everlastingly young! here they are, marching round the world with this latest-born of nations! They will become as popular in this republic as of old in Italy and Greece. I suppose that, except perhaps in Rome in Cicero's time, Titus Livius has not often been carried on the pack-saddle of a colonial farmer coming home from market.

"Here is Bailey's Architecture!" cried the auctioneer. "Bailey is the first authority of our day for all sorts of buildings. When you once have this book nothing can be easier than to make your own calculations. This is the first copy ever brought to market in Buffalo. I'll sell it you for two dollars. Ten cents bid. Who bids more?"

It went for a dollar.

"Here is Bancroft's History of the United States. The very last copy of this work I can offer you. Impossible to educate your children without this book. Every citizen ought to know the history of his own country. No one is capable of making a speech who has not read this book. And how are you to vote right or express your political opinions unless you have read Bancroft's History of the United States? Come, who buys?"

"Here is an astronomical work. All the starry heavens and the whole planetary system in one

volume, with two thousand illustrations, lithographic and copper-plate, that'll make it all as clear as sunshine. Two thousand pictures of stars, suns, moons, planets, and comets, all for one dollar! Who bids more? I assure you you couldn't get a finer book to put upon your tables. And when you sit down by the fire of an evening you couldn't have a more improving work to study or to show to your children."

The bidding went on nimbly; the books, which went off at low prices, were carefully wrapped up in paper, and carried off by their purchasers. Such works as Scott's Life of Napoleon, and still more, Chambers' Family Library, were very eagerly bought up. Then came a series of handsome quarto Bibles. Of novels and merely amusing books, much less of anything purely trashy or objectionable, I saw no trace. I think the German reader will agree with me that all this was very remarkable. The cheapness also was surprising. There were no antiquarian treasures amongst the books; all were quite new, printed this year, some within a few weeks, and yet much cheaper than could be found at any of our second-hand booksellers. Nevertheless I was assured that the auctioneer, who had spent ten years this way, buying up the books in large lots and disposing of them as I had seen, had already made,

by this means only, a fortune of 60,000 dollars. I was altogether much struck by the peculiarities of this trade: the great printers of the Eastern towns derive, I am told, a great part of their profits from the cheap goods prepared for these Western auctions. I intend, in the course of my journey, to examine further into this matter, as it seems to throw much light on the intellectual character of American backwoodsmen and artisans.

I would fain, on this occasion, have stayed a little longer with the books and book-buyers, but the whole assembly was suddenly dispersed by a wild commotion which had arisen in the streets. Borne out with the tide of people, eagerly rushing to see what was the matter, we found a great crowd, much shouting and hallooing, and rushing about of young men in uniform, looking gay and excited, as if for some festival. I thought some great celebration was about to take place, and was confirmed in this idea by the appearance of several very fantastically constructed carriages or machines, drawn however, not by horses, but by the aforesaid young men. These machines were gaily painted and varnished, and decorated with bells, flowers, pictures, and inscriptions, like little Chinese pagodas. I thought it must be a triumphal procession in honour of some one, but when I came to inquire,

was answered:—"Lockport is on fire!" Lockport is a neighbouring town of about ten thousand inhabitants. It was a terrible conflagration; the news had come by telegraph, and half the sky was already reddened. "Our fire companies and fire engines," continued my informant, "are sent for, and our young men are trying which set can get to the railway first. Nothing stirs them up like a fire; it seems as if they always slept with one eye open and one foot out of bed; at the first sound of the fire-bell there they are, ready booted and spurred and in the street, with helmet and shield on, and the rest of their different uniforms." I afterwards heard a more connected account of the peculiar party spirit which animates these American fire companies. They are composed of volunteers, and have rights, privileges, and exemptions of their own. Sharing danger by night and by day as they are so constantly doing in the frequent conflagrations, there springs up naturally a strong feeling of brotherhood amongst the members of each corps, as well as a great jealousy of the other companies. Each company has its own uniform, and there is much emulation as to which shall have the handsomest and best decorated engines. Each has also its special days of festival, celebrated with processions and music; often, also, balls are given, on which occa-

sions the engines are paraded, decorated like brides with garlands of flowers. On the building of a new engine the members send out printed cards of invitation to their friends to come and inspect it, and join a *soirée* given in its honour. If one of their brave members perishes by fire, a too frequent occurrence, the company gives him a solemn funeral, with military honours. This military *esprit de corps* unfortunately goes so far as sometimes to lead to hostile engagements; sometimes these companies, instituted for the public welfare, have even been known to fight pitched and bloody battles with one another, with clubs, swords, powder and shot, in the very face of a burning town.

What became of the town of Lockport on that special evening I never heard, for early next morning I was some hundred miles off. In America, where so much is born every day, so much also dies, that there is no time to mourn over the fate of a little town.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM BUFFALO TO SCRANTON.

THE late season, the autumn weather, and other circumstances, determined me to proceed no further this time on my North-Western journey, but to begin my return towards the Eastern coast. I had long resolved that this return journey should take me through Pennsylvania, that I might gratify an old wish I had to visit that beautiful district, of which I had heard so much, where our German countrymen had settled, and established their peaceful Moravian colony; I had become well acquainted through the writings of Heckewälder and other excellent men with the deeply interesting history of their colonisation and missions. On this pilgrimage I also proposed to take the three celebrated Pennsylvanian coal districts in my way. And in order to reach the most northern of these, I

knew I must make my way to the little town of Scranton, lying among the mountains. To my great astonishment, however, I found it was by no means easy to ascertain in Buffalo how to get to Scranton. The huge net-work of railways in this part of the world has become so complicated that no one seems to understand more than a small part of it. Though I applied to the very best authorities, i. e. the officials of all the different railway companies, I could get no answer to my question, "How to get to Scranton?" One clerk knew his own "New York City Railroad," another his "Buffalo and Erie Railroad," another his "Central Railroad," but as to branch lines and out-of-the-way places, all were ignorant. However, at length I gathered the united opinion that my best plan would be to take the New York City line as far as Elmira, and there make further inquiries as to whether Scranton could be reached at all by rail. I took this advice, and by dint of much inquiry, taking now a New York main line, now one of the little cross lines that intersect the great ones like the cross threads of a spider's web, succeeded in getting on towards the south-east, passing 250 miles through the western part of New York State, and then entering Pennsylvania.

In spring this journey must be really charming,

and even now in autumn I found it very enjoyable. The way lies through a wooded country, sometimes thick forest, interspersed with lovely, smiling valleys. The little towns we passed were all built in the style which reigns throughout this State; wooden beams nailed together on the outside, and adorned by many wooden pillars, balconies, and porticoes; the whole wood-work painted white, except the window ledges and shutters, which are bright green. Even in the outskirts of New York and Brooklyn little houses may be seen built in this style, looking very bright and cheerful. Very likely the fashion of this bright or white painting was hit upon by the early settlers in these dark forests that the houses might be the more easily discerned through the windings of the leafy paths.

The foliage in these forests was, much to my surprise, in a far more wintry state than in the more northern valley of Niagara; nor were any flowers to be seen. That valley is indeed, as I began now to perceive, quite an oasis at this time of year. I was also surprised to find how much *new country*, as it is here called, we passed through, even in this old State of New York; places to which the railway is only just open, and consequently communication with the civilised world only just begun.

We saw some very fine views on our way. At a portage on the river Genessee we stopped for half an hour; here the river, breaking through a narrow rocky cleft, makes several beautiful falls. Eighty miles further brought us into the pretty valley of the Tioga, which falls into the Susquehanna; and lastly we reached the still more beautiful valley through which this latter river flows. Following the course of its eastern branch, we came at length, at Great Bend, to the borders of Pennsylvania. In the Susquehanna valley we got again a glimpse of summer, which we seemed to have been chasing southward; some autumn foliage was still on the trees, whereas those we had left behind us in New York were quite bare.

Behind Great Bend we turned into a very narrow and thickly-wooded ravine called Martin Creek's Valley; and for many hours our train dashed between the rocks, brushwood, and forest trees which filled the valley. The mountains grew gradually higher, and when, at Scranton, we emerged from the valley, we found two long grand ranges of a very regular form in front of us. The whole tract of land between Lake Erie and the Atlantic is traversed by spurs of the Alleghanies; which, however, do not bear this name here. Only a single range in the south-west of Pennsylvania is

pointed out as distinctively "the Alleghany mountains;" the rest are not even allowed the name of *mountains*, but always talked of as *hills;* in the same way the little lakes among them are called *ponds*.

Evening was closing in as we entered the broad valley of Scranton, a place which ten years ago contained only a few families of peasants, but now has a busy swarm of from six to seven thousand inhabitants, a change owing principally to the recent discovery of rich coal mines in the neighbourhood. Our whole party was received, as usual, into a monster hotel, smaller, however, than most of its kind, where we found a motley crowd assembled,—travellers, resident families, and business men connected with the coal mines.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LACKAWANNA VALLEY.

THE real old primitive name of the Scranton Valley, which is used also on the spot, and even sometimes in maps, is Lackawanna, a flowing musical sound which marks it of Indian origin, most unlike its crabbed English successor. The valley is a little branch of the Susquehanna Valley, running up between two long spurs of the Alleghanies. Some tribe of Indians (perhaps called Lackawannas) dwelt here formerly. The first European inhabitants were German peasants, who began the cultivation of the soil and made the place accessible; but it was an American of the name of Scranton to whom the town owes its present name and its existence; he established a company for the working of the coal mines, which had been quite neg-

lected by the Germans, got together a considerable capital, and built the town.

In Europe the founding and building of towns is a matter specially reserved for kings and princes. *Carlsruhe, Ludwigsburg, Friedrichstadt, Petersburg,*—all such names point to some Emperor or Duke at whose command the marsh was drained or the forest cleared. But Martin's Creek, Harrisburg, Sherman's Valley, Scranton,—such names mark how the places so called have arisen, perhaps from some poor settler who first penetrated into the country, and whose successful cultivation drove the Indian hunters further and further off; or else some "self-made man," as the phrase is, who found a locality wonderfully adapted for a town, and having there with his own hand picked up the first coal, or the first bit of gold, silver, iron ore, or whatever may have been the treasure of the district, bought some land cheap, brought capital and labour together, and thus founded a town, which rapidly increased around him.

These *self-made men* are made much of in America. I have read passages of native authors in which such incense is offered up to them as we hardly offer in Europe to princes themselves. I might instance the description which a reverend American somebody gives of the pleasure-trip to

Europe made by a merchant of the name of Van der Bilt. How he exalts to heaven his hero, his "merchant prince!" In New York one hears to satiety of "merchant princes." Even the hotel-keepers are held up as "citizen princes," and exalted into a species of nobles. I could quote from a book which I have often had in my hands, in which, speaking of certain millionaire innkeepers, it is said that they exercised in this or that hotel "the most noble hospitality" towards thousands of travellers. In what the nobility of this well-paid hospitality consists one does not readily see. The same book exalts equally to the rank of nobility all trades by which much money may be made. The hatter's trade, for instance, and the pepper-corn trade are entitled "most noble trades." This style of speaking struck me as not only very repulsive, but particularly anti-republican. I could not perceive in what the great merit of these self-made men consisted; could it be called meritorious to have larger powers of acquisitiveness, of snatching and holding fast? I grant it as quite right that they should exercise these powers and enjoy their fruit, but why they should be exalted to the skies for so doing I can no more see than why an English lord should be admired for condescending to inherit the position of his ancestors with all its ad-

vantages. Yet, though I cannot fall down and worship the "princeliness" of these self-made men, or the *nobility* of their trades, I grant them clear heads and healthy knowledge of the world; often also a benevolent use of their riches. I confess that the more personal intercourse I have had with this class of men the better I have liked them, and this in spite of the disgust excited by the obtrusive adulation of their satellites. I was reminded of the saying often heard amongst Russian peasants, "The master himself is good, but beware of the bailiffs!"

Mr Scranton, the founder of this town, in which he is said to have raised the inhabitants from 0 to 6000, I found to be a very agreeable, intelligent, and energetic man in the prime of life. How long must a man's beard have grown before he could have established such a colony in Europe! When I was shown in to him I found him refreshing himself, and some of his young clerks and officials, with gymnastic exercises! Bravo! thought I, a capital relaxation for the founder of a town, the head of a new generation. He received me very kindly, and gave me much information and assistance in my local investigations. I thought myself fortunate; what would the young Scythian traveller, Anacharsis,

have given if he could have had Cecrops himself for his cicerone in Athens!

This little place, juvenile as it is, has already its two churches, several handsome buildings, a few villas surrounded by their gardens, long rows of warehouses, and plenty of cheerful dwelling-houses. Foundations of fresh buildings are also laid in many places among the surrounding woods and marshes. Thousands of workmen, miners, carpenters, bricklayers, and day-labourers of all sorts, are located for the present in wooden sheds and log-huts raised on a slightly rising ground in front of the town. Doubtless these sheds will soon be transformed into solid and permanent buildings, their inhabitants become small capitalists, and individuals among them rise by talent and energy to be the founders of opulent and flourishing families.

Early next morning I set off to visit one of the coal-mines, in order to obtain an idea of the position and formation of the coal-strata. Their peculiarity consists in the fact that iron and coal, the two materials which are so mutually serviceable to human intercourse, are here found remarkably close together. On railroads, in steam-boats, in factories of every kind, coal and iron must always work together, neither can do without the other; indeed

they seem born into the world together, like twins, for neither can come to the right use of its powers without the help of the other. How could coal be brought to light from the recesses where it lies buried, but by the help of iron? or what were the use of the coarse, rough iron-ore, if it were not melted, refined, and shaped by the help of coal? If coal is to give us light and warmth in our streets and dwellings, her brother iron must make the gas-works, pipes, and stoves. If coal gives the motive power to the engine, it could be of little use unless the iron rails were there to facilitate and accelerate the motion. The most ingenious and wonderful machines into which iron may be formed, are but helpless and dead till the coals give them their own fiery life. Hence Great Britain is well esteemed as singularly favoured by Nature, for its possession of these two treasures in such abundance and proximity; and not less so, the little valley of Lackawanna, where smelting furnaces have their mines of coal close beside them, and the iron wanted for the machinery in the coal-pits may be dug out of their own ground.

Both the ores lie here very much on the surface, so that it is easy to work them; they seem scattered like manna all over the valley. In some places I saw great masses of coal twenty feet thick, or more,

projecting out of the soil; sometimes, where they had not been thought worth working, vaults and basements of houses had been scooped out of them. In the same way the iron lies scattered all about, appearing in a variety of forms, chiefly in boulders of various sizes, consisting of about sixty per cent. of iron, lying embedded in a reddish clay, and fire as well as water seems to have been concerned in their formation. Wherever the ground has been broken up, whether for building or railroad purposes, this reddish clay is seen, and heaps of iron pebbles lie by its side. It may be said that the whole town of Scranton stands on one solid rock of coal, and that all the fields and meadows about are like a green carpet laid over an iron floor. *Carbon Dale* was long ago the name of an old settlement in the valley, a name whose true significance Messrs Scranton were the first to perceive.

True to the old maxim "*utile cum dulce,*" we arranged that our excursions from pit to pit should take us also up towards the mountains which border the valley on the east, and are called the Lackawanna range. This range is beginning to be cut through, for the construction of a new railway, a continuation in the direction of the river Delaware of the road by which we had arrived. When this line is opened the town and valley will obtain their

first direct communication with New York, and their true importance will then first be seen. The works now going on for clearing the forest and blasting the rock were very interesting; indeed, I pity the future railway passenger, rolling along in his well-cushioned carriage, who will have seen nothing of the making of this road by which he travels.

Penetrating into a wildly romantic region, we went to see some water-falls formed by a little stream called "the roaring brook." A most lovely spot it was, the cascades dashing over rocks, all overhung with evergreen laurel. All the branches of the Alleghanies are full of these sweet scenes, whose hidden beauty is never spoken of, and never seen but by the inhabitants of some neighbouring village or farm-house.

On our way back from the mountains in the evening, I went over the great Rail-mill, as it is called, a factory for smelting iron and founding rails. It was a sight not to be forgotten, from the impression it gave of the rapidity and energy with which all kinds of work are carried on in this country. There were no less than four hundred workmen engaged: of these seventy-five were Irishmen, from twenty-five to thirty Germans, and three hundred Americans, English, Scotch, and Welsh. The Welshmen stood highest in point of skill and talent,

as is natural, the iron-works and furnaces of Wales being the largest in the world. The building of the furnaces and the organisation of the whole work has been principally done by the Welsh, who are reputed in every way the best workers of iron. The Germans are also spoken well of, but it was complained that they were too full of agricultural projects. "No sooner have they earned a little money than they go off West, and buy a bit of land."

Comparing this place with the iron-works of Austria and other parts of Germany, the stormy speed of the work seemed something miraculous. In an Italian silk factory speed seems natural, but here were huge heavy masses of metal, not silken threads. The smelting machinery is in the upper part of the building, and there the great masses, each the size of a road-rail, are prepared; down a wooden tram-way each glowing mass flies like lightning into the depths below; there two workmen receive it with great hammers, and with heavy blows purify the metal from the light and fluid slag. Thus purified, the still shapeless block moves quickly on to the foundry, and in a few minutes more appears as a fiery bar. The conclusion was a brilliant scene, when on these glowing bars, laid side by side that they might be cut of equal lengths, descended two circular steel saws, moved by steam;

they seemed to touch the great bars but for one moment, cut them through, and send out clouds and circles of fiery sparks. It made me giddy to think of this legerdemain with iron blocks carried on night and day, year after year, by these four hundred sons of Vulcan.

In this Scranton rail-mill about twelve thousand tons of rails are prepared annually; enough to cover two hundred miles of road. Some of these rails are very thick and strong, others, however, so weak that in Europe they would be considered useless. In America, thin rails of this sort are often used for the construction of cheap roads in new districts. Then when the road succeeds, traffic increases, and capital can be got together, the temporary road is removed, and stronger rails laid down. In all places the lines are opened when we should think them only half ready. For example, where in Europe a strong high viaduct would be deemed necessary, Americans put up only a *trestle-work*, as it is called, in the first instance. There is always plenty of wood to be had in the forest, so that trestle-work of any length may be easily put up; but labour is too expensive to make them into compact roads till the railway shares rise, and then the trestles are taken down. Great portions of the new road by which we arrived here were construct-

ed in this way; the train was taken slowly and cautiously over them, and it felt something like going over the rafters of an unroofed house.

I was shown, in the smelting-furnace of Scranton, the largest and most perfect *bellows* I had ever seen. They were worked by a steam engine of a hundred and fifty horse power, and seemed to have taken about as much building as a moderate-sized church; yet this enormous machine in motion made no more noise than the wheels of an old Dutch clock. The pipe through which the stream of air is driven is five feet in diameter, and this divides into a number of smaller tubes, which are led through a hot chamber where they stand erect like organ pipes, and are played on by strong gas-flames, by which the air is heated. If it were to pass cold into the furnace the smelting process would be checked. In this economical system even the escaping gases from the fires are re-captured, kindled, and utilised, being returned into the furnace itself. I was told that this Scranton bellows is the largest and best of its kind in America, and I am inclined to think this true. To me, machines of this kind, so perfect and so wonderful, are not without their æsthetic interest. The grandeur of this apparently complicated, yet really simple mechanism, doing its work so exactly and completely, gives me somewhat the same kind of

enjoyment as the contemplation of an organic structure, or any other wonderful natural contrivance. In modern machines there is often as much grace as severe mathematical accuracy. I feel, in looking at them, as if something ought to be said about them in hexameters or blank verse. But alas, such themes as "The Furnace," "The Steam-bellows," "The Locomotive," "The Rail-mill," do not sound as inspiring as it seems to me they really might be made. The poet is yet to appear who could bring the right sort of enthusiasm to bear upon these subjects.

In such a poetical effusion as this, a saw-mill, such as the one I saw here, could in no wise be omitted. The setting up of a saw-mill is, as I said before, always the first thing done in America where a town is to be built; but these saw-mills are something very different from our simple German affairs, for they are not confined to the production of mere rough boards, but manufacture about half the material required both for building and cabinet-making. The boards are not only cut, but planed and made ready for use; here also are prepared the thin shingles required for roofing, as well as whole doors, window-frames, and window-shutters. One might order entire houses by dozens in one of these saw-mills. The great

steam planing machine used here is, I think, an American invention, and is certainly very ingenious. The boards are moved by steam power with admirable swiftness against the upright edge of the plane, and the shavings brought off are the full width of the board itself. The coarse edge and fine edge of the plane are in different parts of the same machine, and work at the same time. The shingle-cutting machines are also very admirable, separating the rough wooden blocks into thin flakes, with beautiful rapidity and exactness.

In these new little towns, growing up in the wilderness, with such a motley population from all parts of the world, and containing as yet but a feeble imitation of a police force or magistracy, some insecurity, both as to person and property, might well be expected. It struck me, therefore, that I might as well lock my door in the inn at Scranton, as I had always been accustomed to do in Germany, but the lock would not turn. I made many efforts in vain; and one day, after repeated trials, summoned the landlord to my aid, expressing at the same time my surprise that he should have such bad locks in his house. The man was very obliging, and took a great deal of trouble with my lock, but could not manage it. At last, letting his arms sink, he exclaimed: "Indeed, sir, I'm very sorry—it can't

be helped. Really it isn't necessary. To tell you the truth, there isn't a single useable lock in the whole house. It's a thing the gentlemen never ask for: they always leave their doors open. Rely on me, nothing shall be lost." I was much surprised, but well contented with this explanation, and thought with a certain shame of the complicated contrivances for the fastening of halls and windows in our old cities,—the locks, double-locks, bolts, bars, and chains, in a Hungarian inn, for instance; the great bunch of keys which a traveller in that country receives from his host, to protect his door with,—and the windows in Styria, even in the villages, barricaded with thick iron gratings like those of a prison. I remarked, however, to my host that I had been made a little uneasy by having just read an account of some official person having been robbed in this town of papers to the value of 25,000 dollars, and 500 dollars being offered as a reward for the discovery of the thief. "Ah, yes, sir," returned he, "that indeed. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a sum worth stealing. Such a sum as that ought to be taken good care of. I don't say but what there may be many a man here with taste for a job of that sort. But as to house-breaking and petty thefts, they are really hardly known here."

I found this account of the absence of crime here everywhere confirmed; indeed I believe that the new places in America are much freer from crime than the old. Probably this may result from the great abundance of employment. People have no time to lay cunning plots and schemes of robbery, and moreover but little temptation, work being so well paid for. If professional thieves do sometimes come to assist in the building of a town, as in the days of Romulus, they probably, like those old thieves, soon change their profession and become citizens instead. It is true that many wise regulations, on this head, are adopted and carried out by most of these American town-builders. In Scranton, for instance, all the leading men of the place, from Mr Scranton himself downwards, were strict temperance men—most zealous in spreading the influence of this self-denying example. I invited a young clerk of the mines to take a glass of wine with me, but was answered, politely, but very decidedly, that they were all teetotallers, and allowed no exception to their rule. Thus, though the Maine Liquor Law is not yet introduced into Pennsylvania, these New Englanders, as all the leading men of Scranton are, have already made it the law of their own little town. I call Scranton a town, but properly speaking it is not more than a village; it

has not even as yet the rights and constitution of a borough, and the government of the place is carried on only by private means and "moral force." Not even over the wild cattle and stray, wandering pigs and horses is there as yet any lawful authority, for it is only a borough that has a right to pound. However, such a great demand has now arisen in New York for Pennsylvanian coal, that it is quite likely this place will soon acquire much more important privileges. The legislative proceedings, by which legal rights are confirmed, are generally a long way behind the natural growth of the rights themselves.

At present Scranton belongs to the county of Lucerne; but when once the direct road to the New York market has been opened by railway, it is likely enough that the English sea-coal (now so much used), and often brought as ballast, will be driven out of the market, and then Scranton will separate itself from Lucerne, and be constituted the chief town of a county of its own. At present the English coal is cheaper, the sea transport, even across the Atlantic, being so much easier than bringing the American coal over the Alleghany mountains.

The counties in Pennsylvania are now very large —many extending over above 2000 English square

miles, and averaging more than 1000. With so thin a population this cannot be avoided, since it is impossible to pay magistrates and police-officers for every little valley and corner. When the district becomes more populous, the people of course feel it as an inconvenience to have to make such long journeys—often over mountains, to reach their law courts, post stations, &c.; and then arises a desire for a further sub-division, though even then there are always party struggles and legislative obstacles to be overcome, before the old county can be burst asunder, and new ones formed of the fragments.

In America, indeed, Pennsylvania is regarded as an old, long since organised state; but when it is considered that it covers an area of 100,000 square miles, and has still little more than two millions of inhabitants, it may be supposed there is yet room left, and that there is frequent need of new organizations.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

"ALL passengers on board?" asked the driver of the stage-coach, on whose fore-deck—that is to say, coach-box—I seated myself to cross the Lackawanna Mountains, in order, afterwards, to continue my voyage to the nearest coal region at Wilkesbarre.

The imagination of these colonists, who have been blown hither across the ocean, is so occupied with sea-going ideas, and sea-going phrases, that they talk in that style not merely on a railroad, where they do not seem so entirely inapplicable, but even with reference to an old rumbling stage-coach, jolting along over the roughest mountain roads.

"We shall have to bundle up well," said a Pennsylvanian passenger, who took his place beside me, and kindly helped me to "bundle up" my feet, ears, and other extremities in shawls, cloaks, and

woollen horse-cloths. "It is a windy, cold evening, and at night it will be still colder." The roads were villanous, and required all the skill of our pilot, the coachman, to steer us safely along them. It must have rained very heavily, too, for this road, as it was called, was a mere marsh mixed with boulder-stones; sometimes we came to a piece of plank road, but the planks had rotted and sunk in the mud, as in the Niagara road before-mentioned. In the Valley of Wyoming, indeed, there was a new plank road, and then we rolled along briskly enough.

"Your bridges are not good for much," said I, addressing our coachman; "the planks lie so loosely that if a horse steps on one end of them the other bounces up and hits him in the mouth. Ought not these boards to be nailed down?"

"Yes, sir, they ought to be nailed down."

"Many of the bridges have rotten holes—a horse might break his leg or his neck in them!"

"Yes, sir, many of them have holes. We often break through as we are driving over."

"Well, I suppose," said a passenger, "you do not care; you seem to regard your coach as a ship, so if it goes into the water it is all right."

In the middle of the night we came to Pittston, in the celebrated Wyoming Valley. Pittston is a coal town like Scranton, but larger and much older.

At this place a young girl presented herself as a new passenger. She looked into the inside, but it was quite full, and she then looked up anxiously at us "bundled up" gentlemen on the top. "You just wait a bit, miss," said the coachman—"you can't go up there. I have two gents inside; I'll fix one of them outside." "Sir," he continued, shaking up out of his sleep, without the smallest ceremony, the nearest of the two passengers alluded to, "here's a young lady wants your warm inside-place. Just you come up and sit by me;" and without even waiting for an answer, as if non-compliance were not for a moment to be imagined, he went to see to his horses, and began to water them without giving himself any further trouble.

Now I had myself voluntarily taken the outside; but this good man had chosen the warm inner place, and had gone comfortably to sleep in it, so that it did seem a little hard he should be suddenly turned out of it in a cold night, and stuck upon the windy coach-box. In Germany there would certainly have been a little difficulty about it, but here even a maid-servant is armed with terrible privileges. The man thus victimized gave a little sigh, rolled himself silently out of his snug corner, and, moreover, politely helped the maid-servant into it; and then patiently took the place

assigned him on the box, shivering a little, and wrapping himself in his mackintosh. I inquired of the coachman whether the regulations gave him a right to turn this passenger out of his place, or whether he might have refused it. "Oh, he might have refused, certainly; the ladies have not any law for it; but I should not have considered him a gentleman!"

The Wyoming valley is one of the many that intersect the eastern side of the Alleghanies, and it is renowned both for its natural charms, its historical recollections, and the battles that have taken place in it, and now for its coal and coal-mines. All round Pittston we saw these black treasures lying about on fields and hill sides, and in vast heaps on the roads and the banks of the river. These bright coals glittered like silver in the moonlight, and whoever first called coals the "Black Diamonds of England," must have seen them in such a light. The fine, broad river too lay calm and radiant in the same moonlight before us. Some of the mines here have their mouths quite close to the water's edge, so that the coals can be shovelled almost out of the bowels of the earth into the ships; nay, they might sometimes be got from the very bed of the river itself, for here and there the Susquehanna has, it is said, washed away the upper

stratum of soil, and flows over the naked surface of the coal. As in the Lackawanna valley iron and coal are brought together, here, by an equally beneficent arrangement of nature, are coal and water, so that a natural bond connects mine and furnace; and a fine canal, called the East, or North Branch Canal, has still further strengthened these bonds. During scarcely twenty years since this canal has been completed, the ground has risen in value almost as much as it does in the West, where indeed such a rise no longer excites surprise. A field that formerly cost 20 dollars, now in these mountains fetches from 300 to 350.

What pretty places we had been passing through in the night, and were now come to, we did not learn till the following morning, when we had glorious sunshine, and a fine, warm autumn day. We were now at a town called Wilkesbarre, one of the oldest colonies of this region, and the chief town of the Wyoming valley, and also one of the principal trading places for the second or middle Anthracite Coal Basin of Pennsylvania. "Do you keep your Sunday in Wilkesbarre?" some one had asked me. "You will find it a pretty specimen of an American country town, and see how they pass the Sundays in these places."

Wilkesbarre was not originally a settlement of

the Pennsylvanians, but a "New England establishment," of the roaming people of Connecticut, who in our days have founded Scranton. These Connecticut men were in the habit, even before the middle of the last century, of leaving, in troops, their own not very fertile country, and proceeding to the South and West. They migrated also to New York across the Hudson, and scattered themselves along the upper valleys of the Susquehanna river.

This region had indeed long been assigned by Royal patent to the province of Penn, but the Pennsylvanian settlers and farmers, who moved in a westerly and north-westerly direction from the Delaware, had not yet pushed the advanced posts of civilisation as far as the Susquehanna. The country was still completely wild, and the New England invaders watered it with the sweat of their brows, defended it with their blood against the Indians, and founded in it several settlements, from which the towns of Wilkesbarre, Pittsville, and several others have proceeded.

At length came the Pennsylvanians, or, as the Yankees mockingly call them, the "*Pennamytes*," from Delaware through the intervening woods up the Susquehanna, &c., and discovered the beautiful valley of Wyoming and the busy Yankees from Con-

necticut, whom, in reliance on their royal patent which secured to them all the land as far as the 42nd degree of latitude, they prepared to treat as squatters and unwarranted intruders. There arose a border dispute between the provinces of Pennsylvania and Connecticut, which brought their respective claims before the king and Parliament of England. Many members took the side of Pennsylvania, —others, namely two, Wilkes and Barry, that of the squatters from Connecticut; and in honour of these two the name of Wilkesbarre was compounded. But whilst the provincial governments were negotiating, and members of Parliament in London debating, the dispute was being settled in these peaceful vallies by a bloodier strife. The Pennamytes and the Yankees argued the matter with steel and gunpowder, and each one of the parties seized as much land as he was able to defend with the sword. This lawless state lasted till the time of the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence, and then, in accordance with the letter of the law, the American government decided the matter in favour of Pennsylvania, but decreed at the same time, that the Connecticut men, now become citizens of Pennsylvania, should be secured in the possession of their lands. The Pennsylvanian Government, too, presented each of them with a certificate of the

quantity that they had cleared and cultivated, and on these Pennsylvanian certificates are still founded the claims of old New England families to certain parcels of land in the Wyoming valley, which have in recent times become so valuable from the discovery of the treasures of coal contained in them. The authority and laws of Pennsylvania have, of course, since then reigned here, and the small New England colony has long since been swallowed up in the more extensive colonization that has taken place; German peasants have come by thousands from the Pennsylvanian plains, and settled among the New Englanders, and yet the spirit of Wilkesbarre and its little sister towns is still altogether New English or Puritan. "Here, under Pennsylvanian influence," said one of the inhabitants, "we have preserved the Puritan spirit in greater purity than our cousins in Boston and Connecticut. In the great commercial towns there this spirit has been greatly modified by the influence of Europe. We had a long contest with the Pennamytes about it, but we finally capitulated. They have settled among us, but it has been as strangers. Our congregations have kept to themselves, and there are many among us who look on the present men of Boston as a degenerate race."

Perhaps the Germans who have come in such

numbers to the Valley of Wyoming, and whose views on religious subjects are so very different, may have tended by the spirit of opposition to confirm them in this separation. I attended a Lutheran as well as a "Reformed" German Church, at which I heard a sermon in German, or a language supposed to be German, but I could not help wishing that either some pains should be taken to amend the language spoken here, or that they would banish it from the churches altogether; I do not like to hear religion spoken of in such gibberish. German is at its last gasp here in Wilkesbarre, and it is not so lovely in its expiring moments as the dolphin. But I shall have occasion to return to the subject of this "Pennsylvanian or Bush German," as it is called, and in the mean time we will take a walk into the mountains surrounding the Valley of Wyoming, in the company of a much-valued American acquaintance, one of the most distinguished heroes and conquerors of the Mexican war, whom I met just coming out of a Sunday school, where this famous and gallant officer had been engaged as a pious Christian in giving instruction to poor little children. (Hear! hear! hear!)

We turned first towards the north-east, to visit some old abandoned coal-mines, the "Baltimore

coal-mines," as they were called, and we met on the way several coal-owners, who showed us various specimens of the products of their mines. They were all firm, hard, shining, anthracite coal, of which all the three Pennsylvanian basins consist; they contain no bituminous coal at all. This anthracite coal has some excellent qualities; we handled it with our fingers, and dusted the black lumps with our white pocket handkerchiefs, without either skin or linen receiving the slightest soil. In the fire it has a very peculiar appearance; it glows and glimmers and emits its gases without either smoke or flame, and since there is no smoke there is also no soot in the chimneys. As we looked down on the town of Wilkesbarre, where there must have been, on a moderate calculation, 2000 fires alight, we could not see the slightest indication of them in the atmosphere, not the faintest trace of that grey cloud that generally lies over all English towns great and small. By the use of this anthracite coal Pennsylvania has freed herself from the necessity of keeping up the dirty and dangerous trade of the chimney-sweep, which has in other countries occasioned so much discussion and legislation, and cost so many sacrifices. The poor negro boys used to be condemned to it here, but the trade is now entirely abolished; I thought I could not admire this

anthracite coal enough, and exclaimed that here was the true panacea for the soot, and smoke, and bad air, which so greatly trouble English sanitary reformers. "Assuredly," I said, "you Pennsylvanians will, with your coal, make a conquest of London, and purify the whole atmosphere of Great Britain." But alas! there is always an "if" and a "but" in the way of grand projects, and so there is, it seems, with these black diamonds.

"The English," I was told, "have an unfounded but most decided prejudice against this anthracite coal, and they are in all things, but especially about their fires, inveterately obstinate. They fancy this coal emits a gas that is prejudicial to health, that it dries the air too much, that it attacks people's lungs, and occasions all sorts of maladies. But all this is merely prejudice, which we shall perhaps succeed in overcoming, when we have so far developed the resources of our coal-basins, as to be able to deliver their product at a very low price."

As long as I remained in Pennsylvania, I thought on this subject more or less like the Pennsylvanians; but when I had afterwards had occasion to try this coal in my own room, and then subsequently the bituminous coal, I came over to the English opinion, and was quite decided in preferring a blazing fire in my grate, even at the risk of blacken-

ing my neighbour's house; whether the English opinion of the injurious effects of the Pennsylvanian coal on health be quite as unfounded as people here think, I do not profess to know. I myself afterwards met in Pennsylvania several people who were suffering from chest maladies, and who ascribed them to this cause. This coal has also the disadvantage that it cannot be burned in small quantities, nor lit so easily as the bituminous kind, and that it is therefore apt to over-heat small apartments. The use of it is nevertheless increasing fast in America; from Scranton 150,000 tons are yearly exported, and these will doubtless soon become millions. From the Valley of Wyoming the present amount is 700,000 tons, and here also a great increase is expected. Very thick beds, with intervening strata of clay, extend over the whole valley, and the deepest in the centre, through which flows the Susquehanna, and where Wilkesbarre and other towns already stand. These strata are curved upwards on both sides, and the edges of these curves appear on the surface in the mountains and forests.

The abandoned Baltimore mines which we found in a lonely valley have a very picturesque appearance. There was formerly a bed thirty feet thick, lying nearly horizontal, with only a very slight and

gradual inclination towards the river. The bed has been entirely worked out, with the exception of some thick pillars that have been left standing to support the roof. We were able to walk in for some distance, and soon found ourselves in a labyrinth of these colossal coal pillars; the whole place had much the aspect of those cavern temples that you see in Arabia, Petræa, and Egypt. Very fine pyrites too are found in these caverns, and whole beds of coal are set with them as with precious stones. We also found many traces of fossil ferns, but only traces, for the leaves were all shattered into small fragments, as I believe they usually are in the anthracite coal.

Over stock and block, through marsh and thicket, scrambling continually over high wooden fences, we wandered for an hour without being able to find the path from the coal mine to the high road, that was to lead us to the top of the hill, and the so-called Prospect Rock. This is a very common case in Pennsylvania, and in America generally; for since the disappearance of the Indians, who always walked in "Indian file," and had made footpaths over the whole country, the paths have disappeared too.

As the sun was declining to the West, we hastened on as fast as we could over ground beset

by such obstacles, and reached the top of Prospect Rock just as the last golden light was poured over the Valley of Wyoming. The view from this point is very fine; you have the long broad valley at your feet, and on the opposite side run several ranges of mountains; behind you the road leads across other mountains to Delaware.

Not far from Prospect Rock, a Prospect House has been built, a spacious and pleasant inn, where you may get coffee and cakes, and a glass of wine, and may sit down and rest yourself and gossip with the hostess or any guests who may like yourself have come up the valley to see the sunset, and then stroll back to the town in the twilight. You need not inquire of what nation are the guests and the hostess: of course they are Germans, who have set up this pretty establishment for the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature, *plus* coffee and cakes, to say nothing of Rhine wine, which appeared to be plentiful among our good countrymen in Pennsylvania. The hostess, who was a lively, good-looking woman, asked me how I liked America, and I began to find all sorts of faults with it, to see what she would say, and I was somewhat provoked to find that she defended it zealously, even against Germany, and closed her various arguments in its favour with the phrase so

often repeated—"Yes, yes, America is the best country for the poor man."

The Valley of Wyoming, and all the other valleys of the coal district, are getting to be more and more in the possession of a few great companies and capitalists, and small proprietors and farmers are becoming more and more scarce. They sell their land for two or three hundred dollars the acre, and then wander forth to the West, to Illinois or Ohio, where they can buy fine lands for ten or twelve dollars an acre. The capitalists and coal-producers when they have once got the land into their hands never give it up again for any price, and it yields in their hands twice or three times as much as it would do in those of the farmers, who have not the same means of carrying on their operations on a grand scale, making roads, canals, &c.; and as in these districts there are coals, there are in the eastern other things that make the ground valuable, and induce capitalists to buy out the small proprietors, who then move off to the West, to become in their turn large land-owners.

One of the circumstances by which I was much struck in these American provincial towns was the number of announcements of lectures upon diseases and sanitary subjects. In this little Wilkesbarre, for instance, I found on a single lamp-post

no less than four placards of this kind,—a blue one with "Lectures on Lungs and Consumption, by Dr K——," a red one with "Lectures on the Eye, by Dr G——," a yellow one, "Private Lectures for Ladies, by Dr Z——," a green one with "Private Lectures to Gentlemen on the Physiology of Healthy Reproduction." Could this be paralleled in any little country town in Europe? It would seem that the Americans have a strong tendency to hypochondria, and if you look into the local newspapers of towns of this class you will find further confirmation of the fact, for they appear to be filled one half with trade and politics and the other half with medicine. The mania for medicine and quackeries that we cry out so much against in the English is a mere nothing to what you see in America.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE PENNSYLVANIAN WOODS.

THE Lackawanna and Wyoming Valley form what is called the third northern or Wyoming coal field. Twenty miles further south is the second or middle coal field, which runs parallel with the former, from west to east, and touches with its eastern extremity on the river Lehigh, and with the western on the Susquehanna; and twenty miles further south again, in the Pennsylvanian or anthracite coal region, the Pottsville or first coal field. In this field, Pottsville is one of the most considerable and central towns; but I was told I should find much more to interest me in a little town called Mauch Chunk, at the east end of the coal field, where it touches the river Lehigh, about sixty miles from Wilkesbarre. I set out for it, accordingly, leaving the Susquehanna Valley and steering in a

south-easterly direction across the country towards the Lehigh, a river that rises in the Pennsylvanian woods, and then joins the Delaware and flows with it towards Philadelphia, the capital of the State. Although not very large it is important, from passing all three coal fields, and it has given its name to the greatest coal company of Pennsylvania, the "Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company."

Nearly the whole space between this river and the Susquehanna is filled by desolate tracts of mountains and thick woods,—the same which were first seen by Penn and his followers, when they came here from the Delaware, and which induced him to give the country its name of Penn-Sylvania or Penn's Woodland. A small portion of it is still known as, *par excellence*, Penn's Forest. On the river Lehigh, too, there lies a village that has been named, in memory of his earliest excursions in these regions, "Penn's Haven."

The first part of the journey, as far as Whitehaven, a little town in the middle of the woods, we made by rail, but only in a small carriage drawn by mules, and containing half a dozen passengers. These animals are in general use all over Pennsylvania, in the coal mines, and on the forest railroads. They are brought from Kentucky, where they are trained for this market.

Whenever we came to a mountain ridge crossing our line our locomotives stopped, and the carriage was attached to chains and drawn up by a machine to the top of the steep acclivity; and at last, when we had reached the summit of the water-shed, it was started on its path alone, and rolled on afterwards for hours on an inclined path merely under the impulse of its own gravity, till proceeding in this manner we at length came down upon Whitehaven, on the river bank, like a little avalanche.

Our whole route had lain through the wilderness; we had seen no town or village, and no signs of cultivation, but here and there, from the tops of the mountain ridges, we observed most lovely views over woodland valleys, and hills clothed in all kinds of foliage.

There is of course not much of town comfort and luxury to be looked for at Whitehaven, which is quite a new settlement, and has been called into existence merely by the circumstance of the chief navigation of the river Lehigh beginning here;* it is a most remarkable looking place, there can be nothing wilder in the primeval forests of Brazil. The men who clear the woods and build sheds for

* The river is navigable some way further up, but only for small craft. Vessels of more than 100 tons cannot get further than Whitehaven.

goods, and huts for the labourers, seemed to have only just taken axe in hand; the high woods penetrate into the streets; the little peaceful houses are grouped among the stumps of trees, and on the hilly ground far into the shadow of the forest, and the rays of light fall on them through the leaves as through church windows. The banks of the river are no less wild; the water is half choked up with fallen and partly moss-grown trunks of trees, and in one place it has flooded the forest, and lofty firs, some green, some burnt out, are sticking up out of the swollen river, in which they will gradually go to decay. As I have said, it is not necessary to go as far as the Rocky Mountains to find wild scenes and the very commencement of civilization. It is still to be seen in the first stage, fermenting, germinating, and sprouting even in the old States, as soon as you step aside a little from the high-road. The colonization of America goes on like a grand crystallisation process; the great branches are in the eastern provinces fully formed, but new twigs are constantly shooting out from them, and new leaves and buds opening.

The canalisation of the Lehigh has not been by means of a regular canal, but by what the Americans call Slack River Navigation, a very favourite plan of theirs for mountain streams that are shallow

and poorly supplied with water, and where, as in the case of the Lehigh, the nature of the banks permits its application. It consists in the erection of numerous cross-dams, by which the river is divided into a series of lakes, or ponds, and deepened in various parts, so as to render it navigable; in the Lehigh there are between Mauch Chunk and Whitehaven no less than twenty such dams. Of course under these circumstances a river is liable to overflow, so that where the banks are flat, cultivated, and populous, this plan could not be adopted for fear of destructive inundations; but on the Lehigh there is not much fear of this kind, as the banks are wild and desolate, so that at worst only a part of the forest is overflowed, and for this the banks are in most places too high and steep, and the river can be dammed up without risk of damage. Where, nevertheless, it has been thought necessary, the banks have been strengthened and secured, as in regular canals. Each one of these cross-dams has, of course, sluice-gates; and a piece of canal to enable vessels to pass from one basin to another of different level. I should be glad to see this American method sometimes adopted in Germany, for example, along the Upper Danube from Ulm to Donau Eschingen. The millers might be got rid of, their mill-dams turned into Slack River Navi-

gation dams, and their mill-streams into ship canals and sluices.

"Your Whitehaven must be a very young place," I remarked to a travelling companion whom I found waiting for us in the stage coach.

"Oh dear, no, sir," was the reply, "it is a very old place; it has been in existence as long as I can remember, I believe twenty years! If you compare it with Wilkesbarre, indeed, it might be called young; but, dear me, Wilkesbarre is an antique place, to be sure. Why, I believe it existed before our Revolution—a hundred years ago."

"A hundred years ago" is in America about equivalent to what "in King Cheops' time" might be in Egypt. They speak here of the age of places as the young men in our German Universities do of each other! A student of three years' standing is called "a hoary head."

The country between Whitehaven and Pennshaven is an endless forest labyrinth, in which our little coach seemed to be seeking its way, like Theseus, by a clue of Ariadne thread, but the journey was to me wonderfully new and interesting, as we went winding our way in and out of the woods, up and down hill, and sometimes from an open spot obtaining a view over a wide ocean of vegetation. Here and there rose a wreath of smoke, or a cottage appeared

by the way-side, or a log-house under the trees—the shanties of lonely lumbermen engaged in felling timber, or cutting shingles for roofs. There were also a few squatters cultivating pieces of land, the ownership of which was doubtful; but there was still plenty of room for deer, bears, wild-cats, and other wild animals, as well as for half-wild hunters, who get their living, as the Indians formerly did, by the chase. They wander about like gipsies in the woods, and shoot a little stock of wild-cat skins and other furs, which they afterwards sell. On the numerous little ponds or lakes, on the high ridge of the Alleghanies, they pursue the game into the most hidden recesses, with canoes made, like those of the Indians, of the hollowed-out trunks of trees. It is rather remarkable that, as these wildernesses still afford room for these men and the wild animals they pursue, the Indians should have allowed themselves to be so entirely driven out of them. Even in our over-peopled Europe we have still space enough left for the wandering gipsies of a foreign race, and I am surprised that at least a part of the Indians has not adopted this gipsy life among the Anglo-Saxons, in these wilds from which even the panther has but just vanished, if indeed he has vanished. A gentleman in Wilkesbarre told me that fifteen years ago he killed on

the mountains a panther eight feet long; and the Germans at "Prospect House" said that three bears had been shot all at once close to them; and they confirmed what I had heard in Canada, that here in Pennsylvania, also, the wild beasts had this year left their thickets in greater numbers, and approached much nearer to the dwellings of men than usual.

The names that have been given to some places in this region indicate sufficiently its wild character. At one elevated spot, from which we obtained a wide prospect, a place was pointed out to me that bears the name of "Shades of Death Swamp;" I found it marked on my map, and it was described to me as an inexpressibly dreary place. Whenever we came to an opening in the forest, it was either a swamp or a great patch of stony ground, sometimes overgrown with brambles. In one place we saw a patch of this kind a mile and a half long, thickly overgrown with briars; it lay like an oasis in the middle of the forest, and was mentioned as the "Big Briar Patch." On these patches the briars are usually mixed with shrubs and thorn bushes, and in the spring, when these thorns are covered with fragrant milk-white blossoms, they must be pretty enough. At present the big briar patch appeared, from a distance, of a

reddish hue, but it may have been the reflection from the red foliage of the forest. Many rocky declivities are covered over wide tracts with a laurel, and still wider with what is called the "scrub oak," a low bush that is very difficult to root out. It is not usually found on poor land, but covers to an immense extent the fertile tracts on the eastern base of the Alleghanies, and the first settlers had a great deal of trouble to get rid of it, for, although low in growth, it has an astonishingly hard, thick, gnarled, and far-spreading root. Among the numerous wild plants and herbs of this region the old Indians found many possessed of medicinal qualities, and the Europeans, who were their successors, and in many things their ungrateful pupils, learned from them also the properties of these plants; I was therefore not surprised to see at Whitehaven, Mauch Chunk, and other villages, quack doctors' placards, decorated with the picture of a poor Indian woman half buried in plants, proclaiming that the "Indian Sanative Pills were an infallible remedy for tooth-ache, head-ache, pains in the side, liver, back, and stomach," as well as for "melancholy, nervousness, bilious complaints," and a host of other maladies, not pleasant to enumerate.

The bridges on our road were mostly laid with

thick fir trees, and the interstices filled up with lumps of stone, but we passed safely through these perils and drove by Pennshaven again down to the Lehigh Valley, where we reached a railway that was to lead us to Mauch Chunk. The railway was there, certainly, but there were neither locomotives nor trains to be seen. We waited one—two hours, and still there were no signs of them. I heard, "What's the matter with her?" "Something must have happened on the road." "Oh, they will find us something to ride upon," and so on; and at last, when the patience of the passengers would hold out no longer, a method of conveyance was improvised. A truck, such as is used for transporting trunks of trees and beams, was procured, the boxes that some of us possessed placed upon it, and upon them some loose planks; and being thus provided with convenient seats, we were hooked on to the end of a long coal train that happened to pass. Some of the passengers, for whom there was not room on the truck, were placed on the tender, and we, forming thus a tip of the tail of a long caravan, were considerably jolted and shaken, and our truck once broke loose altogether, but we got to our journey's end sound in wind and limb, and the way through the Lehigh valley was in the highest degree interesting. We passed along the

winding shore of the river, the rocks and mountains by which it is hemmed in forming the most picturesque scenery; and although the shores were uninhabited, the river itself was full of life, and covered by numerous coal barges. At many places we saw the immense dams and sluice-works by which the river has been rendered navigable, and the wild shallow mountain-stream transformed into a calm, deep, smooth piece of water. Late in the evening we arrived in Mauch Chunk, a curious little town that by blasting and clearing away the rocks has made room for its narrow streets to run up and down the valley.

CHAPTER XVII.

MAUCH CHUNK.

MAUCH CHUNK (an Indian word, signifying Bear's Mountain) has had some difficulty in accommodating itself to the contracted and inconvenient position which the Lehigh breaking at this point through the Alleghany chain has left for it; but its existence is inseparably connected with the spot where its granary and cornfield, namely, the southern coal basin, terminates in a sharp point with a very rich and productive vein. Mount Piscau, the promontory that bears this coal on its back, and rises like a tower above Mauch Chunk, is 1000 feet high, and wears its thick masses of coal like a crown.

As I had a very friendly introduction to some directors of the "Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company," I went to present myself to one, but found no

one at home but his private secretary, a young Pennsylvanian German, who recognised me as a countryman, and put very politely the question, "*Wo stoppen Sie, mein Herr?*" that is, Where do you stop, sir? and the comicality of the phrase, with the extreme politeness of the manner, almost upset my gravity, accustomed as I was to what is called German in Pennsylvania. My other visits were more immediately successful, and I was soon making my way in pleasant and instructive company to the summit of Mount Piscau, where the best thing to be had in Mauch Chunk is to be found.

The ascent is made in a peculiar manner. We first climbed on foot about half a mile to the terminus of the mountain railway, and there got into a little carriage that is worked by a chain attached to a steam engine. The line passed straight up the steep mountain side, looking like a kind of Jacob's Ladder, especially as just then the summit of Mount Piscau was covered with clouds; the ascent is made in two stages, the first engine being placed about the middle of the mountain, and the second at the top, and the chain to which the little bundle of passengers was to be attached seeming of prodigious length. I felt as I contemplated it rather as people do who are going to have a tooth out, and I could not help asking if the

chain was very strong. "Oh yes, sir, very strong," was the smiling reply.

"It never breaks, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir, it does break sometimes."

"Bless me! does it indeed? and how often, may I ask?"

"Oh, mostly about once or twice in a season perhaps, but just consider, sir, what this chain has to do! We do not care much about a handful of passengers such as you see here now; the coal waggons are the chief thing, and of these the chain has to draw up trains of 20 or 30 waggons, may be 70 times a day: one cannot wonder if it breaks now and then."

It must be added, however, that there is an arrangement by which in such a case a passenger carriage may be made to grapple the rails so as greatly to diminish the danger. The ascent of Mount Piscau is as like going up in a balloon as any journey on terra firma can be, and, as the little coach rose smoothly and swiftly up the incline, our view over mountain and valley widened every moment. Half way up there is a cottage built where you may warm yourself at a glowing fire of anthracite coal, and look over a long hill called "the Blue Ridge," and also through the hole or gate in the dam, twelve miles off, where the river Le-

high breaks through, and which is thence called the Lehigh Gate. Behind this gate you see another dam gleaming blue in the distance, and there are the so-called "Blue Mountains." I was glad we had enjoyed this view at the half-way section, for we found the summit enveloped in clouds, which had powdered it with fresh snow. From here we had to proceed some miles along the back of the mountain, until we stopped at last in the midst of the coal mines, and amongst the abodes of the officers and labourers, which compose a pretty little village called "Summit Hill," where I lingered the whole day, and saw many wonders of the mines.

I was first led to what is called the Old Mine, a grander and more romantic scene than I have ever beheld in a coal field. The coal that here breaks out into the light of day is at the upper end of the bed not less than sixty feet thick. It is found on the surface or even striking out of the ground, as the silver cliffs did from among the stones and bushes at Potosi in Peru. In the course of years it has been a great deal worked from above, very much in the way in which English people dig into their large cheeses at table. There was nothing to do but to scoop out, and cast away, the beautiful black glittering gift of God; and in this way deep

ravines and wide valleys have been dug out in the coal-stratum. In one place was an isolated block of stone as high as a house, which divides the coal-seam into two parts, and which had been entirely bared of coal by the pick-axe of the miner, but it is at the extreme end of the basin that the coal is thrown into most disorder. It looks as if in the course of its formation it had struck against a rock and been bent round, broken, and piled up, as masses of ice might be in a narrow gorge between rocks. The rest stood like a wall, but in this wall you could trace the curvatures, twistings, and transpositions of the coal-beds. In some parts they looked like clusters of Corinthian columns, or burnt rolls of parchment of gigantic dimensions; a seam of not more than six or seven inches thick is seen rolled round others, and these again surround concentrically one large block, the whole roll being twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. I thought at first they must be the trunks of antediluvian trees, but, of course, was quickly convinced of my mistake; and I begged my conductors to get as soon as possible a daguerreotype of this remarkable scene, since in the progress of the work its features must be speedily effaced and so lost to posterity. In Europe no geologist would believe in its existence without such evidence.

The appearances I have described are found, however, only in the extreme eastern and highest summit of the coal-field; further on the strata lie more regular and even, and in some places completely horizontal and close beneath the turf, and where this is the case there is nothing to be done to get the coal but to clear away a few feet of vegetable soil. This "stripping" the coal takes place at several points of the great Pennsylvanian coal-field, and in this no mining skill is needed, nothing but an ordinary labourer with pick-axe and shovel. I saw a place that had been thus stripped; the naked treasure of coal lay there thirty feet thick, and we walked over it as over ice. After this "stripping," the coal is cut up like a loaf into slices and shovelled away.

The treasure is, of course, not everywhere quite so easily obtained as this; further on the beds are inclined at an angle of from eighteen or twenty degrees to the surface, and this slight decline, as well as the extraordinary thickness of the beds, has rendered a peculiar method of working possible. The thickness of the seam is over wide tracts, not less than from twenty to thirty feet; the sixty feet of coal that appears at the extremity of the basin,—what may be called the prow of the ship,—is exceptional and does not occur

again. My conductors were good enough to explain this system to me by means of interesting diagrams and sketches representing the entire coal-field. I will endeavour to give some idea of it here.

First of all a straight canal, or sloping descent, is cut in the coal-bed, these ways being termed "slopes," and serving at the same time to open a way into the mountain, and afford a means of ultimately bringing the coal to the surface. These ways having been cut out for a length of about a thousand feet, terminate, and on both sides hollow passages, or corridors, are bored out, which proceed horizontally right through the seam, and serve in a way that will presently be seen, for the transport of the loosened masses of coal to the slopes, along which, as I said, they may be conveyed to the surface: these horizontal galleries are called "gangways."

In these gangways the actual process of obtaining the coal is begun and carried on,—this being the most surprising part of the process, not downwards but upwards; along the whole length of a gangway the coal is bored out from parallel, and closely approximating, "leads," to use a piece of mining slang, wide enough to admit the passage of a tolerably large block of coal. From these narrow

canal "shoots," as they are technically called, the coal falls down into the gauges beneath, and is then removed in the way already explained.

The coal, however, obtained from the construction of these slopes, gangways, and shoots must be regarded as unimportant. The arrangement of passages described merely provides for the internal traffic of the mine and the transport of coal, the actual mining being begun above the shoots. When these have been carried up for about forty feet the excavations are suddenly widened out on both sides. Above and below cutting and blasting goes on, the extent of this being regulated only by the thickness of the seam, while, at the same time, the coal is hollowed out on each side for about fifteen feet, leaving a passage thirty feet wide, the direction of which is still slightly inclined upwards. There are thus formed from the various shoots an immense number of these passages close to one another, and all tending upwards towards the surface; these cuttings are termed "breasts," and the whole collection of them, together with the shoots, the "breastwork." Between the breasts there remain long walls, ten feet thick, which support the weight of the mountain, and the removal of which would be unsafe.

Along the bottom of the breasts, inclined at

an angle of from twenty to five and twenty degrees, the excavated coal rolls on towards the narrow outlet of the shoot. These shoots are separated from the broad breastwork canals by a slide or door, which may be opened more or less at pleasure, thus allowing a larger or smaller quantity of coal to slip down into the gauges, exactly as the fall of water is regulated by sluices. Without this arrangement the coal would be liable to fall down in inconvenient quantities and block up the gangways, while with it it is possible for the stream of coal to be graduated as nicely as the flow of wine from a cask. The waggons are moved backwards and forwards along the gangways, and tap the different breasts according to convenience.

The excavation of the breast is continued nearly up to the surface, though not entirely, a roof being allowed to remain for the protection of the working from rain, and the other influences of the weather. In this way is the upper portion of the coal-bed worked; that lying beneath is proceeded with on the same system, the gangway being in this case regarded as the basis of operations, as in the former process was the surface of the ground. From the gangways new slopes are dug out, and from their lower extremities new gangways, shoots, and breasts as before. In this way a number of stages or storeys

are constructed, the entire system being inclined like the storeys of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The accompanying little sketch will serve for the better elucidation of the preceding description:

A B C D—A portion of the oblique coal-seam.

A B—The line along which the coal-seam shows on the surface.

a a a—The ways cut down into the seam; the so-called "slopes," along which the full and empty coal-waggons are drawn and lowered by chains worked by steam-power.

b b—The mouths of the slopes.

E—The mountain above the coal-seam.

F—The mountain below the coal-seam.

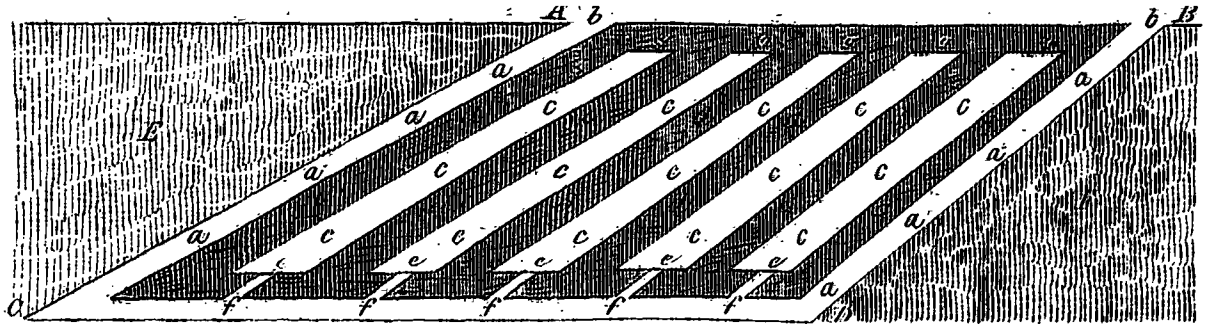
C D—The subterranean communications, the so-called "gangways," along which the coal-waggons filled at f f f are drawn on rails by mules.

c c c—The workings cut out in the coal-seam, the "breasts," technically, where the actual mining is carried on.

d d d—The walls of coal or pillars allowed to remain standing between the breasts to support the weight of the superincumbent mountain roof.

g g g—The roofs of coal protecting the workings from the influence of the weather.

e-f, e-f—The "shoots" or narrow passages down


A
b
b
B
E
a
c
e
f
d

which the coal from the breasts is poured into the gangways.

e e e—The orifices to which all the excavated coal falls. At these points are the doors by which the flow of the coal is regulated.

It will readily be seen that this very original system of mining, this slipping system, if I may be allowed to give it the name, is only applicable to thick veins of coal lying at an angle of from fifteen to twenty-five degrees as they are generally found here. Should the coal-beds be more or less inclined, the system cannot be made available, since, if the angle were greater, the blocks of coal would fall down too rapidly, and would not only be very much broken up but would be very dangerous; while if the angle were less they would not roll at all. In the event of the beds being more or less horizontal, and being at the same time only protected by a thin covering of earth, they are laid bare, as I have before stated, and dug out with the spade. In the event of their being still horizontal, but protected from the surface by a thick and firm layer of soil, another system again is put in force. In this case a direct descent is made from the surface, a protecting roof is left supported by thick pillars, and round them the coal is excavated as in

a mine I saw at Wilkesbarre and have already described. The "slipping system" is in such a case, where the coal-bed is horizontal, firstly, impossible, the fall being insufficient, and, secondly, unnecessary, since the incursion of surface water is no longer to be feared and the coal can be excavated at once from the upper side.

It will also be perceived that the slipping system must itself be modified and altered under certain circumstances. Where the angle of inclination is great, for instance, and the falling coal would come down too rapidly, the breastworks are shortened and the gangways more numerous. The shoots also, according to circumstances, are sometimes narrower, sometimes wider.

This was about all that I learnt from the drawings kindly laid before me. The whole seemed at the first glance like a vast honey-comb, with its numerous stages, gangways, air passages, and parallel honey spaces. The miners seemed to *excavate* their coal-beds on the same principle that the bees *filled* their beds of honey. It looked very clean, pretty, and pleasant upon paper, but now I had to be clad in thick, rough garments to behold the black, dirty, rude reality, in a way not entirely devoid of peril. We were packed into a clumsy sooty kind of box, and then slid in company with

a train-oil lamp, down one of the slope railways into the interior of the mine. In five minutes we had reached one of the horizontal gangways, and perceived a great clamour going on in the darkness around us. Mules, which we did not see till they touched our shoulders with their noses, were dragging loaded waggons towards the slopes, on which the chains, set in motion by steam, soon raised them into the light of day, and from near and far came the sound of explosions in the breastworks where the coal was blasted. Up a ladder, through a sort of sloping chimney, we climbed into these breastworks near the shoots, and I was surprised to find them so spacious. Long, broad, vaulted passages ascended near to the closed surface of the earth, and the lights of the miners glittered at a distance in them like stars. Below we were obliged to tread very cautiously over the broken masses of coal in order not to occasion unintentional slips; but higher up the ascent became easier, as it was merely over a sloping surface. At one place, about 270 feet below the surface of the ground, a spring was shown to us, trickling sweet and clear as crystal out of the wall of black coal. We got up nearly as far as the roots of the trees and grass, but could not of course get out, and while we were standing talking, a large lump of coal loosened it-

self of its own accord from the roof of the vault, and came down among us, warning us that it was time to retreat. These spontaneous loosenings of blocks of coal are not uncommon, and are not without danger; indeed, people are sometimes killed by them; but the superintendent of this division of the mines told us that among thousands of workmen under his charge, he had not in ten years lost half-a-dozen by such accidents. To those not accustomed to these operations, they all appear rather dangerous, but the miners generally become fond of their perilous and dirty trade, some even passionately so, and it is said that here, as in our mines, those who have spent a certain time in them seldom wish to leave them, or to follow any other occupation. They consider their work very healthy, never have any fevers like the men who cultivate the surface of the earth on the Mississippi, and even their mules seem to thrive and grow fat. Here, as at Scranton, miners from Wales are much in favour, and the Irish are very numerous, but I found among a thousand workmen only six Germans.

It will be seen from what I have said, that great masses of coal are left sticking in the ground in the form of pillars, and after the first harvest has been gathered there sometimes arises a wish, as the people here say, to "rob the pillars." For this

dangerous undertaking quickness, courage, and skill are necessary, but the task is not, at least up to a certain point, impracticable. The men begin from below, and proceed, taking away one support after another, to the top; it must be done in the dry season when the ground is not softened by moisture, and caution is required to manage so that the roof, deprived of its support, may hold together a certain time, and sometimes trunks of trees are introduced in place of the coal taken away; but when a place has been completely plundered it is left to itself, and the heavy helpless roof sinks, in damp years gradually, but sometimes very suddenly, into a mass of ruins, amongst which very valuable masses of coal often lie buried.

I was taken to one of these fallen-in districts, a rugged field of perhaps eight hundred feet square, here and there rent and cleft as by lightning, so that we had to leap across the chasms. In some places the ground had gradually sunk in a wide basin, and in others shot down all at once into a deep funnel, and we saw a number of large deep holes like wells, and between these holes ran steep, high, narrow dykes. The openings of the slopes and breastworks yawned, half choked with rubbish, and great stones or beams had shot forth out of

them as out of a cannon's mouth. One stone of 150 pounds weight had been flung quite close to a neighbouring house. These effects were explained to me as arising from the sudden compression of the air. The ground falls in at these places very irregularly, so that sometimes subterranean chambers are left, of which the roof remains long entire; but when at last the pressure becomes too great, down they go, and the air bursts out wherever it can find an exit, driving stones and beams before it, and here and there we saw fine, large black blocks of coal of twenty cubic feet, amongst the rubbish. These were the remains of pillars which the miners had not been able to "rob."

"When the ground settled," I was told, "those pillars crush under it; by and by perhaps we shall get them out."

It often takes several weeks, it appears, before the ground is entirely settled, and then during the whole time there are constant breaking, bursting, crashing, and exploding noises going on day and night, like the sound of a battle; even in the piece we were walking over we could perceive a slight movement and distinguish grating sounds below.

The blocks of coal that are obtained by blasting, being of a different calibre, are, when they get to the surface, placed upon some machinery worked by

steam, and broken up into lumps of various dimensions, which are sorted by passing them through sieves of larger or smaller interstices, so as to produce ten or twelve different sizes, employed for various purposes, and before the opening of the boxes into which they fall, sits a row of little boys, like so many Cinderellas, picking out the stones that have got mixed with them. I ought indeed to have said, when I spoke of seams of coal sixty or seventy feet thick, that these beds are seldom quite pure, commonly containing here and there thin layers of slate; but they are seldom more than an inch or two thick, and in blasting no attention can be paid to them. Coal and stones are blown up together, and of course find their way together into the sieves, and it is then the business of the little male Cinderellas aforesaid to pick them out, before they find their way into grates and cause mischief. Sharp eyes are required to discern the difference, as they are scarcely a shade lighter in colour than the coals themselves; they are as hard to distinguish as Quadroons and Quintroons; nimble fingers also are required to snatch them out in time with the movements of the steam engine. To my surprise I saw in the rear of these young republicans an Inspector walking up and down with a long stick, but the boys were nevertheless all healthy and lively, much more so

than those employed in our mines; but for them it is the commencement of a long slavery, from which they are never to be freed. They look to have only the same painful career that their fathers had before them; the utmost they can expect is to rise a few steps, but never to find their way out of the mine labyrinth; but these little American stone-pickers have hopes, and a prospect before them, and have probably quite other things in their heads than a miner's career; the work here is mainly a "job" that they take for a year or a month, as the case may be, and if they get tired of it, or if the Inspector hits too hard with his stick, they will give him warning, and try something else.

I was once speaking with an Inspector in Pennsylvania of one of these children, who had told me the mining work did not agree with him, and hurt his chest, and the answer was:

"Is the boy crazy? It is his own fault if he goes on with it. Why does not he get another business?"

The whole mountain of Summit Hill is covered and spun round, from top to bottom, inside and outside, with such a net-work of railways as I have never seen anywhere else. On either side of it lie deep valleys, Mauch Chunk Creek Valley, and Panther Creek Valley. On the other side

of these valleys lie the Locust Mountains and the Mahoning Mountains, in all of which are found beds of coal, sometimes quite on the surface, so that they can be easily worked; and at various points of all these are erected establishments, connected with the mines, which are placed by means of railroads in connection with the central settlement on Summit Hill. These neighbouring valleys also belong to the Lehigh Company, and they bring the products of all the mines up to their central mountain, and then let them slide down to Mauch Chunk and the river Lehigh. The water required for consumption on the mountain has also to be brought up from the valleys in the same way.

The railways that perform these manifold services are either steep straight lines, on which the carriages are drawn up by chains and stationary engines, or where the points to be reached do not lie so low, the carriages are allowed to roll down by their own weight; and as I visited several of the mines I became acquainted with all their peculiarities. Sometimes we selected a single carriage from a train, placed ourselves in it, and it rolled away apparently on a quite horizontal path winding about for miles among the bushes and driven by some invisible power towards the goal, a small break attached to it allowing the passenger, however, to

stop at whatever place he pleases. When we had seen what we came to see and were ready to depart again, the driver would consider a little which of the "gradients" would lead to the nearest "plane," and when he had made up his mind, off he went backwards down to the plane, where, he said, something would be sure to come by that would take us on. We found just stopping at the station a long train of water tanks on wheels, and as behind the last tank there was a ledge or shelf about three inches broad on which we could manage to stand, this was deemed sufficient accommodation, and away we went again with our water balloons hopping and bouncing about up to the sky, or, at least, to the top of "Summit Hill," where I certainly felt devoutly thankful for having arrived without a broken neck, but my friend, being accustomed to these break-neck expeditions, did not at all understand my thankfulness.

By way of recreation after the fatigues of the day, I went in the evening to pass an hour in the small arsenal of Summit Hill, where I knew I should find some of the mining officials with whom I had become acquainted, and also the captains of the military companies stationed here.

I did find them, and they were engaged—in cleaning lamps!

"Are you cleaning lamps?" I asked in surprise. "Yes," said one of them, leaning back a moment to welcome me, and then going on with his task. "A harpist and flute-player are to come here this evening and give us a concert, so we are employing a leisure hour in setting things to rights a little. We cannot get much attendance here, and we must do many things ourselves." "Truly American," I thought, but at the same time begged the gallant lamp-cleaning captain to tell me something about his company, and let me see the little arsenal. I am fond of observing what concerns the affairs of a great people, as they exhibit themselves in small places, and seeing the same spirit that animates the centre of its social life at work also in these little out-of-the-way corners.

My friend then informed me that this military corps at Summit Hill was a company of volunteers, such as exist all over America, and that the greater part of the people connected with the mines were members of it. The taste for military exercises, expeditions, and associations was as strong here at Mount Piscau as in New York or Boston. One infected the other, and when once the current of opinion had set so strongly in favour of a thing there was no opposing it, every one was carried away by it. "In Europe," he said, "troops

receive honours and applause from kings, and are flattered by being brought to parade before them; but here in America the people is the sovereign before whom we have to pass in review, and who bestows his applause in the streets and in newspapers. By this, and by our recollection of the heroic actions of volunteers in our glorious Revolution, the right spirit is kept up among us. The celebration of the 4th of July, and the various anniversary festivals, give our people opportunities enough for the display of their abilities and the flattering of their vanity. It is not so very long either since we were attacked by Europe, and we consider that such an attack might be repeated, so we mean to be prepared. I assure you, if it come to the defence of the country, Summit Hill would not be behind other places of its size; we could march down to the coast with a thousand men, and we should not spare ourselves. Trust me, the military resources, and means of defence in the United States are incalculable."

I here put a question on a point I had not hitherto understood, namely, how in this volunteer system, in which every company can choose its own weapons, the harmony so necessary to an army is brought about.

It appears that this leads to no practical difficulty

—for the capabilities and inclinations of every individual lead him to one or the other kind of weapon, and the circumstances which make sometimes one and sometimes the other service eligible are so various and so distributed, that the necessary proportion of recruits is always forthcoming, even if the matter is entirely left to itself. The passion for the chase, and the custom of handling fire-arms from childhood, are almost universal amongst Americans, so that there is no lack of men willing to join one or other branch of the infantry service as riflemen—and this, which is in all armies the one that requires most strength, is precisely that which obtains the greatest numbers. In many rural districts where horse-breeding is carried on extensively, and where the young people are always on horseback, the cavalry service is most in favour, and horse regiments are most easily formed. Among the immigrants of various nations, too, there are many, as, for instance, the Germans, who have most skill in and taste for cavalry service, and are so proud of displaying themselves on fine horses before the above-mentioned sovereign people, that they do not mind the greater cost; but this difference in expense does, of course, have the effect of preventing the army being over-supplied with cavalry.

"But the artillery?" I inquired,—"that costly, troublesome service, requiring so much special knowledge."

"Well, the artillery and their guns get the highest prizes and the most praise on the 4th of July. On that day, and at all our festivals, they and their blank cartridges play the first part, and are most looked at, and that tempts opulent young men to this branch of service. The government also does lend a helping hand with various privileges,—for example, volunteer artillerymen are exempt from certain taxes."

In this arsenal, the small collection of weapons, namely, rifles, furnished by the Federal Government was shown to me, and also the Regimental Library, which was contained in a grenadier's bear-skin cap, and consisted of one volume—a very clever one, I was told—in which a vast amount of technical military knowledge was contained in a nutshell, and which every captain studied day and night, exercising his men in accordance with its precepts. Unfortunately, I have forgotten both the title and the author of this comprehensive little book.

The history of the three Pennsylvanian coal fields, whose stock Professor Silliman declares to be inexhaustible, began in the year 1792, at the top of

this Mount Piscau, near Mauch Chunk, where a German colonist of the name of Günther discovered sticking out of the surface of the ground those rocks of coal, into which the miners have now dug to a depth of 60 feet.

This German mentioned his discovery to a countryman—a certain "General" Weiss, to whom the land in the neighbourhood belonged, and who published the discovery, and sold for a mere trifle the whole top of the mountain to the then small Lehigh Coal Company, which was formed in 1793 for the express purpose of working these mines. Weiss knew very little what he was thus giving away, and his descendants had little benefit from the discovery, but those of the really first discoverer still less. I inquired after them, and learned that while his discovery had made the fortunes of hundreds, they were living in Mauch Chunk in poverty, and one of them earning his bread as a coachman.

The Lehigh Company had, however, during the first 30 years of its existence to contend with innumerable obstacles. The Mauch Chunk mountain and the whole region around was a desolate wilderness without road or path, and the Lehigh a wild rocky mountain-stream. All Pennsylvania, too, had, up to this time, burnt nothing but wood,

and had great doubt whether coal would be of any use. The whole coal mountain was a treasure for which no market could be found.

After many unsuccessful attempts, and a great and fruitless expenditure of money, the Company got a portion of the Lehigh rendered in some measure navigable, but in 1821, thirty years after the discovery, scarcely a thousand tons had been actually sold. By slow degrees, however, the wilds of the coal basin became traversed by roads, canals, and at last by railroads; and just as slowly were the prejudices of the good people of Philadelphia against the use of coal as fuel at last overcome. Ten years afterwards, namely, in 1830, more than 100,000 tons of coal had been got out of the mountain. In the next ten years the canalization and improvements on the rivers Lehigh, Delaware, Schuylkill, and Susquehanna, were carried out, Mount Piscau and the other coal hills and valleys were covered by the net-work of railways that I have described, and in 1840 nearly a million of tons of coal was brought by these means to the eastern market. Other companies besides the oldest Lehigh one were now formed, which explored the coal fields in all directions, determined more exactly their extent, and transported their productions to various places; even Europe took

some part in the work, for a French Company was formed in Mauch Chunk, which purchased a large tract of the coal field and set about working it.

A crowd of new towns and villages now grew up all round. Besides Mauch Chunk, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, and Pittston, we find Tamaqua, Minersville, and Pottsville, which last is the largest of all the Pennsylvanian coal towns. In 1854 the coal obtained amounted to four millions of tons, and this is by no means the largest amount that the region would yield. New beds are being daily discovered, new railways constructed, and new markets opened, and the coal owners, having completed the conquest of Philadelphia, are now speculating on that of New York, and on driving foreign coal from its stores and factories.

I have before me a memoir on the history and development of the Lehigh Coal Company, according to which it possesses 6000 acres of the coal field, and this tract contains nine beds of from five to 60 feet thick,—the whole comprising 111 feet thickness of coal, and each acre of soil covering no less than 30,000 tons, so that the whole of their property would yield 180 millions of tons. From the statements in this memoir it appears that the coal fields, which export their produce by the Lehigh Canal only, contain together 152,000

acres, and this is about the half of the extent of all three coal basins, so that some idea may be formed of the contents of this whole region, and of the period for which it would yield a sufficient supply of fuel; and yet Mauch Chunk, with its great coal mountain and its magazines of 180 millions of tons, is but a point in the three often-mentioned basins. Again, these three basins together form but a few points in the great geological map of the United States' territory, merely a few black streaks in comparison with the colossal, stupendous coal basins of the west of the Ohio Valley, of the shores of Lake Michigan, and the basin of the Mississippi; but theirs is almost all bituminous coal, and its transport to the great towns of the East has been, till lately, much more expensive than that of the coal of Great Britain across the ocean.

The railway by which we had made the aërial ascent in the morning is called the "Back-track," because the empty coal waggons are brought up by it from the river. Another bears the name of the "Heavy Down-track," because the trains of loaded waggons glide down by it to Mauch Chunk. This is the second oldest railway in the United States, about ten miles of the line having been laid down in 1827; the oldest of all is the so-called

Quincy Line, three miles of which were completed in 1826.

We were now upon one of the "gradients" on which the carriages roll down merely by their own weight, and the trip was a very interesting one. We had only one small carriage, in which there were, beside myself, two passengers—two German-Pennsylvanian women. In front, on the box, sat our steersman or conductor, holding the break-machinery, and ready to check our course or leave it free, according to circumstances. We shot, with the swiftness of an arrow, though without steam or horses or mules, by the many-winding path along the brink of the mountain, through woods and thickets, and getting often the most magnificent views over the valleys and the opposite mountains; but I could not help a kind of a shudder when I thought how easily a trunk of a tree, or a fragment of rock, might have fallen across the line. The force of gravitation, to which we were now wholly committed, seems a much blinder and more unmanageable force than that of the steam locomotive, which, in comparison with one of these gradient-machines, may almost be considered as an intelligent being.

Of my two fair companions, the elder lady was smoking most energetically, and when she had any

little matter to arrange she handed the pipe to her daughter, who then puffed away to keep the pipe warm for her mother.

I addressed her as a German country-woman, but she said they were "Americans;" and this phrase, "I am an American," is the usual answer of a Pennsylvanian-German when you inquire his country. They might, it appears to me, at least pay the Fatherland the compliment of saying "a German-American," but, on the contrary, it seemed sometimes that when they were talking of the Yankees, the New Englanders, the Irish, &c., that they meant to give themselves out for Americans, *par excellence*. Even their German language they denominate "Pennsylvanian." "We speak Pennsylvanian," at the utmost "*Pennsylfoany-Deutsch.*"

During this trip, our conductor told us that on one of his journeys, a short time before, he had had an adventure with two bears. They had come suddenly out of the bush before him, and gone waddling along the line in front; the carriage was shooting along at such a pace the while that he could not immediately stop it, so that he dreaded a collision with their thick carcases, which might easily have thrown it off the line. Fortunately, however, they took the alarm in time, and went tumbling down the side of the mountain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GERMAN COUNTIES.

On the following morning, as I was standing at the door of my hotel waiting the arrival of the stage-coach, I nearly got into a scrape, merely through a lump of anthracite coal; as it was, however, the accident only gave me occasion to admire American or Anglo-Saxon *sang froid.* A large lump of coal lay on one of the steps; to get it out of the way I picked it up and threw it quickly out into the still dark and deserted street, not expecting at that hour to encounter any passengers. As ill luck would have it, however, at that very moment an early artisan was hastening by, and the heavy lump of coal whizzed close past his cheek. As he stopped, looked round, and put his hand up to his face, I went out and inquired anxiously whether he was hurt. "No," was the reply, "what was it

you threw?" I explained the occurrence, regretting my thoughtlessness, pointing out the lump of coal where it lay in the road, and excusing myself on the plea of my good intention in clearing the steps, lest some one should have tripped over it. He heard me patiently, without any reproach, and then observing quietly and with a half smile, "Well, your intention was good, but it was a bad way of doing business," he went his way. I felt very foolish, but admired the gentle and humorous reproof of the startled man.

As the morning dawned we drove down the course of the river Lehigh, towards the eastern part of Pennsylvania, which is almost entirely composed of German counties. Which of the counties were chiefly inhabited by Germans, I had been able to guess the evening before, from a general knowledge of the disposition of my worthy countrymen. I arrived at my conclusion from a report in a newspaper of the votes gathered for and against the famous Maine Liquor Law, in the various counties of Pennsylvania. The ayes and the noes were nearly balanced, and public opinion had declared against the law by but a small majority; but I found some counties where nearly the whole population had voted against the law, and others in which the preponderance had been decidedly in favour of it,

and I surmised at once that a difference of race in the population afforded the explanation, and that the descendants of the comfortable beer drinkers of the Rhine provinces had a voice in the matter. I noted down all the Anti-Maine Liquor Law counties, Berks, Bucks, Lancaster, Northampton, Schuylkill, &c., and found in them a decided expression of German sentiments on the subject, and that there was not a single German county in which the proportion of the friends of liquor over the liquor-law men was not as 1000 to one.

"Even among the German clergymen," it was remarked to me, "there is scarcely a single follower of the Temperance movement." In American ears this sounds badly, and perhaps even in England there are many who will think it far from praiseworthy. But it must be remembered in favour of the Germans that they rarely allow conviviality to degenerate into a serious vice, as it does among the Irish and others, and that they do not wish to see themselves deprived of the moderate enjoyment of the few hundred casks of good old golden Rhine wine which they yearly import from Germany. I give my vote decidedly against the Maine Liquor Law, but am glad that I am not obliged here to set forth the grounds of my decision at length.

Carbon County, into which I was now journeying,

is about half German. "Yes, this is quite a Dutch place," said a Yankee fellow-traveller, and added that he had settled in this part of Pennsylvania. I asked him if he liked the place.

"No," said he, "it's too Dutch for me. There's as much difference between this place and New England as between Great Britain and Dutchland. The ways of the people are so different. They haven't the Yankee invention, there's no refinement in them. They don't like the Yankees neither, and yet they can do nothing without them. We New Englanders come and teach them all their improvements in arts and sciences. All the German counties are Rip van Winkel counties. (Rip van Winkel slept twenty years between each waking.) Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, ah! those are wide-awake places. I shall soon leave this country."

"Where are you going?"

"To Kansas, next spring."

"Why are you going so far?"

"Because it's a new country,—I like new countries."

"Therein you resemble all your countrymen," thought I, "soon weary of the old, and ever, like children, stretching after new objects of interest."

"Yes," said the Yankee, interrupting the current of my thoughts, "I can see in your face what you

are thinking; we Yankees love novelty, we live for genius and invention. We don't like earning our bread with toil and labour like you Germans. We're not of such a pains-taking nature."

Herewith my Yankee yawned, stretched his legs, and composed himself to sleep, and a German who sat next me, and had listened to all this, now took courage to whisper in my ear, "Ah! the Yankees live by inventive genius! that sounds very fine, but their inventions too often are but deceitful Dead Sea apples. We Pennsylvanians nickname New England, the wooden-nut making country. They imitate things cleverly, and set forth their schemes and speculations in a tempting light. When they've got a new tract of country to sell or to entice settlers to, they make it out to be an El Dorado, and when you come to see the thing in its true light, there's about as much good in it as there is kernel to their wooden nuts."

We had two excellent Canadian horses to draw us, which our coachman praised as highly superior to those of Pennsylvanian race. "Once I had a team of four Canadians to my coach," said he, "they were wonderful cattle for work. I could have driven that team round the world, even over the worst wooden roads in Pennsylvania."

I was pleased to find this excellent northern race

appreciated even so far south, and their fame will probably soon be spread still further, as I see from the Customs' statistics that the importation of Canadian horses into the United States is greatly on the increase.

We soon passed through the remainder of the woody, mountainous, and thinly-peopled interior of Pennsylvania, and through the opening which the river Lehigh has made through the long mountain range of the Blue Ridge, called by the Americans "The Lehigh Gap," and caught sight of the beautiful German counties. If not the discoverers and first settlers in this region, the Germans have always been the chief colonists, and have hence in many cases bestowed German names upon the rivers, mountains, &c. This stream, which the Americans call Lehigh, the Germans designate as the Lecha. It is said that the name was originally Indian, and that the German appellation approaches it more nearly than the American. It is very possible that the Germans, who here and farther in the interior of Pennsylvania, even to the banks of the Ohio, have held the earliest and the most frequent communication with the Indians, may have received this name from them, and introduced it in their geography to the European world.

Kaft is also a Pennsylvanian-German word sig-

nifying cut, or cleft. They say the axe makes a "kaft" in the tree. And as the mountain-range, or rather the remarkable uniform mountain-dyke called the Blue Ridge, lies like a huge pine-tree through which the rivers have bored so many holes or clefts, the Germans call these gaps or gates *kafts*, and have the "*Lechawasserkaft*," or Lehigh Gap, the *Delawarewasserkaft*, &c. All these gaps resemble our Porta Westphalia. The Blue Mountains they call by the same name; they are the last of the mighty ridges of the Alleghanies which extend into Pennsylvania to the eastward. They divide the fertile and populous east of Pennsylvania from the wooded interior, and on passing through the "Lechawasserkaft" the traveller enters a totally different region. The land is not perfectly flat as in Holland, but rises wave after wave, till about thirty miles further on one comes upon another mountain ridge, strikingly resembling all the other spurs of the Alleghanies, saving in its diminished height and its position in the midst of the fertile Pennsylvanian corn lands. This mountain outpost is a continuation, or rather the Northern extremity, of the Blue Ridge, and is designated as such by the geographers of the country, although in Virginia it is much loftier. It is an inconvenience here to find two mountain-ranges in such close

proximity bearing names so similar as the "Blue Ridge" and the "Blue Mountains;" they are often confounded with one another, and one finds it as hard to distinguish between Blue Ridge and Blue Mountain as a raw recruit does to tell right from left. The inhabitants help themselves out of the difficulty by giving separate names to various portions of the Blue Ridge, according to the several neighbouring towns or rivers, such as the Lechaberg, the Readingberg, &c. The Pennsylvanian geographers, who, like all the modern American ones, are endeavouring to restore the harmonious and significant Indian names, are beginning to call the Blue Mountains by their old Indian name of "Kitatinnins," which may perhaps mean the same thing, and thus create a distinction between them and the Blue Ridge. I found this name inscribed in almost all Pennsylvanian maps, and many gentlemen used it in conversation. It is a pretty and not a difficult word, and avoids the confusion between Blue Mountain and Blue Ridge.

The opening made by the Lehigh in the Kitatinnins is several miles long, the width of the base of the mountain-ridge, and affords a pleasing variety of scenery; wooded eminences, jutting crags, retreating nooks, intermingled with smiling plots of cultivated land. With the exception of these gaps, however, the

mountain-ridge itself is monotonous and very dreary, and though only 2000 feet high, it is throughout entirely uninhabited. The summit and sides are covered with countless masses of stone, and the vegetation is too scanty to afford pasture even for sheep or goats. Hence there are no shepherd's huts, such as occasionally greet the lonely wanderer even on the heights of the Alps, or the Giant Mountains. Seen from a distance, they appear quite bare, but are said to be overgrown throughout with stunted brushwood and dwarf oak. Lower down, near to the plain, there is beautiful and serviceable timber, but cultivation only begins where the actual plain joins the base of the mountain. These far-stretching mountain wastes are, as I was told, in the possession of a few large proprietors, who, from time to time, have sold 30,000 acres or more at a low price. A small revenue is derived from the forests, but for the most part it is unproductive capital; perhaps however only unproductive for the present. Who knows what valuable substances may lie buried in these ridges? Possibly too, when agriculture has fertilized all the plain, it may find means to grow some crop, perhaps the vine, upon these heights.

Towards the interior of this *Porta Pennsylvania*, all the country is the property of Messrs Peter Böhm, Wenzel, Kuntz, and Jacob Uhler, and the

plain around is also peopled with their German relations and namesakes. A village in the Gap is called Baumannsville, in memory of the German peasant Baumann, who was the first man who "cleared" in this region, and of whom the settlers far and near have still much to relate. Baumann, whose grandchildren are still living here, was certainly not the first European who penetrated the Lehigh Gap, but he is said to have been the first who cultivated the soil, and is therefore regarded by the people almost as the discoverer of the country. He found the Gap quite wild and overgrown with timber, but he worked away industriously with axe and saw, spade and plough, encountering rattlesnakes and Indians in abundance. The former he exterminated, and the latter he managed very skilfully. His grand-children, who are very well-to-do people, relate many anecdotes of the adventurous life of their ancestor.

Once he was obliged to take refuge with his whole family from the pursuit of some hostile Indians, in the midst of a swamp, and another time his life was saved by some friendly Indians. This was in his early youth, when brought by his father into the interior of Pennsylvania. The boy ran shrieking home from the fields, and answered the questions of his parents, by pointing to his swollen legs; neither he nor his parents

knew what was the matter, nor what to do, but two Indians, who were on a visit in his father's hut, looked very grave when they saw the child's leg, and, rising from their seats, went out quickly without a word. In a few minutes they returned, with their hands full of a certain herb, with which they began to rub the injured limb. Then they boiled some of the plant, and caused the boy, by whose bedside they watched a whole day and night, to drink the decoction. In four-and-twenty hours they declared him cured, and gave his parents to understand that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and that the herb they had made use of was the celebrated "snake-plant," an infallible cure for the snake's bite, as they themselves had seen. The Pennsylvanian-Germans still point out the snake-plant of the Indians, and make use of it, for on the heights of the Blue Mountains there are still plenty of rattlesnakes.

"I am much surprised," said I to my fellow-passengers, "to see so few birds and beasts hereabouts. I have been travelling for some days through Pennsylvania, and through miles and miles of thick forest, and I have scarcely seen a bird, even a crow or a sparrow, and as for singing birds there are none. If I were not acquainted with Audubon, I should imagine there were no birds in

your country." I made this remark in English, taking my companions to be English Americans. "In Germany," I continued, "we have much more life in our woods even at this time of year, and in the neighbourhood of our most populous cities."

"Ah! you are German? I thought you were English," said one, and immediately he plunged down from his really good and intelligible English, into the most inhuman and barbarous German that can be imagined,—Bush-German, as they call it. It had just the same effect as when a Bernese Oberlander passes all at once from his very tolerable French to his jaw-breaking glacier and cataract Grindelwald dialect, also supposed to be German.* "I thought you were English; well, then, we can talk German. I speak both, but German is handier to me. I'm of German descent, as my name will tell you; my name is Baumeraier." I acknowledged with due honour the name of Baumeraier, said I rejoiced to find we were countrymen, and then begged to know what German dialect was most prevalent in this country.

"Dialect, why, good gracious, we haven't any

* As bad German cannot be rendered by bad English we give a few sentences of this curious Bush-German. "*I klaupt,*" said he, "*du wohrst Englisch! Well! da kennen m'r ja Deutsch schwatze. S'isch m'r glei, I sprauch Englisch un Deutsch, dochs' Deutsch isch m'r handiger. I bin von German dessent,*" &c.

dialect at all, we just speak German, that is, simply American-German, Bush-German as they call it. You don't seem to like our way of talking, but it's good enough for us, we understand each other, and we shall keep our language a long time, for you see we American-Germans are the principal nation here. We are all enlightened men, too; everything enlightened that is done here is done among the Germans. We have driven the Indians further and further back" (*backgemuvet* was the word he used), "and Germany and the Germans may be proud of us their Pennsylvanian cousins: but I beg your pardon, I am quite forgetting your question; you were asking about the birds in this country; not so much as crows have you seen, you say? Well, I'm surprised at that, we have enough of them; we shall come to a place presently where they build their nests by hundreds. But what was that bird you were talking of just now, *nei—neitin*, —what was it?"

"I said 'nightingale,' what we Germans call '*nachtigal*;'" but he said he did not know it. "Oh yes, surely," I said, "that renowned little bird, that in the silence of the night fills the woods with its charming melody."

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "now I know what you mean; I hear it hooting every night in the bush,

but we don't call it by that name, we,—in Pennsylvania, call it the owl. You mentioned another too," he went on, "spar—spar—what was it?"

I named the sparrow, in German *sperling*, but though there were both English and German-Pennsylvanians in the carriage, they, one and all, declared they never heard of it. "You surprise me," I said; "the cheerful little sparrow may be seen hopping from tree to tree, not only all over Europe, but over Asia, too, as far as Siberia and China;" and then suddenly a voice was uplifted from a corner, that exclaimed, "Ah, I know what he means, he means the squirrel."

"Ah, ha," they all cried in chorus, "so that's what you mean; but why in the world do you call that a bird? That's a sparrow, is it? Well, our American-German may be curious sometimes, but your German-German is queer stuff too;" and thereupon they all burst into a hearty laugh at my expense, and seemed as much amused at my language as I was at theirs.

I found afterwards, that though the English "sparrow," and the German "sperling," had been omitted from the German-Pennsylvanian lexicons, they make use of the word "Spätzelchen." This is a little bird, bearing some resemblance to the European sparrow, but most of the charming song-

sters of the European woods are wanting here. No lark trills over the fields, no chaffinch twitters in the trees; and one of the passengers by our vessel, who had brought a pair of finches over from Europe, expected to get fifty dollars a piece for them in Carolina. Immense flocks of pigeons, and other birds of passage, are seen from time to time, but commonly the woods, so full of life with us, preserve here an Indian silence. Was it so in the Indian times? It would almost seem as if many species of animals had disappeared, together with the Indian tribes, before the advance of European civilization. For example, there is no longer a single wild turkey to be found in Pennsylvania, though these birds were formerly so abundant throughout the eastern States; it is now only to the South of Pennsylvania that they are to be met with. Yet, in Germany, we have still preserved the great bustard, besides numbers of hawks, eagles, and other large birds. In comparison with these eastern American States, Europe is a veritable Noah's ark, where, after the lapse of so many thousand years, but few of the original species are wanting. This rapid extermination, which appears to be going on in the Fauna of America, is to me a mystery in many ways. Are the animals, like the Indians, terrified by the sudden apparition of fire-arms among them, where-

as, with us, the resounding gun replaced the silent bow and arrow by degrees, so that they had time to become used to it?

The goal of my journey, Bethlehem, lay on the banks of the Lecha, or Lehigh, and as we continued our course parallel with the stream, my companions related how this river was formerly swarming with fish, but that now scarcely any were to be found there. A species named shads, common throughout Pennsylvania, was formerly caught here in immense numbers.

The first settlers made themselves nets out of the wild vine, roughly plaiting the stalks into a kind of net-work, which they called "bushnets." These were used also in the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and other Pennsylvanian rivers. They extended across the entire breadth of the stream, and were worked down to meet the ascending shoals of fish, which were diverted from their course into a bay or creek, and then caught by hundreds. Is it in consequence of such "sweeping measures" that we already hear complaints throughout this country of the scarcity of fish in the rivers, as well as of birds in the woods, although the land is still so new; whereas in Europe, for example, in the waters around Constantinople the fish still swarm as in the days of old Byzantium?

This American population seems to have something sharp and corroding in its nature, the Yankees clear, and light, and improve everywhere so energetically; they dig up on this side and push away on that, but it is to be hoped that the fisheries of Newfoundland, which they appear desirous to get possession of, and which have lasted the more careful Europeans so many centuries, will not in the same way be worked to death, and exhausted in a few years under their management.

At the Cherryville station I left the mail coach and the high road leading to Caston, the county town, and set out in a little one-horse vehicle through the bye lanes to Bethlehem.

My coachman was an English Pennsylvanian, and he frequently reproached his horse by saying, "Well, you're the *dummest** animal I ever saw." This was the first example I had heard of a German word adopted by the Americans. It struck me as curious that it should be exactly that expression to which our German students attach such dangerous importance, and which would appear to be a noted and much-used word among their American brethren. I subsequently heard many German words adopted among the Yankees,

* *Dumm*—the German for stupid. To call any one "*Dummer Junge*," or Stupid Boy, is the most deadly affront that can be offered.

but, as is natural, on the other hand, a great many more English words and expressions which have taken root among the Germans. In one village I found a pedlar who announced that he had all sorts of "*Dress-güter*" for sale,* a German version of the trade phrase "dress goods." I entered into conversation with him, and found that he was a New Englander, and he informed me that all the pedlars in Pennsylvania were his fellow-countrymen. "Yes!" said my coachman, "they're all Yankees, and the German farmers are afraid of them, for they always expect to be taken in. They think every one of them has got a pack full of Yankee notions." Here, as elsewhere, the German peasant is somewhat simple, and regards the Yankee pedlar with the feelings with which the wandering Jew trader is regarded in some parts of Germany.

The country I was now passing through was still hilly, and continued so to the sea-shore, and, as I have already said, the hills, like the Blue Ridge, all run parallel to the Alleghany Range. It is as if the disturbance of the earth's crust which had up-raised this labyrinth of mountain-ranges, although it spent its greatest force in the formation of the Kitatinns, had spread in diminishing vibrations down to the ocean.

* The German word Güter signifies estates, &c.

Here I again saw fields of maize, which had been entirely wanting in the interior of the wooded hill region. Everywhere the land was clean and carefully cultivated; fine, black soil, free from stumps and stones, such as I had not seen in the whole State of New York. All kinds of manure, too, were to be seen spread on the fields. "Yes!" said my coachman, "these Germans nurse their soil like their children."

How often had Americans described German Pennsylvania to me, and by their laudatory representations excited in me a desire to see the place! "Ah! you'll be pleased to see the German Counties and the beautiful cultivation your countrymen have established there. Field after field, and garden after garden. The Germans are an industrious people, and masters of that noblest of all human handicrafts, agriculture. You will be surprised at the size and solidity of their farm buildings, and their stables with thick stone walls, and barns as large and stately as churches. They have more regard to husbandry than to their own accommodation indeed, for their dwelling-houses are small, and buried amongst the great outbuildings with which they are surrounded," &c. All this I had often heard, and if ever my expectations of a place have been fulfilled, they were so here. The neat and

cleanly aspect of the whole region, the carefully cherished soil, and the well-fed animals, were quite pleasant to look at. Scarcely any of the farm waggons which we met had less than four horses. "Yes, your German folk like a team," said my coachman, "they seldom drive less than four horses."

The dwelling-houses of the farmers had, I thought, been under-rated. I found them quite roomy, just large enough, very comfortable, and in thorough order from the foundation stone to the topmost tile, wind and weather proof, and not a nail wanting. Nowhere did I meet with a roof falling in, a broken window, or a house in any way out of repair.

"Oh! yes," said my coachman, "your countrymen know how to fix a house well enough."

The wilderness appeared to have been thoroughly cleared and drained, nowhere was a trace of forest or swamp to be seen; all those disfiguring stumps of trees and lumps of stone which, in the other districts I had passed through, were merely cast on one side, appeared to have been annihilated here. The roads, too, were well kept, and here and there I discovered to my delight a footpath, not made certainly by Yankee feet. The Yankee appears never to walk in Indian file; I think he does not choose to go

where another has been before him, and even when there is a constant traffic between two villages, each person appears to take a different track through the trees and over the blocks of stone, which they climb instead of moving out of the way, so that there is never a regular footpath as in the German districts, where men tread much more patiently in the footsteps of their predecessors, and are careful enough or timid enough to move on one side every stone which they might trip over.

The German organizes the country, and you can see in all his arrangements that where he settles he means to make to himself a new home, where he and his children and his children's children shall dwell from generation to generation.

The Yankee settlement has a very different appearance, and betrays quite another tendency. His houses are rarely built like those of the Germans, of free stone, or fragments of rock firmly cemented together; often he erects no farm buildings, or at most only a stable for his horse; the horned cattle are left to enjoy the fresh air. A pig-stye appears to be quite unknown to him, and his hay and corn are seldom put under a roof, but lie in stacks round the dwellinghouse, which is the only building with which the Yankee takes any pains, and that he builds less for himself than for his wife and daughters. It

is generally of wood, but neat and even elegant, painted white and green, roofed with such shingles and laths as we saw daily being made by millions at the saw-mills in the woods, with a little door, and on each side a bright window with green blinds. In front of the door, the farmer's wife or daughter sits in a rocking chair either with a piece of sewing, or with folded arms; the rocking-chair appears to be the most important piece of furniture in the household. All around lies the forest, with tree stumps in the clearing, and instead of pretty white sheep grazing round their shepherdess, dirty fat swine grunt and grub about, as if determined to uproot the very house and its fair mistress in the rocking-chair.

My studies in the county of Northampton were here interrupted, for I had reached its southern extremity, and drove into the open little town of Bethlehem, which I had long wished to visit.

CHAPTER XIX.

BETHLEHEM.

Among all the "grains of salt" which the pious Count of Zinzendorf scattered over the surface of the earth for his fellow-workers and successors, Bethlehem in Pennsylvania was the one I had always most wished to see. It is the oldest of all the Moravian settlements in America, and even in Europe there are not many older. The colony was founded in 1742, only twenty years after Herrnhut in Saxony itself, the place from which we Germans name the sect, and next to this it is the largest and most important Moravian settlement in the world, and its population is larger even than that of Herrnhut.

The Count of Zinzendorf undertook a journey to America, to found and arrange the community in person, and after him Spangenberg, Hecke-

wälder, and several more of the most distinguished Herrnhuters busied themselves here. In the middle of the last century, the people of Bethlehem undertook the most remarkable missions and exploring expeditions into the interior of Pennsylvania, and to the banks of the Ohio, into the midst of the then still numerous and untamed Indian tribes, preaching to them, converting them, studying their manners and language, and publishing the result of their investigations for the benefit of the learned of Europe. I was acquainted with their works, especially those of Heckewälder, who was the first carefully to examine, rightly to comprehend, and clearly to explain the singular construction of the Indian language. I had read and studied the accounts of all their journeys, as well as the history of their settlement, and persecutions, both from Indians and hostile Christians, so zealously, that I almost felt as if I had suffered with them, and regarded these Herrnhuters of Bethlehem as my old friends and acquaintances. And how pleasant it is to the traveller to reach a place where friends live, and where, from every house or grave, the Lares or the Manes whisper a greeting in his ear! And when wandering in the Antipodes, how does one seek out every place which seems to stand in spiritual relationship to our native land, fancying

there that we are nearer to our beloved ones! Thus had I visited many a quiet Moravian community in Great Britain and in Germany, and as I entered Bethlehem, my thoughts reverted with a silent greeting to dear Herrnhut, where I had passed so many instructive hours. But there is here not only a connection of minds and ideas, but also flesh and blood relationship. There are Herrnhut families in Saxony, distant branches and namesakes of which are to be found in Bethlehem and other Pennsylvanian settlements, and with whom I had been intimate in the "old country."

It was not therefore by chance that I turned my steps in this direction. Already, when in Canada, Bethlehem had been as a guiding star shining in the distance to beckon me onward, and now I had at length arrived here, and was traversing the pleasant little town on the banks of the "Lecha" by the side of a worthy and excellent man, visiting the houses of the living and the resting-places of the dead, and inspecting many interesting institutions of the present day.

In former times, even eight or ten years ago, Bethlehem must have appeared much more inviting than now to those who, though disinclined to the convent, wished for an asylum from the world, in which to serve God in their own fashion, for up

to that time it was a "closed place," that is to say, only such families were allowed to settle there as were members of the sect. During the last eight years, however, matters have changed.

"They have allowed people of the world to enter among them," as an American lady whom I met in the interior of Pennsylvania informed me. Already for the last twenty years there had been manifested a tendency towards this movement, both amongst strangers and members of the community. The population had increased in the country, and pressed for admission into the exclusive little town. The situation on the banks of the Lecha no doubt appeared to many an advantageous one for settling, but, according to the laws then existing, they could not enter without becoming members of the order. The improvement of the Lecha navigation, the immensely increasing coal-trade from the upper districts of the Lecha, and the advantageous canal from New York, through New Jersey, along the course of this river, may have assisted in loosing the bonds imposed by the piety of former days. Bethlehem no longer lay, as in the time of Zinzendorf and Heckewälder, in the midst of Indian wildernesses. Property was becoming daily more valuable, the spirit of speculation more energetic, and both felt themselves cramped and restrained by the old

laws forbidding all commercial undertakings and profitable employment of capital. In short, matters could no longer be maintained in their old condition; the ambitious children of the old Herrnhuters themselves demanded that the gates of their city should be freely thrown open, which was done at last, after some of their number had undertaken a journey to Europe, and laid the matter before the Regents of Herrnhut. Thus were the old barriers swallowed up and swept away by the stream of the Lecha, or rather by that great stream of Time, which leaves nothing untouched, but changes all things; which has caused the widows of Bethlehem to be permitted to marry again, and has even admitted the possibility of divorce, at first only among the laity, but latterly among the ministers also.

Since then a number of merchants, manufacturers, and other "people of the world" have established themselves in Bethlehem, claiming full rights of citizenship amongst the quiet fraternity. Their number has rapidly increased, a bran-new town full of life has sprung up beside the old Bethlehem of Indian missions, and the number of the strangers now almost equals that of the old community. Nevertheless, the chiefs of the brotherhood maintain their ascendency in the colony, and matters are still conducted there according to their views and prin-

ciples. They exercise, I imagine, much the same authority over the town as the principal of the University of Oxford wields over the city of that name. I should like to know how these innovations in Bethlehem are regarded in Herrnhut, but I can partly imagine it. It will end, I think, in Bethlehem becoming independent of its German parent. The elders in Herrnhut are so far off, they do not quite understand the situation and wants of the settlement in the New World. Misunderstandings cannot fail to arise; indeed, I have already seen signs here and there of such, and the relations between Bethlehem and Herrnhut will probably terminate in much the same way as those between the United States and England, though, fortunately, the rupture will not give rise to such sanguinary disturbances. The empire which will thus be lost to Germany contains about 8000 inhabitants, and its provinces lie chiefly in Pennsylvania and North Carolina, but are also scattered through some of the other States. Of the 29 Herrnhut or Moravian settlements of the United States, ten lie in Pennsylvania, seven in North Carolina, and others in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Maryland.

There are more settlements of this sect in America than in Germany,* where they are in number

* Not by any means so many, however, as the last census of the

only fifteen, though their population is rather larger. Bethlehem and its brother settlements in the New World are still foremost in the field of the North American Indian missions. They maintain several in Canada, besides their home missions in Philadelphia, New York, and other great towns of the Union, which are especially addressed to the German emigrants. Besides this, a handsome little sum is sent over to Germany for the missions undertaken there; I believe about 9000 dollars are annually despatched for that purpose.

The internal arrangements of Bethlehem, its institutions, schools, churches, churchyards, and municipal buildings, are precisely similar to those in Herrnhut and other settlements of the same sect. I was particularly desirous to see the schools, and was fortunate enough to be allowed to inspect that for young girls, under the guidance of an excellent gentleman. It has been established here a considerable time, and enjoyed originally the reputation of being one of the best educational establishments in the United States; later, in consequence of I know not what circumstances, it fell somewhat

Union affirms, where the number of the "Moravian Communities" is stated at 350, nearly twelve times too many. The mistake has arisen by the collectors of the census including under this head the more numerous "United Brethren," a different sect.

into neglect, but more recently, under its present management, it has regained the lost ground, and is as highly esteemed as ever, and a new wing was about to be added to the old building. There were no fewer than 170 girls from all parts of the Union, not only from Philadelphia and New York, but also from the far West and from South Carolina. The teachers were about five and twenty, besides five masters. The arts, especially music and painting, were intrusted to German hands. The drawing-master, an excellent landscape painter, invited us up to his charmingly-situated house, and showed us some beautiful views taken from the environs of Bethlehem. A system is followed here in the arrangement of the lessons and classification of the scholars which I have seen in other schools in the States, and must consider peculiarly American. Instead of having an upper and lower class for the whole course of instruction, the pupils are separately classified for each separate branch, so that, for example, there is a first, second, third class for history, the same for natural history, and so on. This allows of a more individual education being bestowed on each scholar, and such objects of instruction being selected as are suitable to their tastes and talents, or especially desired by their relatives. Thus they may quickly rise to the first

class in history or any other branch without losing time or trouble over the miscellaneous subjects of education less congenial to them. To make this system practicable it is necessary that each branch of study should be pursued throughout the entire establishment at the same hour, although in different classes, and taught by different teachers in their various styles. And this is done. There is a particular hour fixed in which the whole school is to learn history, geography, &c. There are certainly inconveniences in this method, particularly this one, that if the bent of the scholars is more studied, that of the instructors is much less so.

About thirty out of the 170 young American girls had, recently, at the desire of their parents, adopted the German language and literature into their studies. They appeared to find the "hard words" of this language more troublesome than French, but German is growing more fashionable now in America as well as in England, and it is remarkable enough that while the German farmers of Pennsylvania suffer their German schools to fall more and more into disuse, the upper classes of American Academies are daily increasing their study of German. Not more than five or at most ten per cent. of the schools among the German farmers are now conducted by Germans; rarely does a teacher

come over from Germany, and still more rarely does he find a good situation.

The uneasy restlessness which appears to possess the whole Anglo-Saxon population of America, the unsteadiness which causes the young men to try half a dozen different businesses, and as many places of residence, the universal "shifting," as they call it, of all men and things, appears to reign in the schools also, with a most disadvantageous influence. The complaint is universal among American educators that their pupils remain so short a time with them. The greater number stay only one or two years; this is partly owing, perhaps, to the circumstance that young girls are only sent to the large famous schools to "finish" their education; partly, also, to the fact that parents here allow themselves to be too easily swayed by their children. If, in the course of education, a difference of opinion or a misunderstanding arises between the scholar and the school, the latter appears to have no authority with the parents, who rather listen to the complaints of their son or daughter, think they had better try another school, and the discontented scholar receives permission to pack his trunk and to "shift."

Education is, next to Christian missions, the chief object of attention, as well among the Ameri-

can Moravians as with their European brethren; and besides the great institution for girls at Bethlehem, they have others for both sexes in different settlements.

When out of hearing of the English language, and out of sight of the new American quarter of the town, Bethlehem appeared to me so like Herrnhut, that I fancied the Lecha to be the Spree, and the Blue Ridge the Lausitzer mountains, and could hardly fancy that I had crossed the ocean. The churchyards, too, were similar, presenting the same simple arrangements, the same uniformity of all the monumental stones as a type of our universal equality in death, the only difference being that some poor Indians and negroes, who had become brothers of the spiritual community, had here their resting-place. Among the Indians, some dated from the preceding century. There were at that time many converted Indians in the community, and some we find mentioned in the missionary papers as true and faithful servants of Christianity and of the Brotherhood. Even a little Indian, "aged five months," and a negress, "aged three months, Anno Domini 1742," have their place in the churchyard, and their square marble gravestone like all the rest. I remarked, indeed, that these stones, on which the inscription had, perhaps,

become illegible, had been recently cleaned and re-chiselled into sharpness. Before God, the souls of great and small, young and old, the negro, the Indian, and the Anglo-Saxon are of equal worth; we know this well, but we do not always act as if we knew it. Honour to the Moravians that they carry out this principle in their churchyards to its utmost consequences so rigidly, that after a lapse of 104 years they restore the gravestone of an Indian baby "aged five months." Even this little being is a "grain of corn" which will not be forgotten, but will be gathered in when the harvest-time comes.

The Moravians have done much for the negro race wherever they have settled, and the history of their efforts in this cause in the West Indies is most praiseworthy. I unfortunately forgot to inform myself whether they extend their sympathy and assistance to the poor fugitive slaves with the same self-sacrificing devotion as the Quakers, and whether they have established between their numerous settlements in Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c., the so-called "Under-ground Railroad," with which the Quakers assist fugitives on from one of their stations to another. If they have not done so, they doubtless have good reasons for it, but certainly when I was in Bethlehem there were not more than half a dozen blacks in the town, and every

one told me that the greater part of the fugitive negroes from the neighbouring slave States of Maryland and Virginia do not come through Bethlehem, but make their way up the Susquehanna valley.

I made personal acquaintance with the negro population of Bethlehem. One had learned German in Pennsylvania, for the Germans and the negroes appear to understand each other well, to the credit of the former be it said, who certainly manifest sympathy and compassion for the latter. When the poor German finds himself on the same round of the social ladder as the negro, he makes common cause and fellowship with him, differing in this from the English, Scotch, or Irishman, who, however poor or degraded, will never associate with the blacks.

"Are you happy in this half German State of Pennsylvania?" I asked of a negro.

"Certainly, sir, I like freedom, I like to come and go at my pleasure; here I am as good a gentleman as any one."

"You feel yourself properly respected."

"Oh! yes, sir, col'd people are as white as anybody here, if they behave."

"Do you like the Germans?"

"Yes, col'd people like the Germans. There's

no deception with them; there's only one nation that col'd people don't like, that's the Irish!"

Poor Paddy! he is the worst used of all! Even the negro has a fling at him. Only the day before I had been talking with a Yankee on the same subject, and he had given utterance to the same feeling, almost in the same words. "I can stand the Scotch, the English, the Germans, there's only one nation I *can't* stand, and that's the Irish!" and I remembered how the French in Canada had often assured me so too. There wanders no foreigner in America who is so universally repudiated, and I began to understand the growth and strength of that powerful opponent to Irish Catholicism, the Know-Nothing party, which numbers in its ranks English, Scotch, French, and Germans. It is only just to add however that all voices are equally unanimous in praising the Irishman for the facility he manifests of casting off the original Paddy and becoming a good American, without losing his warm heart and other good Irish qualities, so that many excellent and distinguished men arise from the second generation of these descendants of Erin.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BLUE RIDGE.

I WISHED to make a little expedition from Bethlehem to the heights of the neighbouring "Lecha-Berg," a portion of the Blue Ridge. And as I always have a great desire to know what people dwell behind any mountain I see, I wished also to visit a German village on the south side of the ridge.

The Blue Ridge is intersected near Bethlehem by a low pass, over which the road crosses to the southern German counties of Lecha and Bucks, and to Philadelphia. We traversed this pass, and leaving the mountain behind us came again upon a smiling, well-cultivated valley, dotted with villages, and bearing an Indian name, Saco or Sachum, if I remember rightly. Some miles further in the plain lies the pleasant village of Friedensville, which is a thoroughly German settlement in spite of its

semi-French appellation. Nearly half the settlements in Pennsylvania have, I know not wherefore, a French termination tacked on to their German name; Friedensville, Sellersville, Voglersville, Baumannsville, &c. Only a few of the German towns have names which point significantly to the origin of their population, such as Mannheim, Strasburg, Dillsburg, Heidelberg. All are from the Palatinate and the great Alsatian Rhine valley, as is shown in their dialect more than in anything else; why they have abandoned their pretty Rhenish termination of "heim" for the monstrous compound of "Friedens*ville*," &c., it is beyond me to guess.

We sought out a well-to-do German farmer in Friedensville, and requested him to show us his house and premises. He complied with our wish, laying aside his work and introducing us in the first place to his wife. We found them both cultivated people, and if I am to judge of the Pennsylvanian farmers by them and by many other examples which I met with, I should say that a comparison of their appearance and habits with those of the same class in Germany points to a great improvement of the race, rather than the reverse.

They and their blooming children appeared healthy and contented, and in their conversation

and intercourse with us manifested an easy self-possession, perfectly free from that want of manly dignity and self-respect which is too often seen in the same rank at home.

"I was once preacher in a Western State," said a Pennsylvanian minister to me, "where many German immigrants came to settle. You cannot think what trouble I had to teach them to forget their politeness, to keep their hats on their heads, and their backs straight." With our friends in Friedensville, time had already effected this. Their great-grandfather had emigrated from Germany, their grandfather was born at sea, midway between the Palatinate and Pennsylvania, which perhaps inspired him with some sailor-like independence; and when three generations have sat on their own free hearthstone, and voted for I know not how many presidents, senators, deputies, and countless other officials, it is no wonder that the great-grandson at last stands as upright and unbending as a pine tree.

They were astonished at the pure German which I spoke, and the ease with which they were able to understand me. They had had a young emigrant in their service, they said, a girl from the Rhine, who spoke such a jargon of dialect that they had the greatest difficulty in comprehending her meaning.

With the uneducated emigrants fresh from Germany, I was told, this was commonly the case, and I must confess, that with the exception of some "Well's" and similar Anglicisms, when I became accustomed to Pennsylvanian German it did not appear to me to be such a barbarous dialect as I had thought it at first, perhaps because what had offended me so much in the mouths of educated men seemed less out of place among farmers and peasants. Perhaps, too, the educated and half educated men especially public officials, being more in contact with Americans, and more in the habit of hearing and speaking English, may have got their German more corrupted than the farmer, who, holding intercourse only with other German settlers, maintains his mother tongue in all the purity of his original dialect; and not being here *glebæ adscriptus* to so great a degree as in Germany, but moving about the country in various capacities, his language, dialect though it be, may have gained something in polish.

I had experienced the same thing among the French Canadians, who are similarly situated; there too the rough *patois* had struck me as much more disagreeable among the educated classes than among the peasantry.

Our friends had lived on their estate since the time of their great-grandfather, and it really did

one good to find such an instance in this quicksand country, where the son, almost before his wings are grown, hastens to fly away from the father. In German Pennsylvania it is not uncommon to find three or four generations living on the same land, and this must appear to a Yankee as astonishing as to us it does that there are, as we hear, families of peasants in England who have held their farms since the Conquest, or even earlier.

The German emigrants generally came in great numbers, and settled close to one another in villages, so that it seems sometimes as if a piece of Germany had been transplanted to this country. Some of them come so little into contact with the English, that though they have been living here for a hundred years, they understand no word of the language. Down to a quite recent period, they had scarcely any other than German schools, and these schools were mostly kept by immigrant German school-masters; but no good class of teachers was ever formed here, probably because positions were easily obtained that were much more advantageous than the scanty revenue and thorny sceptre of the village pedagogue. Fresh schoolmasters therefore had to be continually procured, and poor German teachers wandering about Pennsylvania in search of a school were frequently to be met with,

even down to the present day. Sometimes a large cargo of them seemed to have been imported all at once, as, for instance, when a crowd of the Hessian officers and subalterns who had been taken prisoners in the Revolution were all sent as schoolmasters to Pennsylvania. Now, however, it would not be advisable for German school teachers to come here with views of this kind, for the English schools have, as I mentioned, for some time past had greatly the preference, and this is generally regarded as a sign of progress. "In these last ten years," I was told, "since they have begun to accommodate themselves more and more to the English schools, the Pennsylvanian Germans have advanced more in general improvement than in the whole preceding century of their abode in the country." I must own this appears to me very possible, for a small nationality can only advance by its connexion with a greater and more advanced nation.

These Pennamytes were cut off by the ocean from the literary and social movements of Germany; and from the energetic life that expressed itself in America through the English language they were also kept apart as long as they spoke nothing but their bush-German, listened to German preachers, sent their children to German schools, and had even their newspapers written in their own peculiar

jargon. In point of intelligence the Americans regarded these Germans as far below them, and though they praised their industrious farming, they held them to be in a state of utter darkness; a mere leaden weight upon the wings of the State of Pennsylvania; over-looking entirely the fact, that even as a leaden weight they might answer a very excellent conservative purpose.

It was curious to me to note the gradual dying out of Germanism in this family circle. The great grandfather and grandmother had been regular Germans of the old stamp,—they had come to a country already inhabited by Germans, and had probably never learned a word of English. The father had gone to a German school, and learned to read and write in German only; but he had picked up a little English in his intercourse with the English. My farmer himself had gone to an English school, and learned to read and write English, and he also spoke it quite fluently.

"I speak English," he said, "but I gossip German; I always talk German with my wife and children." He had learned to read our language from his father at home, out of the German Bible, but he could not write it. His little boy who had only attended an English school, will probably not even learn to read it. He would "gossip" the old

Bush dialect, but will steep it in more and more English sauce.

My friend showed me over his farm, and as I had seen such before, and afterwards many others, I will give it as a specimen of a Pennsylvanian German homestead.

These people have not yet thrown off the old name of their class—they call themselves *Bauern;* * the more stately appellation of land-owner, which some of our peasants have taken after their emancipation, has not come into use here; and their little estates they call *Bauereien* or farms. These farms are not very large, at least judging by an American standard; they seldom contain more than a hundred acres, and go down as low as twenty, or even less. The land is generally partly arable and partly forest, but there is almost always a good apple orchard on it. The corn fields, which are the most important part of the farm, are well cleaned, dressed with lime, and in a high state of cultivation, and provided everywhere with good fences of wild chestnut wood. There is generally "a spring never dry," for the benefit of the dairy, and also a pump over it; and sometimes a creek

* The plural of *Bauer*, which may be rendered either by "farmer" or "peasant." It is applied equally to labourers and to owners of farms; strictly it means "cultivator."—Tr.

or even a river runs through the land. The wood-land portion is of course much less extensive than that under the plough, perhaps from 12 to 20 acres for a hundred of corn. It is generally covered with "rock-oak, heavy white oak, hickory, chestnut and *furniture* wood." These rock-oaks are probably scrub-oaks; the hickory is a nut tree, famous for the hardness of its wood.

The apple orchard contains a variety of apple, peach, and other excellent fruit-trees, sometimes many kinds of grapes, and moreover a pond for trout.

The house and all the buildings on the property are comprehended under the general name of "Improvements," a genuinely colonial expression that has become current among all settlers in America. The English Squatters call their log-houses, wooden sheds, and stables, their "betterments," a monstrous word with a German head and a Latin tail.

The improvements consist, first, of a stone dwelling-house, which is, as a rule, extremely solid in its construction, being built of well-cemented freestone. It is seldom a mere log-house, like those of the American farmers, or a "frame-house," but there are various "frame-sheds," a smoking-house, a spring-house, or dairy, almost always a cider-house, with a cider-press, and other necessary out-build-

ings, the largest and most striking of which is the barn, or "Swiss" barn, as it is commonly called in Pennsylvania, though why I know not. In this Swiss barn the farmer takes much more pride than in his house; it is built in handsome style, and divided into two stories, the lower for cattle, and the upper for a granary and threshing-floor; the ascent to this is by a sloping bank of earth, so that the stables form a kind of underground floor, or *entresol.*

Everything about these Pennsylvanian-German households strikes a stranger as so complete and excellent, that he thinks it cannot be better; but the Americans complain that there are no signs of progress about them, that there is no spirit of emulation as among their own farmers. These Germans plough, manure, and carry on all their operations very well in the fashion of their forefathers, but they take no part in the movements of the higher agriculture; they have no ambition. "To give one instance," said an American, speaking to me on this subject, "they take very little interest in agricultural exhibitions and competitions for prizes, and though their cows give very good milk, and their horses are strong and well fed, they seldom gain a prize for anything above the common order.

Towards evening we left our pleasant Friedensville valley to return to the hills, and, as the sun was declining, climbed to the top. I could have imagined myself in some mountainous region in Germany, for high on the hill-side we entered a little woodland hut and found it occupied by a poor German family; the Germans seem to have made their way even into the most out-of-the-way corners of Pennsylvania. The occupant of the cottage, where we stopped to light our pipes, was a poor widow with a family of children. She informed us that her husband had gone a few years ago to "*Oheie*," to try and find a better situation for the family, and that he had unfortunately died before he could come to fetch them. She, herself, had lived for some time in "*Tschartsche*," but had at last hired this cottage, and the field and chestnut-wood near it, where she fattened pigs, kept a few goats and sheep, and raised some vegetables for herself and her children. I inquired about the geographical position of the countries she had mentioned, "*Oheie*" and "*Tschartsche*;" but she said, of course I must know them,—one was "far away West, through Pennsylfohny, and Tschartsche was beyond New York;" so then it appeared that they were the places commonly called Ohio and New Jersey.

The chesnut-wood round the cottage was very fresh and pleasant, and my companion informed me that here on the Blue Ridge in almost every place where the old forest had been cut down and destroyed, these pleasant groves of edible chestnuts had spontaneously sprung up. It sounds marvellous, but it is a fact. Beyond the chestnut grove the wild woods extended quite to the summit of the Lecha Mountain, and the whole pyramid was so covered with fragments of rock, overgrown with moss and bushes, that we thought ourselves very fortunate when, at sunset, we reached the summit, with all our limbs in good order. By scrambling to the top of some blocks of stone that lay piled one on another, we obtained a pretty open view over the fine wide valley, between the Blue Ridge and the Blue Mountains, or Kitatinnins, which are said to be covered by myriads of these blocks of stone. It extended in a long straight ridge for sixty miles, from west to east, on our horizon, and we distinguished quite clearly the various cuts or breaks, made in it by the rivers. There was the Delaware Gap, the Lehigh Gap, and between them the Little Gap, the Wind Gap, and the Fox's Gap; the valley between the two ranges is thirty miles broad and as long as the ranges themselves,—that is to say, it runs a few hundred miles through Penn-

sylvania, and then turning to the south, just as far or farther through the whole of Virginia, where it is called the Great Virginia Valley. It is probably the longest regularly-formed valley in the world; there, in Virginia, it is cultivated for slave owners by their negroes; here, in Pennsylvania, it is filled by the pleasant farms and villages of free German settlers. In the north it loses itself gradually in the State of New Jersey, towards the Hudson; on the south it touches the frontier-line of Carolina. We lingered, admiring this glorious prospect, till the last sunbeams by which we could see it were gone, and then reached in the dark a little mountain hollow, and neat little cottage, also inhabited by Germans. A regular foot-path then led us to the meadows of the Lecha, and the pleasant village of Bethlehem, where, late in the evening, I witnessed a characteristic little scene between a newly-arrived German "Greenhorn," and the people of the country.

In the bar-room of my hotel I found some Americans assembled round the fire, swinging as usual in rocking chairs, and holding large newspapers before their faces. On a bench against the wall sat the young German Greenhorn aforesaid. "Well, John," said one of the Americans, laying aside his newspaper, "and so you had to pay your fine."

"Yes," said John, "I was obliged to pay, but it was a great shame." He answered in the only dialect in which he could express himself, though he had learned English enough to understand the question addressed to him. "In Germany the magistrate would not have said anything to me. It's not right, but a man never gets his rights here against a woman."

"Ah no, John! you must never attempt to beat a lady."

"Lady! lady, indeed!" muttered John,—"it was a Pennsylfohny maid-servant, a fellow-servant of my own and no better than me, though I am but a man."

"Well, John, maid-servant or not, it's all the same; in this country, I tell you, a man must never strike a woman."

"Well, but how long did she keep on a-teasing me, calling me a German calf and a German 'mushroom' and a German 'onion,' and I don't know what? Why, what is she but a German herself?—though she was born in Pennsylfohny, her parents were German. But no, she must needs call herself an American, and what's that better than a German? Germany's a beautiful country, as good a one as any in the world. I had long

been owing her a grudge for it, and then when she began at me again to-day, I just lifted up my hand in a passion and was going to hit her; and serve her right too."

"No, no, John! she didn't think so, you see; she did not wait for your hits, but ran off to the magistrate, eh?—and he made you pay a fine of two dollars on the spot; you didn't think how quickly these things are managed here, and how soon a man may find himself two dollars the poorer. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, but I say it was very unfair, and it wouldn't have been done in Germany. The judge would have heard what I had to say, and not have favoured her that way, just for nothing else but because she was a woman. He would have asked who began it, and have found out who was most in fault, and he would have seen that it was more she than me. I did but threaten her for a minute or two, and she's been at me all the time I've been here; and did the judge so much as say a word to her for it? When I told him she called me a German calf, he just laughed, that he did; it's a shame!"

But poor John could get no justice from the company any more than from the American ma-

gistrate, for the laugh at his expense became louder and louder, and he seemed heartily glad when a negro who could speak German came in; they saluted each other in a very friendly manner, and then John took his arm and went out with him, and I saw them no more.

CHAPTER XXI.

THROUGH NEW JERSEY.

On the following day I had the pleasure of driving, in company with a gentleman from Bethlehem, through the remainder of the German county of Northampton, and I should have been glad to have travelled over the remainder of German Pennsylvania in the same company, for behind the German counties of Northampton and Lecha lies the county of Berks, also German, and beyond that again Lancaster County. Of this last, which I unfortunately did not see, I have heard the most praises; many Americans even have spoken to me of it with the greatest enthusiasm. It lies on the Lower Susquehanna and is said to be the most beautiful, populous, and fertile of all the counties inhabited by Germans in America, and this much more than formerly. As it was the oldest of the counties and

the longest under cultivation, the soil had lately, that is about ten years ago, been getting rather exhausted; but by a complete reform in the system of agriculture, by the introduction of clover crops, of lime dressing, and other improved modes of management, it has been raised to its present blooming and prosperous condition. There are, it is said, many peculiar and interesting elements among the German population there,—"Mennonites," who wear long beards and are also called Men of Peace; "Albrechtsmen," who pass whole days in the woods and perform their divine services in the open air, and so forth. These Albrechtsmen are said to be increasing; but I was not able to visit them myself, and was obliged to content myself with what lay in my way. We alighted occasionally to see Swiss barns, frame-houses, and spring-houses, and at last reached the beautifully situated Easton on the borders of Pennsylvania. This flourishing and populous town also is half German, and lawyers and men of business in the place, though born of English parents, generally endeavour to acquire the German language, since it is a means of attaining to profit, influence, and consideration. Several German newspapers and periodicals are published here, as in most other places in Pennsylvania; but, since the people have come

from various parts of Germany bringing their several dialects with them, and the mixture has then become entirely interwoven and overgrown with English, so that a very peculiar conglomerate, indeed, has been formed out of the whole.

The prevailing ingredient in it is, perhaps, that of the South-German, or Upper Rhine dialect, in which attempts have even been made to write poems, and some of the prettiest have been circulated to some extent. One, on the subject of sunrise, I have met with several times in America; and you find in the local papers stories related in this Pennsylvanian Bush-German; but the perpetual occurrence of the broadest Anglicisms in both stories and poems makes them difficult of digestion for German readers. In the spoken language, countless English words have been introduced, which seem now to have become completely naturalized in the German districts, and they even make their appearance in written documents, public announcements, and newspaper articles, but generally in a certain Germanised attire. The writers seem to proceed on the good old German principle of writing as you speak. For instance, county is written *caunty*, township, *taunschip*, &c., which would of course, to a German, suggest the English pronunciation. One gentleman mentions that in his store there are a hundred bar-

rels of *rectifeied* (rectified) whiskey to be had; another has excellent *lotten* (lots) of wood. There was one advertisement at Easton running thus: "Make room for the people who daily and hourly are blocking up the road to Easton, since they have heard that their old friend Major Seip has returned from the capital with the richest stock of magnificent goods ever seen on this side of the ocean. *Fenssi Silks, Fenssi Laines,* &c., and every article for ladies' *Staats* dress. You *Mäd* (maids) if you have a *noschen* (notion) to hire, then go to Seip's store; he can fix you something beautiful; and you lads—do you hear? if you want to have a *tschantss* (chance) with the *Mäds,* only just call at our store," &c.

The railroad from Easton crosses diagonally the whole northern part of the State of New Jersey. At first it passes through a number of very lovely hilly landscapes, traversed by many of the ridges and valleys of the Alleghany system, which here turn perceptibly to the north, and tend towards West-point on the Hudson. Glimpses of long beautiful valleys alternated with successive "Gaps," and at last in the neighbourhood of New York, the mountain landscape declines into a broad, somewhat monotonous plain, that extends along the banks of the Hudson, both up and down the stream.

In Newark I went on board the steamer that

was to convey me, late in the evening, by part of Staten Island Sound to New York Bay, and so conclude my journey.

On board this vessel I met a certain negro dandy, who recollected seeing me in New York, where he did me some service, and who came up and shook hands with me. I remembered that he had then told me he was going to Washington, to spend some time with his wife's relations, and I asked how Washington had pleased him.

"First rate, sir!"

"Did you see anything remarkable there?"

"Well, no! Nothing particular."

"Did you see the President?" I asked, thinking the President was just as "particular" in Washington as the Pope in Rome.

"The President? No, I don't think I did. Oh yes! yes! I did see him, if you call the President anything remarkable. But I guess the President ain't nobody."

"Pray then," said I, "if the President is nobody, who in America is somebody?"

"Oh gracious! we feel here very independent. The President! Who is the President?" he added in the most affectedly careless and even contemptuous tone, dropping his words with the utmost nonchalance. "Who is the President of the United

States? He is like you and me. I hope you get paid for your work, I do for mine, and so does the President. Oh sir, we have no man-worshipping here."

I wondered—while I, a European, was listening to this doctrine from a negro of Africa, where every little Sheik and every Fetish is worshipped—that the strength of the feeling of independence in the Anglo-Saxon race should even have imbued this former Sheik-adorer. No English Lord could think the President less entitled to respect than this black appeared to do.

A faint light on the horizon had for a long time indicated the region where the rays from the thousand lights and gas lamps of New York melt into one bright glare, and at last we shot out into New York Bay, and had the islands of the city marked out in lines of light before us. A few steamers racing with each other flew past us, and a few dark bodies were moving in the same direction from the Narrows. These were ships newly arrived; the red lanterns of the large ferry-boats that ply day and night from island to island, and keep up a constant communication between them, were hovering about, and indicating to us the direction of the ships, which in the mist that hung low on the water were themselves scarcely visible. The bright flames

of the light-houses appeared and disappeared like meteors, and a dark wood of masts and sails stretched out to the right and left.

An American was standing in the bow of the boat, entertaining me with an account of the extraordinary numbers of dreadful shipwrecks and railroad accidents that had taken place in various quarters, and at last, turning his attention to the scene of life and animation before us, he said, "Yes, sir! it really is terrible! Three hundred people gone down in the Arctic, fifty poor creatures crushed to death in that collision in Upper Canada! On the Mississippi alone, a hundred and twenty steamers have been this year burst, sunk, or blown up, and only last week a hundred persons were drowned, or squashed, or killed in some way or other. But yet, just look at that magnificent trading-place there, which lives and flourishes in spite of all this destruction, and in the midst of all these wrecks. What is death? What is human life? What an individual existence? It is nothing; it is not to be looked at. Now-a-days everything is enterprise, industry, progress, go-ahead." He spoke loud, and waved his arms, and seemed to be getting quite into a state of ecstasy, and as he stood on the extreme point of the steamer, talking in this style till quite late at night, he seemed to me to be

speaking for thousands of his countrymen, and expressing their views as well as his own.

Soon after this we stepped on dry land, at New York, in which interesting and wonderful city I afterwards spent several months, as a willing and delighted guest.

CHAPTER XXII.

RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS OF CANADA.

THE magnificent Victoria Bridge which now spans the St Lawrence, and which is admitted to be unrivalled as a specimen of engineering skill, was in progress during the period of the journey above described, but the immense expenditure the work involved, and the great difficulties and risks connected with it, made it occasionally seem doubtful whether it would ever be completed.* Even the engineer employed in its construction (Mr J. X. Hodges) could at one time only express a hope "that he would live to see it finished." It has been finish-

* It would be foreign to the character of the present work to enter on the subject of the commercial difficulties by which this important undertaking is at present beset; but no one with even a slight acquaintance with the almost boundless resources of the Province, and the unexampled rapidity of its progress, can feel much doubt that these difficulties will be but temporary.

however, and that considerably within the time originally contracted for; but, unfortunately, the exultation which its projectors could not but feel in the completion of such a work has been considerably damped by the pecuniary embarrassments in which the company is at present involved.

Great railway companies are known to be liable to that sin by which we are told "the angels fell," they are over-ambitious; and, it may be, sometimes also too unwilling to content themselves with such advantages as naturally fall to their lot, and to leave to competitors those which appear to belong to them. It certainly seems that had the Grand Trunk Railway Company confined itself for a time to the north of the St Lawrence, and the opening up the internal communications of the immense extent of new country between Montreal and Sarnia, it would have pursued a more safe and profitable policy, and avoided the dangerous competition with powerful American lines already established; but it must then have renounced the advantage of carrying by one continuous line from the upper lakes to the Atlantic "without break of gauge or bulk," (an advantage peculiar to itself, for all other routes involve several trans-shipments,) the productions of Europe and of the Far West of America.

The grand system of water communication afford-

ed by the St Lawrence, and the lakes connected with it, though of incalculable value to Canada in the earlier stages of its settlement, when the population was too scanty to admit of more expensive modes of transit, is liable to the disadvantage of being closed for more than half the year by frost. Even in the season favourable to navigation, it has, from the natural obstacles in its course, to be supplemented by canals, in which the navigation is unavoidably tedious. The Welland Canal, for instance, by which the Falls of Niagara are avoided, has no less than 30 locks. So great is the traffic nevertheless, that in one year (1853) there passed through it 2743 British, and 2705 American and other vessels; but all this busy traffic is stopped by the ice that locks river and canals from November to May.* For six months, Quebec and the other ports and harbours of the river are unavailable, and all trade is in a great measure suspended. In addition to the need thus created of some means of communication that might be independent of the change of seasons, the introduction of railways into the United States made their adoption in Canada an indispensable measure of self-preserva-

* "Canada:" an Essay by J. S. Hogan, to whom the prize was awarded by the Governor-General, Sir E. Head, at the recommendation of the Paris Exhibition Committee.

tion; as it was found that the rapidity and certainty of transport on the American railways was carrying away from the St Lawrence even the trade of Western Canada itself. "Unless," it was said, "Canada could combine with her unrivalled inland navigation, a railroad system connected therewith, and mutually sustaining each other; the whole of her large outlay of five millions on canals must remain for ever unproductive." *

Railways have, accordingly, been constructed with an energy and rapidity commensurate with the general progress of the country. In 1856, before the completion of the Grand Trunk, Canada possessed 2000 miles of fully equipped railway, obtained at a cost of £18,000,000; and it does not yet appear that there has been any miscalculation as to the amount of remuneration to be ultimately expected from these undertakings, or that the present anxieties and, in some cases, disappointments of shareholders, are to be attributed to any other cause than the enormous expense incurred in making the lines,—whether unavoidably or not, is a question that need not here be discussed.

The two great railways of Canada, to which all the others are tributary, are the Great Western

* Canada from 1849 to 1859, by the Hon. A. T. Gall, Finance minister of Canada.

and the Grand Trunk lines, and an arrangement has been entered into between them for the division of the traffic on certain sections, by which injurious competition has been avoided.

The former, the Great Western, runs from Windsor on the Canadian side of the Detroit river, opposite the city of Detroit, to the river Niagara, which it crosses two miles below the Falls by the fine suspension bridge before mentioned, and thence communicates with the railways of New York and Boston. Its receipts for the month of April, 1854, shortly after its opening, amounted to £26,735, and in the corresponding month of the following year to £57,684. It was also stated at that time, that large quantities of merchandise were accumulating at both ends of the line, from its being impossible to convey them with sufficient rapidity.

"The Grand Trunk Railway had," it is said,* "in the second year of its existence, when only 400 miles were open, diverted a large portion of the trade that had previously flowed to the United States, and its receipts were as great as those of the Great Western, which had been five years in operation."

This Grand Trunk line has a two-fold commencement; one at the harbour of Portland in the State

* Hogan's "Canada."

of Maine, on the Atlantic coast; the other at Quebec, on the St Lawrence. The Portland section of the Grand Trunk was previously in existence, and known as the "Atlantic and St Lawrence Railway of Maine;" but it has now been leased in perpetuity by the Grand Trunk Company, at the rate of six per cent. These two branches unite at Richmond, on the Canadian frontier, and the line then runs thence to Montreal, where it meets lines from Boston and New York, and then, crossing the St Lawrence by the gigantic Victoria Bridge, enters a country where it has no competitors, but meets many shorter lines, which run at right angles to it through new countries, and serve it as feeders, till it reaches Toronto, where it is connected with the Great Western by a short line called the "Hamilton and Toronto Railway," and with the "Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron" line, which runs due north from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, skirting part of the southern shore of the lake and of Georgian Bay, to Collingwood Harbour.

From Toronto the Grand Trunk passes, still keeping the same south-westerly direction to Sarnia at the southern extremity of Lake Huron, where it is brought into communication with the States of Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. In this course of 1112 miles, it connects all the prin-

cipal towns of Canada, and receives as tributaries lines that have struck out through the forest to new and remoter regions, which they are rapidly awakening to life.

The first tributary received by the Grand Trunk, after leaving Montreal, is the Bytown or Ottawa Railway, which runs through a valley containing 80,000 square miles of forest, of what is said to be the finest timber in the world. This line commands a large traffic in supplies for the lumber trade, and runs on to Arnprior, a town at the mouth of the Madawaska river, where it meets the line that leaves the Grand Trunk at Brookville, and runs through the great Ottawa valley at Prescott, 112 miles west of Montreal; a line called the Bytown and Prescott Railway, strikes off due north, and after this comes the Cobourg and Peterborough Railway, commencing at Cobourg, a flourishing town on Lake Ontario. Only seven miles further appears a rival town called Port Hope, connected with the "back country" by the Port Hope and Lindsay Railway.

At Toronto, besides the Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron Railway, already mentioned, we find another north and south line,—the "Buffalo, Brentford, and Goderich Railway," which connects Buffalo and the State of New York with Lake Huron at

Goderich, by a line of 160 miles, which saves, as compared with the water route by Lake Erie and the rivers, a distance of 400 miles. This line crosses the Grand Trunk at Stratford 90 miles west of Toronto, and will, it is expected, divide the traffic from Lakes Huron and Superior, by sending that intended for the United States to Buffalo, and that for Canada and Portland by the Grand Trunk.

The crowning glory, as well as the great peril of the Grand Trunk Railway, has been the construction of the Victoria Bridge, by which the line has been made continuous from the rich prairies of the Far West to the Atlantic Ocean. Magnificent as the undertaking was, it certainly appears that it might have been prudent to defer it till the northern portion of the line had had time to develope itself; but it was pronounced indispensable by competent authorities, and doubtless was so, if it was indispensable to compete with the already established American lines for the trade to Europe. It must be admitted, too, that there is hardly a country in the world where a sober and cautious policy is more difficult or questionable than in Canada, for its progress without any extraordinary or adventitious stimulant such as the discovery of gold, has often, especially of late years, outstripped all sober calculation.

During the forty years from 1811 to 1851, the population of Upper Canada increased (as appears from official documents) 1200 per cent., namely, from 77,000 to 952,000. In 1829 the assessable property of the Upper Province was estimated at £2,500,000; in 1854 the official estimate, without including the public lands, was nearly fifty millions sterling, and all this property had been created by the sheer industry of the inhabitants without assistance from great capitalists. It can hardly be supposed that in a country like this, any expenditure for works of unquestionable utility can be found ultimately ruinous to the undertakers.

An account of the construction of the Victoria Bridge has been drawn up by Mr Hodges, the engineer before alluded to, in which, besides the necessary scientific details, he furnishes some very interesting particulars concerning a work whose grandeur and difficulty raises it almost into the region of the heroic. The breadth and volume of the mighty river, the rapidity and power of the current, the shortness of the season during which it was possible to continue the works, the tremendous severity of the climate, the scarcity of workmen, the all but impossibility of controlling their movements when so many public works were in progress, that almost incredible wages were

frequently offered to induce the men not to desert; besides this the ravages of cholera and the occasional suffering from extreme heat as well as from cold;—all these things were superadded to the difficulties entailed by the situation and foundation of the works, and the operations of Nature peculiar to the river. One of the most formidable consists in what is called the "Shoving of the Ice," when a vast accumulation of a porous kind of ice that has attached itself to the rocks that form the bed of the river, becomes suddenly disengaged by a slight thaw, so slight even as that occasioned by a few hours' bright sunshine, and is sent down *en masse* by the current. "This '*Anchor Ice*,'" says Mr Hodges,* "sometimes accumulates at the foot of rapids in quantities of several miles in extent, and lifts the water above its ordinary level. This frequently happens at the foot of the Cedar Rapids, at the head of Lake St Louis, where a branch of the Ottawa empties itself into the St Lawrence. Upon such occasions the water at this point is dammed up to such a height as to change its course and run into the Ottawa at the rate of four or five miles an hour; but it eventually finds its way back into

* "Construction of the Great Victoria Bridge in Canada," by Mr J. H. Hodges, agent to the contractors, Messrs Peto, Brassey, and Betts.

the St Lawrence by the rapids of St Anne's after making a circuit of ten or twelve miles. The accumulation of ice continues probably for some weeks, till the river is quite full, and so thickened as to make the current sluggish, and cause a general swelling of the waters. The pieces, too, become frozen together and form large masses, which, by grounding and diminishing the sectional area of the river, cause the waters to rise still more (there being always the same quantity of water coming down from the rapids). Then the large masses float, and move further down the river, where, uniting with accumulations previously grounded, they offer such an obstruction to the semi-fluid waters that the channels become quite choked, and what is called a "jamb" takes place. The surface-ice, arrested in its progress, becomes packed into all imaginable shapes, and if the cold is very intense a crust is soon formed, and the river becomes frozen over a surface of many square miles in extent. As the water rises, the jamb against which this field rests, if not of sufficient strength to hold in its place, gives way; when the whole river, after it is thus frozen into one immense sheet, moves *en masse* down stream, causing the 'Shovings' so much dreaded by the people of Montreal. The edges of the huge field moving irresistibly

onwards plough into the banks of the river, in some instances to the depth of several feet, carrying away everything within reach."

To estimate the social advantage afforded to the country by this Grand Trunk enterprise, it is only necessary to glance at the previously existing state of affairs. The crossing of the St Lawrence, for instance, at the period when the ice was forming or breaking up, was attended with such peril as only to be undertaken from the most urgent necessity. The passage occupied several hours, passengers had been known to die from the effects of the long-continued terror, and the landing was made at any point that could be reached, often many miles from that intended. A still more important benefit to humanity, from the completion of this railway, is the facility it affords to emigrants for reaching their place of destination in a very short time, and avoiding the privations and hardships of the latter portion of their voyage. The vessels employed in this service are often utterly unfit for it, without proper means of ventilation, or accommodation for the numbers crowded into them, and very ill supplied with food. After many weeks of suffering, passengers have often been put on shore at Quebec or Montreal, in the last stage of a pestilential fever, and in the years 1846 and 1847 hundreds of the in-

habitants of those cities died from a dreadful plague thus caused. At a spot called Point Charles, near the northern end of the Victoria Bridge, 6000 poor emigrants died during those fatal years, and were buried in one common pit.

Now that the Grand Trunk Line is complete, the long and dangerous passage by the Gulf of St Lawrence may be avoided, and Portland become the harbour of debarkation for emigrants. From thence the facilities of transport to the lakes and Upper Canada are much superior to those offered by the American lines. The whole distance, too, may be travelled in one vehicle, and the importance to emigrants of being forwarded at once to their places of destination can hardly be overrated. In some instances, large tracts of country, before unpeopled and almost unknown, have been called into social life by this enterprise.

"Previous to the opening of the line between Montreal and Portland, those two cities were as much separated from one another by ranges of hills and dense forests as if they had been 3000 instead of 300 miles apart. The country in the centre, 150 miles, was totally unknown, and part of it had only a short time before been surveyed by the United States Government. The first population brought into the tract was to make the railway,

and at its opening there were not more than 200 settlers near it. Population has since rapidly filled in along the entire length of the railway; in the course of two years there were, instead of 200, 3000 active contributors to the Company's traffic. Large clearances of the forest had taken place, villages had sprung up near the numerous rivers and streams in the vicinity of the line, 28 saw-mills had been built, and others were in course of construction."*

By this Grand Trunk route, but one trans-shipment has to be made, even for the countries on the Mississipi; and in a report published in the present year, we find that important commercial firms in Chicago, St Louis, Cincinnati, and other great Western entrepôts were beginning to avail themselves of it. The Company had also entered into a contract with the Hudson's Bay Company to deliver the whole of their stores destined for the Red River settlement in *twenty-eight days*, from Liverpool to St Paul's, Minnesota, and the time was found amply sufficient. Among other circumstances that contribute to the attractions of Canada, both for travellers and settlers, it should not be forgotten

* "Report on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, by Sir Cusack P. Rowney," by whose courtesy I have been put in possession of some valuable information.

that the lines of the electric telegraph now extend over nearly the whole of it, and communicate with other lines ramifying over the entire North American continent.

The completion of the system of railway communication of Canada has now rendered this fine country accessible as it never was before; and it is difficult to refrain from expressions respecting it that may seem to border on enthusiasm, when we think of the happy refuge it might afford to much of the destitution and misery that lie hopelessly pining in so many European cities, a refuge without any of the fearful drawbacks occasioned by the state of society in gold fields, or by the far-corroding canker of the mere existence of slavery in a community, and when we consider that their labour is often all that is required to make the wilderness "blossom as the rose."

THE END.

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